THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General

AUG. 30, 1919

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The Brotherhood of Man—By Kenneth L. Roberts and Robert Garland

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

By Kenneth L. Roberts and Robert Garland

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

CHARACTERS

ALEXANDER RUSTOV, *the first Bolshevik.*
GEORG MOICEEV, *the second Bolshevik.*
IVAN IVANOVICH, *the third Bolshevik.*
DMITRI SOUKINE, *the fourth Bolshevik.*
PETER SEREBROVSKY, *the fifth Bolshevik.*
STEPAN VITKOVSKY, *the officer in charge of the royal family.*
THE GRAND DUCHESS TATIANA.
SHURA, *the nurse of the Grand Duchess.*

TIME

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Ekaterinburg is captured by Czechoslovak troops, June, 1918.

PLACE

The main room of the Ekaterinburg house in which the deposed Czar Nicholas and his family are held prisoners by the Bolsheviks.

[The rising curtain shows a gloomy low-ceiled room with heavily shaded windows at each side. In the center of the back wall is a large double door. The room is furnished with pretentious furniture, a piano and a huge table. There are wine bottles, full, empty and broken, on the table and on the floor. The upholstery on the chairs and couches is spotted and slashed; and the walls bear evidence that they have received frequent bombardment with food and drink. The floor is filthy. Lolling about the room are five members of the Red Guard in their soiled uniforms of dingy gray. Their tunics are unbuttoned, their caps are awry and their faces are unshaven.

"Take Him Out and Throw Him in the Well, Serebrovsky. There Have Been Others Thrown There This Afternoon"

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(who is very drunk):* Kill 'em now. That's what I say. Kill 'em now. Every one of 'em.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK *(picking up some empty bottles from the floor and standing them in a row on the table):* Line 'em up. Line 'em up. So! Little ones over here, big ones over here, and middle-sized ones in the center. . . . There you are! One, two, three, four, five, six; and one more is seven.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Yes, my brother. One more is seven.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: Seven in a row.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(emptying a large bottle):* Here's the Little Father. See him, brothers mine. See him? The Little Father! We'll put him here, surrounded by his loving household. *(He puts the large bottle in the center, knocking over a gayly decorated bottle as he does so.)* His loving household.

AUTHOR'S NOTE—In all salient features, this play follows the facts which American Intelligence Officers and observers were able to discover concerning the last day of the royal family of Russia. The chief reason which exists for arguing that the Bolsheviks did not kill the Czar and his family is that their bodies have never been found. It is known, however, that the favorite Bolshevik method of disposing of persons whom they considered undesirable was to drop them in a well together with a few hand grenades. Usually the Bolsheviks used only enough hand grenades to insure death. Utter destruction could be obtained by a more liberal use of explosives. It will be remembered that the individual who fell down with a suitcaseful of high explosives in front of Attorney General Palmer's residence on the third of last June was almost completely destroyed. Pieces of his body were scattered over several blocks, and fragments of his bones were driven into the asphalt. If, therefore, the bodies of the royal family had been dropped into a well and high explosives had been used lavishly on them, they also would have been completely annihilated. This, I am sure, is what happened.—K. L. R.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: Be careful, you drunken idiot! You've knocked over the beautiful Tatiana! Look! Shame on you! She's lying on her side! *(There is general laughter as he stands the bottle up again.)* There! Stepan Vitkovsky's darling's on her feet again! And still undamaged too. Pure and undefiled.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(singing to himself):* Pure and undefiled. Pure—ah, so pure!

SECOND BOLSHEVIK *(digging petulantly at the piano top with his bayonet):* We ought to torture 'em. We ought to torture 'em some more. That's what we ought to do. They'd have tortured us. Don't forget that, my comrades. They'd have tortured us! It's our turn now!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Yes, my worthy brothers! It's our turn now! Yours and mine and a million others of our kind! A milion brothers in democracy. And we're idiots not to make the most of it! To hell with capital! Kill 'em, that's what I say! Kill 'em—so! *(He tears an ikon from the wall and throws it at the bottles standing in a row.)* Saint Nicholas shall descend like a thunderbolt, destroying all autocracy, all capital!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *(laughing wildly):* Aha! Once again religion sweeps 'em off their feet! I wish to God it had been Rasputin, and not Saint Nicholas the inoffensive!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(mincingly):* The royal family is very religious, you know! Very!

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: Saint Nicholas, Saint Rasputin—they're all alike! Liars, thieves, deceivers of the poor! We're done with 'em too! Finished! Gods of capital and the dead autocracy! Down with 'em! Priests, saints, churches—all must go! There's only one religion now—one faith: The brotherhood of man!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(drinking):* Yes, yes! The brotherhood of man! No church, no state! Just the blessed brotherhood of all mankind! Here's to brotherhood! Drink! *(He drinks.)* Kill 'em, that's what I say! Kill 'em now!

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: No one asked you what you said. Nobody gives a damn! Who are you, anyway?

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Who am I?

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Yes. Who the hell are you?

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(waving his hand drunkenly):* Who am I? Who am I? You ask me who I am? *(He drinks again.)* We're all equal now. I'm as good as you are—and a damned sight better!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(a young and poetic specimen):* What good is all this going to do? What is to be gained by sacrilege, by meaningless profanity? What is to be gained by such unthinkable cruelties as those of yesterday?

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: It's our turn now! It's ——

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: I know that, brother. I know that. But ——

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: But! But! But! But what, little tender heart?

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: Didn't Christ tell us to love our enemies? To be kind to them that hate us?

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: Oh, Lord, have we another Rasputin among us?

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: See here, Ivan Ivanovich; don't forget that this very religion that you speak about is one of the tools with which autocracy and capital have oppressed us for centuries. We want no more of it! And anyway, did they think of what Christ said when they sent us to Siberia? Did they think of that, Ivan Ivanovich?

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Christ never saw Siberia, I'll warrant you!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: What good is all this going to do?

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: You're a fool, Ivan Ivanovich! But you're young and may get over it. Every dog has his day. To-day is ours.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Who's a dog? That's what I want to know! Who's a dog? Don't you call me a dog! I'm as good as any one.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: Shut up! Nobody called you a dog.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: We're too fond of dogs for that.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: Let me have my say. I'm as good as any of you, and I want to have my say. We've got the whiphand now.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: You're damned right we have! And we're going to keep it too!

SECOND BOLSHEVIK *(ignoring him)*: We're the masters now. We'll show 'em! They sent us to Siberia, didn't they? And what the hell did they care? And now they're here, on the edge of Siberia. They're here, and we've got charge of 'em. We'll make 'em dance to any tune we choose to play.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Bring 'em in and let 'em dance. Bring Tatiana in. On with the dance, I say! Let's dance to celebrate the brotherhood of man!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(to* SECOND BOLSHEVIK): You're right, I know. But ——

SECOND BOLSHEVIK *(turning on him)*: What ails you, lily-liver? Of course I'm right! Next thing you'll want to kiss 'em and send 'em back to Petrograd in a private car.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Kiss 'em! Kiss 'em! Excellent idea, comrades!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(quietly picking up the ikon and replacing it on the shelf)*: I don't mean that at all. You know I don't. I'm with you heart and soul. But after yesterday I thought ——

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: You think too much, Ivan Ivanovich. Anybody'd think you —— Well, if I didn't know you I'd think you were one of those damned bourgeoisie. If you must think, keep it mum. You've got too much education, my son. That's what's the matter with you.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: What's the use of education now? No use! No use at all. The Little Father was educated, wasn't he? And where is he now? And I'm not educated, am I? And I can stick my bayonet in the Little Father and laugh at him. So what good is education? We're all equal now. That's quite enough for any man to know.

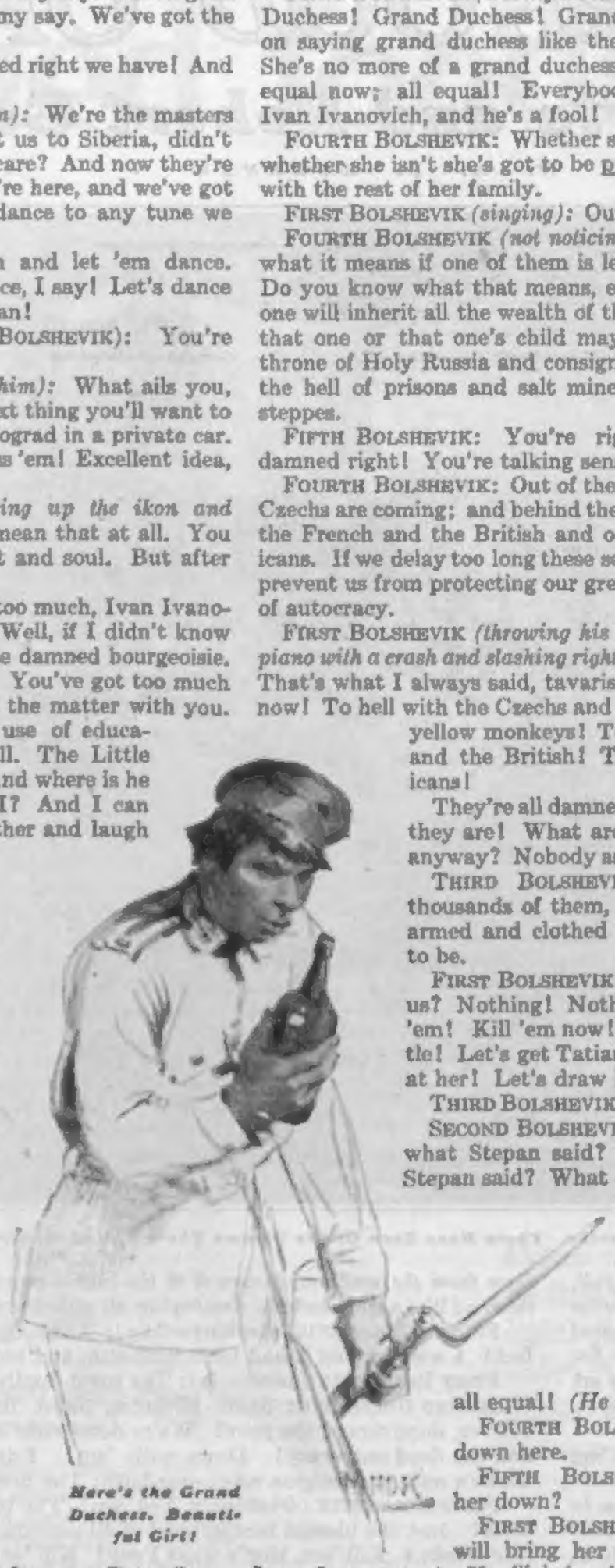
THIRD BOLSHEVIK: After yesterday I thought they had had about enough. The Grand Duchess seems very ill to-day.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(caressing the gayly decorated bottle)*: Here's the Grand Duchess. Beautiful girl!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: There's no Grand Duchess any more. There's no Czar any more. There's no nothing any more. We have obliterated the past. We have overturned everything. We're all equal now, every one of us.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: We're all equal now, every one of us. Kill 'em, that's what I say. Kill 'em.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Here now, Dmitri; about that being-equal stuff: If we're all equal, anybody's as good as I am. And if anybody's as good as I am, then the Czar's as good as I am. But he isn't. I'm better than he is. I threatened to cut off his ear yesterday morning, and he trembled before me. He, the Czar of all the Russias, trembled before me, Peter Serebrovsky, the harness maker. Therefore, I say ——



Here's the Grand Duchess. Beautiful Girl!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: Shut up! You talk too much.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Kill 'em now! That's what I say. Kill 'em now. Let's have a little fun. Let's kill 'em one by one.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: After all, Alexander's right. We've got to kill 'em and get 'em out of the way. We've all had our turn at 'em; we've heard 'em scream. . . .

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(venomously)*: All except Tatiana, bless her little heart. She's beautiful, is Tatiana; fresh and sweet and pleasant to the eye.

Believe me, friends of mine, if it hadn't been for Stepan and his damned orders to let her alone —— Pass the vodka, Dmitri.

[He laughs drunkenly and slashes a hanging with his saber.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK *(querulously)*: Stepan has no right to order us about. Stepan has no right to forbid us to amuse ourselves. We're all equal.

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(meditatively)*: It seems a shame!

[All the Bolsheviks turn and glare at him. He sighs deeply.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(staggering)*: Ho, ho! *(He points his finger at the* THIRD BOLSHEVIK *in derision.)*

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(indignantly)*: I never thought ——

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(burlesquing the* THIRD BOLSHEVIK'S *sigh)*: Well, tavarish, there's nothing doing: so it doesn't matter what you thought!

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: She's beautiful enough, but not so young as she might be. But she's a grand duchess, and that helps some.

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(half to himself)*: The Grand Duchess Tatiana!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(waving a bottle threateningly)*: Grand Duchess! Grand Duchess! Grand Duchess! Don't keep on saying grand duchess like the parrots that you are. She's no more of a grand duchess than I am. We're all equal now; all equal! Everybody! Everybody except Ivan Ivanovich, and he's a fool!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: Whether she's a grand duchess or whether she isn't she's got to be put out of the way along with the rest of her family.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(singing)*: Out of the way. Out ——

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *(not noticing him)*: Do you know what it means if one of them is left? Just one of them? Do you know what that means, eh? It means that that one will inherit all the wealth of the Romanoffs, and that that one or that one's child may some day sit on the throne of Holy Russia and consign us and our children to the hell of prisons and salt mines and endless Siberian steppes.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: You're right, Dmitri! You're damned right! You're talking sense now!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: Out of the way with 'em all! The Czechs are coming; and behind them are the Japanese and the French and the British and our brothers, the Americans. If we delay too long these sentimental peoples may prevent us from protecting our great cause from the curse of autocracy.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(throwing his empty bottle against the piano with a crash and slashing right and left with his saber)*: That's what I always said, tavarishi! Kill 'em! Kill 'em now! To hell with the Czechs and the Japanese, the little yellow monkeys! To hell with the French and the British! To hell with the Americans!

They're all damned meddlers, that's what they are! What are they doing in Siberia anyway? Nobody asked 'em to come!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: There are many thousands of them, my brother. They are armed and clothed as we can never hope to be.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: What can they do to us? Nothing! Nothing whatsoever! Kill 'em! Kill 'em now! Let's get another bottle! Let's get Tatiana down here and look at her! Let's draw lots for her.

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: But Stepan said ——

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: What do you care what Stepan said? What do I care what Stepan said? What does anyone care what Stepan said? Aren't we all equal now? Answer me that!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: You all know how Stepan is when ——

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: We're all equal now—all equal! *(He taps the table.)*

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: Let's get her down here.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Who'll bring her down?

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Ivan Ivanovich will bring her down. *(He turns to* IVAN IVANOVICH.) You'll bring her down, won't you, pretty one?

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: Stepan said, just before he left ——

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *(bravely)*: I'll bring her down.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: No, you don't, Dmitri Soukine! No, you don't! None of that going up alone! You may be smart; but we're just as smart as you are, my friend. We'll all go up. We'll all go up together.

[With confused outcries they crowd to the door at the rear of the room. The FIRST BOLSHEVIK *attempts to join them but is too intoxicated. He subsides heavily in his chair and begins playing with the bottles. His comrades are heard stamping up the staircase. They halt. One pounds on a door with a saber hilt.*

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *(from above)*: Unlock the door, little Tatiana. Unlock the door. Here are your little friends come to play with you.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(giggling foolishly)*: We're all equal now. So open the door, Tatiana. *(He plays with the bottles and sings and mutters to himself.)* Where's the Little Father? Ah! Here he is! Stand up, Little Father! Don't be afraid! Alexander Rustov is your brother; he wouldn't hurt you for the world! Oh, no! *(He smashes the bottle representing the Little Father.)* Where's Tatiana? Ah! Here she is! Beautiful Tatiana! *(He picks up the gayly decorated bottle and fondles it.)*

[There is a loud crash overhead, followed by noisy talk and scuffling. Again feet clatter on the staircase. The four Bolsheviks enter with TATIANA *in their midst. They are obviously afraid of her, in spite of the unnatural freedom with which they address her.* TATIANA *is cool and aloof.*

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(struggling out of his chair)*: H'lo, Tatiana! You are good li'l' Tatiana, aren't you, deary? How's everything? (TATIANA *stares over his head stonily.)* We're all equal now, sister, so you needn't be so damned elegant. We're all equal now, hey, sister? Have a li'l' shot of vodka, sister?

[TATIANA *ignores him.*

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: You mustn't be angry with us, Your Imperial Highness. You are very beautiful, Your Highness; and we—we—we love you.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(in a very maudlin voice)*: It's love that makes the world go round, Tatiana. It goes round and round and round. *(He sings.)* It's love that makes ——

TATIANA *(contemptuously)*: Beasts!

[There is a moment of heavy silence.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: See here, Ivan Ivanovich! Never address Tatiana as "Your Imperial Highness." We know you're young, and sentimental as a girl; but there are others who don't know you as well as we do. So don't pretend to believe that the Romanoffs are higher or more imperial than we are. The Romanoffs are capitalists. They produce nothing. Therefore they are of no value. But even apart from that, we are all equal. Remember that, Ivan Ivanovich.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Equality! Fraternity! And plenty of good red wine! That's a democracy good enough for any man!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: And women, my comrade! Women, plentiful as wine! Women, hundreds of them, all young and beautiful!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Women! Women! Here's to women! *(He drinks.)*

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *(to* TATIANA): Just one of millions; that's all you are, Tatiana. Just one of millions; and all the millions equal. Remember that, when you call us beasts.

[TATIANA *stands by the window, apparently heedless of his words. Dusk is approaching, and the room is growing dark. The* FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *crosses to her, seizes her shoulder and swings her round facing him.*

TATIANA *(quietly)*: Don't touch me! Don't you touch me!

[He takes his hand away.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: Do you hear me? We're all equal; all of us! Equal! Equal! Equal! You and Dmitri Soukine and Peter Serebrovsky and—and—and the Little Father sitting in the room up there with his head in his hands. We're equal; all of us; every one!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: And me too, Dmitri Soukine! Me too! I'm the equal of anyone, and a damned sight better than several I could name.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: Be quiet, tavarish. *(He turns again to* TATIANA.) You have no authority over us. Do you hear? You are no better than we are. You can't call your guards now. You can't have us thrown into prison. We're all equal now. Do you hear? *(He waits in vain for a reply.)* Do you hear?

TATIANA: I hear.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: You hear, do you?

TATIANA: I hear. But we are not equals.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: I say we are equal—all equal.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(waving a bottle)*: Here's to equality!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: Yes, we're all equal now!

TATIANA: You say it, but that does not make it so.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: It is so!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Dmitri Soukine would not lie. It must be so!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: We have equalized all things and all peoples. We have destroyed our rulers. We have destroyed great fortunes. We have destroyed libraries and universities and works of art. We have destroyed the old ridiculous idea of the state and the childish notion of loyalty to the state. We shall reduce all things to a common level and start anew. That is the groundwork of our faith. We are all equal; and if there is anyone who does not wish to be our equal we will force him to be our equal.

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: And in every country in the world our brothers will join us in our great crusade. In England, in France, in far-off America, our brothers will rise in answer to our call!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(swaying back and forth):* Freedom for all mankind! The brotherhood of man!

TATIANA: Do you think, beasts that you are, that it is in your power to reduce all minds to a common level? Can you destroy ideals and honor and truth and decency? You seem to have done so; but your success is a thing of the moment. You have kicked and beaten —— *(She pauses for a moment to gain self-control.)* You have kicked and beaten my father and my mother. You have starved them. You have tortured my little brother beyond endurance. You have—you have befouled my sisters. *(She pauses again.)* You have befouled my sisters like the cowardly, obscene, loathsome beasts that you are. But you have made none of us your equal!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: We have equalized all things and all peoples.

TATIANA: Equality! Bolshevism knows no equality save that of ignorance and foulness and cowardliness and bestiality. There will be no equality between us until I am dead and you are dead and we are dust.

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *(furiously):* I'll give you a taste of equality, you spitfire! You'll know there's such a thing when I get through with you. You'll realize it then! Cowards, are we? I'm not afraid of you!

[*He laughs viciously and paws at her arm.*

TATIANA *(whirling on him so that he falls back hastily):* Equality! Not one of you but thinks himself better than the rest. Each of you says to himself: "I am more worthy than the others; more wise, more brave, more handsome!" And in his heart of hearts, each of you knows that Stepan Vitkovsky, fiend that he is, is your master.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: To hell with Stepan Vitkovsky!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(fearfully):* Be quiet, Alexander Rustov! Even the walls have ears! You would not say that if Stepan Vitkovsky were here.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(defiantly):* Why wouldn't I?

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: Because you know that Stepan Vitkovsky would stand no nonsense from such as you. He commands and we obey.

TATIANA: Each one of you is determined to show his mastery over me and my helpless family. I am spared only because your master ordered that it should be so. Equality! It is sacrilege for you stupid yokels to use the word.

Each of you longs to rule! Power is what you crave, every one of you, and not equality. Each one wants power over the others—power to inflict cruelties and oppression such as childish minds so easily devise. Equality! Bah!

FOURTH BOLSHEVIK: By God, we're equals, you and I! *(He seizes her in his arms.)* You're young and strong, little white one, but not so strong as I! (TATIANA *struggles desperately.)* Now I've got you! The Grand Duchess Tatiana in the arms of Dmitri Soukine! Ah! (TATIANA, *exhausted, hangs limp in his arms. The other Bolsheviks watch in silence. The room is almost dark.)* Kiss me! (TATIANA *turns her head away.)* Kiss me, I say!

[*The door at the rear opens silently.* STEPAN VITKOVSKY *enters, a lantern in his hand. He places the lantern noiselessly on the table, and without a word seizes the* FOURTH BOLSHEVIK *by the collar and wrenches him away from* TATIANA. *He holds him at arm's length, shaking him. Drawing his saber, he runs him through the body twice, kicking the body as it falls. He wipes his saber on the coat of the dead man, sheathes it, and calmly lights a cigarette. The other Bolsheviks, who have huddled together at the opposite side of the room, watch him in frightened silence.*

STEPAN *(to the* FIFTH BOLSHEVIK): Take him out and throw him in the well, Serebrovsky. There have been others thrown there this afternoon.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Yes, sir.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(laughing foolishly and hiccuping):* To the well with him! To the well! It is nice to hear them fall, my brothers; it is nice to hear them fall. So! *(He holds a bottle at arm's length and drops it.)* This afternoon——

THIRD BOLSHEVIK *(uncomprehendingly):* So Dmitri Soukine is dead! Dead!

STEPAN: Quite dead—as you will be at the first sign of insubordination. You had best be careful, Ivan Ivanovich; very careful. *(To the* FIFTH BOLSHEVIK): Throw the body in the well, Serebrovsky, where the others are. Throw two hand grenades in after him. Hand grenades are great levelers, my brothers; great levelers—almost the best levelers I know. You may go, Serebrovsky.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Thank you, sir.

STEPAN: In a well may be found an all but perfect equality. Think it over, Serebrovsky.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Yes, sir.

[*He goes out, dragging the body of* DMITRI SOUKINE *after him.*

STEPAN *goes to the table and sits at the head of it. He sweeps the bottles and other litter to the floor.*

Unlock the Door, Little Tatiana. Unlock the Door. Here are Your Little Friends Come to Play With You

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(very drunk, singing softly to himself):* Farewell, my brother, farewell. (STEPAN *rises and pushes the* FIRST BOLSHEVIK *into a corner, where he lies and sleeps.)*

STEPAN *(returning to his seat and glowering at the others):* You know my orders concerning Tatiana. Why is she here? *(The others stand helpless, making no answer.* STEPAN *takes his pistol from its holster and looks at it affectionately.)* Answer me quickly! What is she doing here?

[*There is an awkward pause. Lacking the courage to reply the other Bolsheviks stare helplessly at each other.*

TATIANA: They brought me here to tell me that we are all equal; that we are all brutes together.

STEPAN: That we are all brutes together, eh?

TATIANA: Yes. Brutes—together.

STEPAN: You don't mean that, Tatiana!

TATIANA: No, no! I don't mean that! You're quite right! Not brutes. No brutes could be so low, so vile, so inhuman as these—these ——

STEPAN: Be quiet, Tatiana. The days when your opinions were important are past and gone. Only our opinions count now. The dawn of a new era is at hand, thank God! Those who toiled with their hands in the past shall henceforth toil only with their brains; while you pretty creatures who did no manner of manual labor in the past shall be our bondservants in the future. *(He turns to* IVANOVICH.) Come, you fool! What is she doing here? Answer me! You have disobeyed my orders; disobeyed them deliberately! "Hands off Tatiana!" I said when I went from this room; and "Hands off Tatiana!" is what I meant. And when I return I find that she is here and that your dirty hands have been on her. Answer me! What does it mean?

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: As God's my witness, sir, I—I ——

STEPAN: Answer; or by God I'll ——

[*He places his hand on his revolver threateningly. There is a terrifying calmness about him.*

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: I didn't want—I didn't know—I was afraid that—that ——

STEPAN *(coldly contemptuous):* So you're a coward too! You're a coward like the rest of them, Ivan Ivanovich!

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: I—I ——

SECOND BOLSHEVIK *(interrupting):* Look here, Stepan Vitkovsky; I'll tell you. I'm not afraid. We're all equal, Stepan Vitkovsky, and you know it!

STEPAN: Who do you take your orders from?

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: We are all equal now! Have I not heard you say it a thousand times? The great Father Lenine has said that we have been freed from legal restraint, and that our cause requires no form of obedience except voluntary assent. That is the truth, Stepan Vitkovsky; and the great Father Lenine has said it. He has said that we are all equal. And yet you have imposed your will on us and forced us to be obedient to your wishes. What sort of equality is that, I'd like to know?

STEPAN: It is the equality which the cause demands.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK *(growing bolder):* "Do as you like with the others," you said. You remember saying that, Stepan Vitkovsky? You remember saying that? Is that playing fair, Stepan—tavarish?

STEPAN: We are not playing, comrade. Or if we are it is a game of life and death we play. Of life—or death. Do not forget.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: Call it anything you want, Stepan Vitkovsky; but whatever you call it we are sick of it. You have no right to order us about. And we do not have to obey. We are all equal now. All of us.

STEPAN *(gently):* I have had my reasons, comrade, as you should have known. I have acted according to the necessities of our cause. Our cause is more important than any individual or any state. You know full well, comrade, that we recognize no loyalty except the loyalty of men to other men who have united to fight capitalism. If we make treaties we can break the treaties on the following day if our fight against capitalism demands it. In all the world there is nothing worth while except the fight of labor against capital. *(A fanatic gleam flashes from his eye.)* We are on the verge of freedom, liberty, democracy for all the world! We have but just begun. Here in Russia we have kindled the blaze that will sweep the globe. From London to Tokio, from Sydney to New York, from pole to pole—the brotherhood of man will destroy the temples of privilege and autocracy and capitalism. We have gained our freedom! We will secure it now for all mankind!

TATIANA: You have gained your freedom; but what have you done with it? You have debased it. You have polluted it. You have dragged it through the gutters of your filthy minds. Look at yourselves! Look, I say! Sons of freedom! Brothers in liberty! Equals of the best! To such as you these are but idle words; fine phrases taught you by your new self-interested exploiters. And words are cheap in this most unholy Russia you and your brothers have created. Look at yourselves—squabbling over women, besotted with wine, murdering men in wells, maltreating the helpless, destroying all good things. You know one freedom and only one—the freedom of animal desires. When first you won your freedom I was glad. Yes, I was glad in spite of all it meant to me and mine. I was glad because I felt that at last you had come into your own through your own efforts, and that you were worthy to share in the freedom that was sweeping like a cleansing flood over our unhappy world. But always you louts have failed to comprehend. Freedom, liberty, democracy—call it what you will—is a very precious thing; a thing to value, to cherish, to protect; a faith to live for if possible, to die for if necessary. And what have you made of it?

You have made of it a thing more terrible than the autocracy you overthrew. Liberty is a goddess, not a wanton, as you brutes seem to picture her. She is a goddess, and you have soiled her snowy garments with your filthy hands; you have spit upon her robes and dragged her through a mire of license and a debauchery unbelievable. In your hands liberty has become a harlot, a thing to make good men shudder and women turn away in loathing. Ah, how I despise you all—and how I pity you! For you will never understand. A man must be a man before he can be free!

STEPAN: Words, words, words, Tatiana! Words transcribed by children from the copy books of capitalism and the old Romanoff autocracy.

(Concluded on Page 107)

A SANDBAR ROMEO

By HUGH WILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

ON CHRISTMAS morning Mr. Joe Burdle pulled the cork out of a ninety-proof token of regard which he had received from Bull Lynch, his brother engineer on the United States Dredge Number Six. By eleven o'clock the token was pretty well absorbed.

About noon Mr. Burdle gargled himself to sleep after announcing to the world that he craved to see Mr. Lynch in hell with his back broke.

On the following day neither of the gentlemen spoke to the other and thus began the winter of their discontent.

In March the sun began to break through the willows along the banks of the Mississip'. It hit Dredge Number Six square enough to soften up the oleomargarine on the dinner table by supper time. One day in May Mr. Burdle offered his chewing tobacco to Mr. Lynch. Mr. Lynch looked at Mr. Burdle for three soggy seconds and then snagged off a segment larger than the average seal on a treaty of peace.

"Vernal equinox is sort o' warmin' things up," Mr. Burdle remarked pleasantly. He glanced sidewise at the substantial gash in the plug of tobacco which Mr. Lynch had absent-mindedly returned to its owner.

"That an' them new stoves we got," Mr. Lynch replied. "I figger to discard my winter flannels next week if this heat keeps up."

In the pleasant vortex of following suit Mr. Burdle generously dropped his vernal equinox into Mr. Lynch's stove.

"Me too," he said. "Have you got a good wash lady, Bull, that can handle winter clothes right?"

"Middlin', but all black an' give to lendin' my clothes out every time they's a dance anywheres round."

Mr. Burdle slung his head into a stiff-necked attitude and draped a sympathetic cheek round the tobacco parked therein.

"Tell you what I'll do, Bull," he began. "Next time your clothes is ready give 'em to Sam Penny. He delivers 'em to my wash lady. Talk about elegant work! All the soap wrenched out an' everythin' ironed flat; nothin' burned—much; good as your own wife could do 'em."

"I ain't got no wife," Mr. Lynch interposed irrelevantly.

"Me neither. But what's that got to do with washin' clothes?"

Mr. Lynch was quick to repair the breach in the delicate fabric of their new relationship.

"Burdle," he said, "I appreciates this here wash-lady offer. Send Sam Penny round next time he's ready to take your clothes an' I'll be proud to send mine along with 'em."

On the following Saturday morning Sam Penny, the young waiter on Dredge Number Six, rowed upstream to Cypress Slough. In the bottom of the skiff a flabby pillowcase containing the Bull Lynch laundry lay in amicable contact with a wheat sack in which was the Burdle raiment.

A mile below the mouth of Cypress Slough young Sam beached the bow of the skiff on a stretch of firm sand which lay along the water's edge. From the bulging hip pocket of his overalls he produced a cake of red soap, a small towel, an aluminum comb and a stick of highly scented waxlike substance resembling a wickless Christmas candle. He moistened the towel in the muddy stream and delicately rubbed the back of his freckled neck with it. He sought the soot in the difficult galleries of his discouraged ears. He removed his superfluous blue-denim overalls, revealing a mail-order suit whose riotous fabric assaulted the eye with alternate stripes of green and blue. From the breast pocket of his coat there protruded the clutching fingers of a pair of yaller gloves. The pockets of the suit were draped with serrated flaps, on each of which was a barnacle button of smoked pearl made of clamshell. Trousers and coat were pressed into a complicate geometry of cubist creases.

Including freckles and physiognomy, the effect was midway between a genteel package of delirium colorosis and a punishable offense, similar to those perpetrated by the advanced Russian school wherein art is area only.

With his aluminum comb the waiter untied the clumps of his tousled hair. He combed his hair straight back, following the wake of the comb with the stick of waxlike substance. His hair finally glistened compactly like the back of a submerged turtle. He held his head back and sniffed the air, enjoying the violence of the perfume which settled about him like fog.

"If that there pomade aroma don't snag her, nothin' will," he declared emphatically.

"Polly Me Wid the Turner. Where's Thim Absent Goats an Waithers? Jammy! Houlahan! Dinny!"

He resumed his rowing, yowling softly the while like a hungry Airedale:

Of nights I sets alone an' dreams
Of days we'n you was always near,
An' mem'ry then recalls the scenes
W'en both our lives was happy, dear.

Presently he swung into the mouth of Cypress Slough. In a cave of shade scooped out of the sunlight by the twinkling leaves of a great cottonwood lay the driftwood domicile of Mis' Tillie Wynne, the widow, the siren widow of the suds.

Abreast of the Wynne residence young Sam Penny feathered his starboard oar and came about smartly. He made the landing with a run and beached the bow of the skiff. He stepped ashore heavily as a four-striper might have done. He removed the yaller gloves from his pocket and put them on. From his vest pocket he produced a sinister cigar. After the front end of the cigar was set on fire he walked toward the house.

While he was yet a little way off, Mis' Wynne appeared at the doorway. She smiled—carefully, so as not to strain her complexion. Young Sam Penny arranged the movable parts of his face into a sweetly melancholy ensemble.

They met.

"Mr. Penny," the widow said, "you're airly. I didn't have no time to fix up none—bein' surprised this-a-way."

"I rowed strong," the waiter explained. "Would you choose to take a little row up th' Slough, Mis' Wynne?"

From her reply Sam gathered that Mis' Wynne had but one ambition in life and that it was to take a little row up Cypress Slough. Young Sam Penny removed his yaller gloves. The pair embarked.

At the second mile Sam, perspiring freely, burst into song:

I'm wearin' muh heart away f'r yoo-o!
It cries allow mullove beet roo-o!
I dreams of you by night,
I longs f'r you by day ——

His dreams, his longings, his disintegrating heart—synchronized to the swing of the steady oars, sang forth their message to the listening world.

The father of twelve hundred small tadpoles heard the song. "Arrh—rum!" he remarked. He leaped wildly for the silence of the deep water. A hard-boiled soft-shell turtle slid sidewise from a log. A dormant cottonmouth got all mixed up mentally and started inland after rabbits. All Nature laughed.

An hour later Sam and the widow were again abreast of the Wynne residence. The widow hung to the waiter's hand a full half minute in parting.

"Row easy, Mr. Penny. You'll git all sweat up rowin' with your full stren'th."

"Current'll carry me back," Sam said. He shoved off with an oar. Ten feet from the shore he reached down and retrieved the two bundles of laundry. He tossed them ashore without remark, reluctant to obscure the iridescent wings of love with the harsh crimson of winter flannels.

Three hundred feet downstream Sam waved violently at Mis' Wynne. With accomplished grace she replied. Presently the house and the doorway which framed the form of his light-o'-love lay round the bend. Sam sat in the stern of the skiff and drifted along, his eyes fixed tenderly upon a can of abandoned fish bait which lay in the bow. It was evening.

When the lights of the fleet came into view Sam reached round in the bottom of the skiff and retrieved his blue-denim overalls. He put them on over his mail-order suit. Mr. Penny, the troubadour, had disappeared and in his stead young Sam Penny, the waiter, boarded the dredge.

It cries allow mullove beet roo!
I longs f'r you by day,
I dreams of you by gosh ——

"Mr. Burdle, Mis' Wynne says you an' Mr. Lynch's clo'es 'll be done Friday—an' I'll git 'em Friday or Sadderday."

On Friday all that Sam got besides a lot of useless advice and forty grains of quinine was an attack of hot-and-cold malaria three sizes too large for him. By Saturday morning he had a set of chills and fever important enough for a pilot, or at the very least an engineer.

"Sam's took too bad to git well afore late this evenin', Burdle," Mr. Lynch said. "I'll take a couple of skiff pullers an' run up to the Slough after that washin' of yours an' me."

A shadow of annoyance rippled over the Burdle countenance.

"All right, I guess, 's long as Sammy's fell heir to them chills that flesh is heir to, an' the quinine ain't workin', as the poet says. But ring a slow bell an' sound y'r crossin' when the widder rolls her eyes, else you might git snagged into helpin' her farm that thousan'-acre turtle pasture o' hern."

Mr. Lynch snorted.

"I enjoys advice on that subject like one o' these here hula-hula dancers enjoys a grass fire. So far no feemale ain't captured me in no matrimony yit, an' I aims to keep my freedom till the boilers bust."

"I was jes' warnin' ye. I hopes you don't miss what you aims at."

Mr. Lynch rounded up a couple of deckhands.

"Run a skiff for'd an' wait f'r me. We're goin' to make some soundin's at the mouth of Cypress Slough."

He stood gazing at the monotonous shore line for a moment after Mr. Burdle left him. Then suddenly his mood resolved to action. He sought the interior of his stateroom, where a cyclonic energy presently transformed his costume from a drab affair of overalls to a composition of checks and colors. He soaked a purple handkerchief with a shot of vanilla extract.

"Why they uses it f'r flavorin' things when by rights it's one of the genteelest perfumes they is, is beyond me."

He went below to where his two skiff pullers awaited him. One of them looked at him intently for a moment.

"Was rainbows two-legged they'd sure be able to learn a lot from this bird," he thought. "Look at them tight pants of him—an' the pink shirt!"

On the way to Cypress Slough Mr. Lynch stood erect in the skiff.

"Aimin' not to dull them knife edges on his standin'-room-only pants," the critical deckhand commented.

"She owns a thousan' acres of swamp land," thought Mr. Lynch, "an' when it's drained an' cleared of trees ——"

As his mind mangled through the mass of fact and fancy which surrounded the heiresstocracy of Cypress Slough the spark of a gentle passion kindled in his heart. For the moment his world was the world of romance—flavored with vanilla.

"Head into the Slough an' beach her at that there cabin," he directed. The cross-eyed deckhand in the bow closed one eye and looked round.

"How come Bull's voice so tame an' low all of a sudden?" he questioned.

Mr. Lynch sought the widow at her residence and found her near by in the garden, hoeing the vegetables away from a promising mass of dandelion greens. He explained the object of his visit.

"Yours an' Mr. Burdle's washin' is done. I'd ruther expected young Sam Penny after it."

They discussed Sam Penny at length. Passing lightly through a variety of subjects, the Bull Lynch brain finally returned to Cypress Slough.

"Nice little place you got here, Mis' Wynne—includin' vegetables an' ever'thin'—but I'd think you'd git lonely alone."

"Not with days only twenty-four hours long an' no man roun' never to fight them weeds n'r anything."

Presently Mr. Lynch discovered that he had bound himself to lead an attack against the widow's weeds whenever he could tear himself loose from the trivial business of keeping the engines on Dredge Number Six full of health and strength.

"It'll be a great pleasure," he said in response to the widow's enthusiastic burst of gratitude. "I allus loved farmin' an' weeds—all my folks was farmers."

This side-tracked son of the soil returned to where his skiff lay beached.

"A week from Sunday I'm off watch all day," he said to the widow, who had accompanied him, "an' if you want to we could take a skiff an' some grub an' have a picnic up the Slough."

The widow figgered that would be elegant.

"An' be sure an' bring Mr. Sam Penny," she added.

"I'll see if he can get away," Mr. Lynch verbally conceded. Mentally he requested from his Creator the boon of seeing Mr. Penny blasted to hell.

Mr. Lynch returned to the dredge. He arrived characteristically in time to hear the welcome summons to dinner that was being played on the steel triangle which hung outside the galley.

"Me—I'm hungry!" About him at the table were grouped a dozen mates and engineers, the master of the dredge and a pair of languid clerks. "Hungry as a shemale wildcat four days adrift."

"Pitch in, Bull! Round up your rations," Mr. Burdle advised him. "Personally I feels like eatin' durn light—hot weather I guess."

Mr. Lynch pitched in. He failed to notice the fact that none of his associates was exhibiting his usual eagerness to beat the ration allowance.

At supper that night Mr. Lynch again outdistanced all his competitors. He sent the waiter to the galley three times after additional cargoes of hot biscuits and drank four final cups of coffee, after which he leaned far back comfortably and lighted a brunette stogy of reptilian architecture.

"I'll say a hearty appetite's the handiest thing in the world," he commented.

"Exceptin' one," amended Mr. Burdle.

"One what?"

"One ton of grub—grub enough to kill off your appetite afore it gits its full growth."

"Well, they's all sorts. I've seen them what had to be led round gentle with pie an' cake, an' I've seen them man-eatin' appetites what roared f'r action every time a mess of pork an' beans hove in sight round the bend. I favors the last kind—strong."

"Specially f'r to-morrow mornin's contest," Mr. Burdle agreed. "If it's hearty enough it's worth a thousan' dollars to its owner by nine o'clock to-morrow mornin'."

"What contest—you don't mean the—not the ——"

Mr. Burdle collected the attention of everybody present with an elaborate and sustained wink.

"Mail boat passed, headed down river whilst you was up Cypress Slough, Lynch. She brought news!" He turned to one of the clerks. "Fetch out them contest conditions f'r Mr. Bull Lynch to read. He's et hearty at noon an' agin this evenin'. He's drunk enough coffee to float hisself to Memphis with an' now mebbe he'd enjoy some readin' matter."

"Not th' annual ——" Mr. Lynch began.

With an elaborate gesture the clerk handed him a mimeographed letter.

"Read her out loud," one of the mates demanded. But the racing eye of Mr. Bull Lynch was already deep in the technical conditions of the contest.

$1000.00 FIRST, LAST AND ONLY PRIZE

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS

From a pool chipped in by men on the United States Dredge fleets between St. Louis and New Orleans a prize of $1000.00 will be awarded to the man who eats the greatest number of

STANDARD FLANNEL CAKES

for breakfast on Sunday morning, June the seventh.

Captains in charge of dredges exempted. Civil Engineers ruled out. No maple sirup nor no butter allowed. Go as far as you like with the oleomargarine. Standard cakes, 12 to the pound of flour. Hours 7 A. M. to 9 A. M.

Notice: More than 25 to 30 is dangerous to all human beings and pilots. Winner is responsible for his own funeral expenses if he gets sick or dies. Captains of dredges will be the judges and will telegraph results by Sunday night to Saint Louis.

P. S. No handicap allowed for anything that you find in cakes or dough that makes you sick.

Signed: PORTER WALLS,
TALMADGE MARSDEN,
WILLIE MITCHELL,
OSCAR MCCORMICK,
Committee.

Mr. Lynch looked up as he finished reading. From his heavy retrospective eye there reflected the memory of the massive dinner and the ponderous supper he had eaten.

"Pass Lynch them cold biscuits," somebody directed.

The engineer grunted once expressively and left the table.

"I'll be there yellin' f'r more at 9 A. M. after youse is all bloated up." He went direct to his stateroom and went to bed.

"Trainin' is trainin'," Mr. Burdle remarked. As for him, he got into a skiff and rowed until midnight. "Call me at five o'clock," he directed. "Hard exercise makes appetite an' appetite wins that thousan' dollars." His thoughts turned to the widow of Cypress Slough. "I needs the money."

After the Front End of the Cigar Was Set on Fire He Walked Toward the House

Word Went Rapidly Round the Dredge That a World's Record Was Being Eaten to Pieces. Defeated Spectators Hobbled In

Some miles northeast of Cypress Slough in the village of Washington, D. C., an elected patriot with a rich Bourbon voice reared back on his hind legs and done his duty as he seen it toward his constituents. He sought argument in the dead and dormant classics, quoting at length from the Greek or acoustic school of orators. He waved the flag until the eagle screamed for recess. Voice and fist shook with emotion. Finally the hot .32-caliber tears welled forth. With his left hand he reached for the six-cent handkerchief that had once been 30-cent cotton in the bale and retrieved it from where it was parked in the starboard hold of his adhesive prinsalbert. With his right hand he reached clear through the Committee on Appropriations, the Rivers and Harbors Bill and the United States Treasury, gathering in his clutch a paltry fifty thousand dollars.

"Mister Speaker, I have done."

Nobody asked him to incriminate himself by telling just what he had done, but pretty soon a by-product of his little plant began to turn in mileage vouchers on Form 31.

A careless crew of surveyors, immune to chiggers, snakes and reason, languished for an idle week in Cypress Slough and produced a map that showed all of the contours of that dead channel, all of the bends and twists and all of the crooks—save one. This last crook unloaded some days later from a day coach, which he called a Pullman in his expense account, and signed up in a Memphis hotel register as "Arthur B. Long, Washington, D. C."

"Official business—emergency appropriations f'r Uncle Sam," he explained importantly to the indifferent night clerk. "Room without bath. How far is Cypress Slough below here and do you know the county seat of the county it lays in?"

The clerk explained that south of Memphis there was from one to six Cypress Sloughs in every county except during the high-water seasons, when only the most robust of the Slough family survived.

Arthur B. Long retired to his room and began to wash the cinders out of his languid ears.

On Sunday morning at sunrise Fat Pat Kelly, the cook on Dredge Number Six, directed the assembling of the material for the Flannel Cake Contest.

"Fetch a couply more sack av flour from below an' whoof it up wid a wire beater."

Sam Penny, at whom the cook launched the order, muttered a few select segments of profanity. The cook caught a word or two of it.

"On y'r way an' fergit th' slow bell. Wait! Stop an' back up! F'r why have yez the mumbles all av a suddint?"

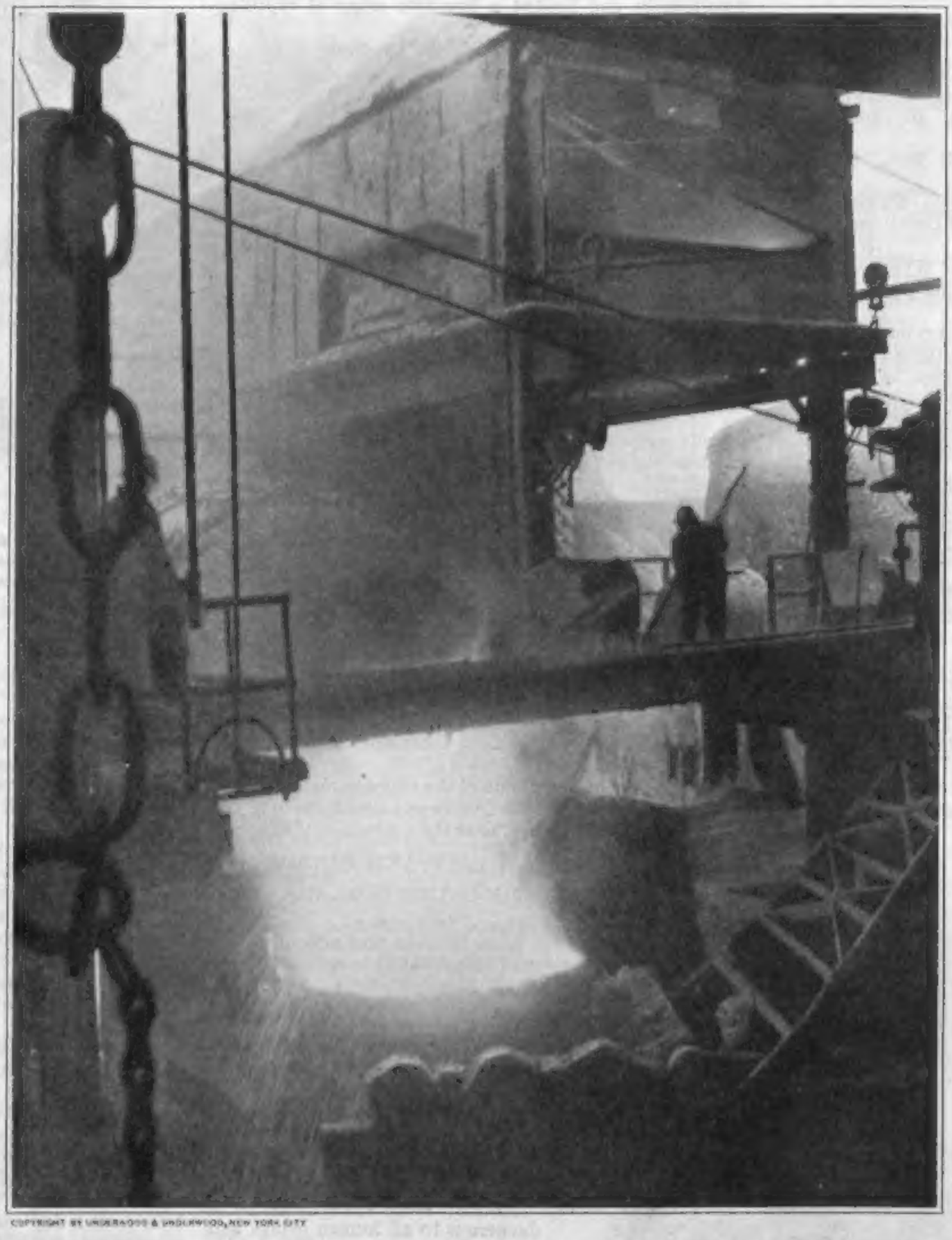
"You said I should throw them two sacks of flour in the ice box a minnit ago," the waiter protested. "Now you wants it whoofed."

"To sog it up, to sog it up—a pair av sacks in th' ice box an' another pair whoofed wid th' beather we kills eggs wid." The cook walked toward the waiter. "An' misther college perfissor av a roustabout, the whoofy dough wid

(Continued on Page 120)

Where the Bessemer Blows

By H. S. HALL



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STEEL. Steel in the Bessemer converter, fluid and thin, boiling and bubbling and spitting and sputtering and rolling and swashing—a tumbling, tossing, heaving maelstrom of liquid fire. Steel in the pouring ladle, creamy with molten slag, blobbed with bursting blisters of blazing gas, placid and calm, and threatening. Steel in the ladle nozzle, ripping and cutting and hissing, guggling and gurgling into the ingot molds, with a sound as of water poured into giant jugs. Steel in the molds, hardening, solidifying, changing from quivering columns of white liquid to stable prisms of chilly red. Steel, dull red and hard, tossed in massive ingots by the mighty hands of tireless cranes, from stripper house to soaking pits. Steel lifted from underground flaming furnaces, honey-yellow and slag-dripping, and laid upon the delivery tables before the maws of the mill. Steel in the whirling, grinding, groaning rolls, beaten and pounded and hammered and squeezed into blooms, into slabs, into billets, into bars, into rails and channels and girders, into rounds and squares and flats and ovals and hexagons and angles. Steel on the cooling beds, going black, going blacker, going blue-black, gone cold. Steel in the clutch of the cold shears, snapping and popping and cracking as the tempered jaws of the shears crunch it and munch it. Steel on the incline conveyors, sheared to lengths, and sawed and chipped and bundled and tied and paint-marked, dropping with rattle and bang and clatter into the cars that wait to carry it away, a thousand miles away, ten thousand miles away, to the markets of the world.

Steel where the Bessemer blows, steel by the tens of thousands of tons! The converters swing and sway on their trunnions, and know no rest. The blowing engines pound and pull and pant and strain at their never-finished task. The rumble of the cranes in the overhead gloom of the black iron buildings never ceases. With unbroken monotony the pig-metal ladles roll back and forth, from mixer to vessel, from vessel to mixer, going filled to the slopping brim, coming drained to the lining of brick. The mold buggies slip down the sloping tracks, one after another, each bearing away its ton of steel, and noisy little narrow-gauge locomotives come chugging, chugging, chugging through the smoky sheds to seize their loads of ingots of steel and stagger away to the soaking pits. The steel blower with critical eye watches through colored glasses the flames that flicker and flare at the vessel's mouth, and leans wearily on his shining levers.

The pourer of the white fluid listens to the gurgling of the molds, estimates his day's tonnage and his pay, and glances often at the clock. The test boy, his face grime-streaked, his lips fallen apart, listlessly lugs his load of test pieces to the laboratory, and prays for the whistle to sound its notice of quitting time.

Steel where the Bessemer blows, with everything going smoothly—the giant engines pounding rhythmically; the converters oscillating as noiselessly as leaves moved by little breezes; the hot metal running right—neither too hot nor too cold, not too high in silicon, not too low; the cranes working with precision and dispatch; the molds coming into the pouring station, cleaned and cool; the tracks kept clear by efficient hurrying narrow gauges; all the mill in shipshape—pits clean, slag pans dumped, refractories bins filled, the stock dock choked with pig and scrap and limestone and manganese and coke and sand and clay; and—men, plenty of men, a surplus of men to do the work.

Oh, the Bessemer isn't such a bad place to work in then—not bad at all! We gather together in little groups in quiet corners, and smoke great pipes and talk small talk, and tell tall tales and sing and swear and josh and joke, and cuss out everybody and everything, and thank the gods that are ours that we are men of the Bessemer and not of the blast furnaces. A dandy place to work—the Bessemer? Rather!

Steel where the Bessemer blows when things go wrong—when the iron comes low in silicon, and the vessels froth and foam and slop over, and the spittings rain down in torrents; when the heats go cold and freeze in the ladle or run wild and smear the molds, eat off the nozzle-stopper rods, splash the platforms and burn men; when the cranes strike and cannot be cudgeled or cajoled into working again; when the narrow-gauge engines balk, quit their chugging and die, and mold buggies choke the tracks; when Clancy or Smith, maybe, or Olinsky comes out to work with half a snootful and an unsteady hand, and tilts a ladle, and there is a spill, a nasty spill—a raging flood of white steel on the mill floor, pouring over the tracks and standings, running beneath the mold buggies, sloshing in the slag holes, trickling into every crack and chink and cranny, fusing everything it touches and welding itself to everything it envelops.

Oh, a rotten place to work then is the Bessemer! We run at the trouble blast of the whistle, and before a heat that blisters our bodies and withers our souls, in an atmosphere saffron with sulphur fumes, acrid and nauseating, we sledge and bar and cut and dig and pry and pull and strain and grunt. A greasy, grimy, sweaty, stinking crew, we kick and growl and yell and curse, and mule and rawhide at our task, damning the man who discovered steel, damning the man who invented work, double-damning the man—Clancy or Smith or Olinsky—who tipped that ladle of metal. Come the bosses—the big boss and the little boss, the little-big boss and the little-little boss—looking wise, watching us dig, fretting and fuming, urging us to hurry, till we invite them in rude language to go take a run and jump into a certain flood of fire reputed to be hotter than the one we are puddling in. We cuss them out, we talk bad to them. They grin back at us, afraid to rile us, fearful lest we drop our tools and leave the mill; and throwing away their half-smoked cigars they come to help us, the white shirt muling with the blue, the soft hand sledging with the calloused, rough neck and shaved neck, big guy and little dub, long head and bone head, cleaning it up. So we work together, all, and mop up the mess, and the Bessemer blows again. A dandy place to work? Who says so? Tell him he lies!

And some old Jerry or Jim or Mike or Joe, grown old and gray and tottery in mill service—isn't he always there on hand, be it foul mill weather or fair, snugged up in a cozy nook behind a pile of pig iron or a dump of lining stone, holding forth to us Indians on the joys of a job in the Bessemer?

"Ah, me laddy bucks, ye may talk about tasty jobs in the Coort House, or about a nice soft place in a bank, or behind a bar, or in a candy store; ye can gab about owning a tidy bit of a farm, or a little livery stable, or a milk route; ye can let yer chops waggle about this good job and that good job, but me, meself—I'll have none of 'em. Gimme the Bessemer every time for mine, me laddy bucks, say I, say I. The grunt of them ol' blowin' engines; the whoos-e-sh-whis-e-sh of the air in the tuyères when they turn the vessel up and give her the blast; the rattlin' dance of the spittin's on the iron roof; the plop of the steel when they sock the pin through the nozzle; the gurgle-gurgle-gurgle of the white stuff shootin' in the molds; the clinkety-clank of the buggies droppin' down the slopes; the chuggity-chug of them little toy locos, as they snort and cavort through the sheds with their drags; the bang and the rattle and clatter, the yellin', the cussin', the fightin', the hip-hip-hurray-and-hurry-upness of it all—why, me laddy bucks, it's life, it's the life of lifes, say I, say I! Ask me, after my forty years and more of service here, what I'd choose for a snap if I had them years to live over again, and I'll tell ye, I'd hunt me up a job at a Bessemer. Ask me what kind of a posish I'll be lookin' fer in the next world to this, and I'll inform ye, me laddy bucks, that I'm simply goin' to say to the Boss Man there: 'If you please, and if it's all the same to you, just let me stick roun' where the Bessemer blows.'"

Kurtz met Bennet on the pouring platform ten minutes after the accident occurred that put a vessel out of commission, and told him the blame for the smash-up was his—that the bolts holding the cable on the cracked converter trunnion casting had not been properly looked after. Bennet called Kurtz a liar. Kurtz struck Bennet a smashing blow in the face, knocking him down. The man rolled from the platform and fell against a red-hot ingot mold. He was burned, cruelly burned. General Manager Lendrick came into the mills as they were carrying Bennet out to the emergency hospital. He fired Kurtz on the spot.

If Bennet had not fallen from the platform, if he had not been burned or if Lendrick had inquired into the cause of the blow given by Kurtz, Bennet, perhaps, would have been discharged instead of Kurtz. For Kurtz was

right: Though the nuts on the cable bolts had been properly tightened, and that only a few hours before, they had been loosened a little afterward, loosened by Bennet himself, and Bennet was millwright. It was a dirty trick.

But Lendrick had asked no questions. He saw an employee badly injured; he smelled the sickening smell of burning human flesh; he beheld—and this, no doubt, stirred his anger most—one of the Bessemer vessels put out of action, a trunnion casting smashed so badly that a new one would have to be put in. It would mean the cutting down of his output by more than half, for days, maybe for a week. So Lendrick had fired Kurtz.

Kurtz cleaned out his desk that stood in the Bessemer superintendent's smoke-blackened iron office back of the engine room, burned a basketful of private papers, changed his clothes, gave his old suit to a Polack and his old pipe to a Dane, and went into the mill and bade the gang good-by, shaking hands with everybody, from dock laborer to steel blower. Kurtz was liked by the gang. He was the best Bessemer superintendent, in more ways than one, that Oldtown had ever had.

Bennet had a helper, not the best millwright's helper in the world, but steady and willing, who knew that the millwright had loosened those nuts. From a steel girder high above the swaying vessels, to which he had climbed to fasten in place a fallen feed wire, he had seen Bennet come sneaking through the yellow smoke that poured out of the converters and drifted about them, and stoop over the cable that was wound about the cracked trunnion casting. He saw him set a huge wrench he was carrying, and begin to heave and twist. He watched him in amazement.

"Turning them to the left, by George! Loosening them!" he muttered. "And I nearly yanked my soul out, three hours ago, getting them good and tight! What kind of a stunt is this?"

He would have shouted to Bennet to ask him what he was trying to do, but he knew that the sound of his voice would not carry above the shrieking of the forced blasts through the tuyères of the vessels. A turn or two at the nuts and the millwright had gone, sneaking away as he had come, through the saffron smoke belching out of the swaying converters.

The helper hurriedly climbed down from his lofty position and made his way to the trunnion. He saw that the cable was giving way. He could not understand Bennet's act.

"It's going to let go, it's bound to let go, and when it does—good night, trunnion casting!"

He ran to the iron stairway leading down into the mill. He would find Bennet and ask him what he meant by loosening the nuts. No—he wouldn't waste time in searching for Bennet—he would go to the tool room, get a wrench, and bring the bolts back into place. It was the sensible, it was the right thing to do.

He got no farther than the engine room, where he was ordered by the master mechanic to give a hand in shifting a piston head on a disabled engine. He was there when the smash-up came. He was not surprised, but he was sorry he had not disobeyed the master mechanic and gone on after the wrench. He could have saved the casting.

Before Kurtz left the mill he cornered this helper in the tool room and asked him questions.

"What do you know about those bolts coming loose on that cable?" he demanded.

Now the helper liked Kurtz—Kurtz had always treated him well. But he liked Bennet too—he admired him greatly. Bennet had given him his job. Bennet was his boss. He had never known Bennet to do anything that wasn't straight. His loosening the nuts—the helper could not see why he had done it, but there must have been some good reason. He'd say nothing about it. Let the millwright explain. But the helper was a weak sister at the game of bluff and prevarication, and Kurtz's first question had confused him.

"What do you know about those bolts coming loose on that cable?"

"Well, I—I know I tightened them up this morning," he stammered. "I certainly left them tight."

"You did, eh? You didn't go up there afterward?"

"Why, yes, I happened to go past there."

"Oh, you did? You didn't touch the nuts, did you?"

"Well, I—I looked at them."

"That so? How did they look?"

"I thought they were a little loose."

"Oh, they were loose, eh? You hadn't seen anyone monkeying round there, had you?"

"Seen anyone? I've been too busy this morning to ——"

"You didn't see Bennet loosening those nuts, did you?"

"I—I—now, say, Mr. Kurtz ——"

"Now then, now then! So you did see him loosen them, didn't you? How else did they get loose if Bennet didn't loosen them? I thought so! I knew it, knew it all the while! Well, good-by, lad, and good luck. I didn't think you had anything to do with it—knew you weren't that kind. But you tell Bennet for me that I'll get him before I'm through with this! You tell him!" And Kurtz went.

The helper sat down on a bale of waste and mopped his perspiring face, loosened his shirt at the neckband and fanned himself with his little black cap. He was supremely miserable. He liked Kurtz, he liked Bennet. Now he would be in bad with both of the men. He did not like to think of the time when Kurtz and Bennet would meet again—his name would be brought up. Kurtz would get Bennet; then Bennet would get him.

But Kurtz never got Bennet. Before the millwright had been discharged from the hospital Kurtz had left the country. One rumor said that he had gone to the Puget Sound district to take charge of a new steel plant there; another rumor had it that he had gone to Japan to take a position in one of the Japanese Government's plants. The helper was glad he was out of the Oldtown district—it made his troubles appear smaller.

It was three months before Bennet quit the hospital and returned to the mills. The injuries he had received that day when Kurtz had struck him—not from the blow itself but as a result of that blow—had been slow to heal. He returned with the skin on one side of his face, where it had lain against the redhot ingot mold, stretched unnaturally tight, and it was very red and very shiny; his left hand was still wrapped about with bandages; there was an unhealed sore on his left knee. He had scars that he would carry through life.

The first man he met was his helper, who began at once a recital of the news of the plant for the past three months: A new trunnion casting had been installed; Blagood, one of the mill foremen, had had charge of the Bessemer, and a sorry showing he had made. Lendrick was said to be on the lookout for a new superintendent to take the place of Kurtz but couldn't locate the right man. The gang had wanted to go for a new record next month but there was no use trying for a record with Blagood on the job. A newcomer, a ladle hand, had struck old Quintin Dick one day because the old fellow wouldn't fetch him a package of tobacco, and there had nearly been a lynching in the mill—the men had chased the fellow from the yard with clubs and bricks. There had been a man killed at the cupolas, a Polack had lost a leg at the crossover back of the mixer building, and Mike Zamenhoff had been pretty badly burned when a mold cap had blown up.

Bennet listened with interest to the helper's news story.

"I'm glad that old trunnion casting is out of the way," he said. "It was a continual menace—we never know when it was going to let go."

"Now it's coming," thought the helper, and he waited, saying nothing.

"I never could understand why Lendrick didn't put in a new casting there long ago," went on Bennet. "I often told him that it would give way, and that we'd have a smash-up if those nuts on the holding cable should work loose."

"Now he is going to tell me," said the helper to himself; and he waited.

Something in the silence of the man before him disturbed Bennet. He looked up. The helper's head had dropped forward until his chin was resting on his breast; his lips had fallen apart, and his eyes were fixed, with a peculiar stare, on the face of the millwright. Bennet stirred uneasily.

"Well, what's the matter?" he asked sharply.

"Matter? Nothing's the matter. I was just wondering how those nuts got loose. You see, I tightened them up that morning myself. Well, I guess I'd better get busy—I've a pile of work to do."

The helper left the tool room. "He isn't going to tell me," he muttered as he went. "It was dirty work then! Bennet! Well, by George! Who's straight if Bennet's crooked?" He sat down on a truck in a corner of the mill and tried to think the thing out. "Bennet, now—a trick like that from him! It gets me! I wonder if I want to stay here on this job," he mused. "I don't like the idea of working for a man who isn't straight. If jobs were plentiful I'd quit to-night. But they're not. Where could I get another job? I guess I'd better hang on here until I hear of something else."

After the helper had left him Bennet stood for several minutes in deep thought. "Does he know anything?" he asked himself. "But no—he couldn't. I wish he did—I wish everybody knew, knew the whole story! What made me do it? A mean, dirty, rotten low-down piece of work! And I—I did it! What wouldn't I give to have it

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EARNED INCREMENT

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE great war is not the only gift bestowed upon us by the Central Powers. There have been other famous offerings. Not the least of these for the purposes of this narrative, I may as well admit, are Gregor Mendel and Prof. Adolph Figlmasy. No, the two gentlemen have never met. Mendel, who anticipated the professor by some years, was—you may recall—that intelligent Austrian monk who played schatchen to the harmless, necessary bean; who mitigated the dullness of celibacy by marrying defenseless white and purple vegetables unto each other, evolving the Mendelian law of heredity or, more correctly, "Mendel's law of the segregation of the hereditary characters of the parents in the sex cells of the hybrids," and who was the first to recognize "that recessiveness means generally the absence of a character which is present in the dominant type"—if you get me exactly.

Professor Figlmasy would agree with you. I doubt if he has ever heard of Mendel. He probably regards the bean purely as a comestible, and would pooh-pooh the idea that a man is made or marred by his grandmother. Like Henley, he bids us remember we are the masters of our fate, and when we read his advertisements we believe he is right. We feel as Adam must have felt when he awoke and girded up his loins for the game of life. Adam, you know, would have baffled old Mendel. He had not a single hereditary lung, liver or gallstone. He was the finest case of unimpeded will-to-power the world has ever known. But Adamic is the feeling Professor Figlmasy, the Austrian health expert, arouses by his seductively offered Health Exercises and Revitalizing System. "Why be puny, weak, feeble," he demands—the man's knowledge is actually uncanny—"when by a little hygiene, a few simple exercises in the privacy of your room, you can make yourself exactly what you wish to be?"

Why, indeed?

To point a moral and adorn his tale there is a picture of Professor Figlmasy to show us our ideal. A Professor Figlmasy attired in a simple but becoming costume of bulging muscles, rending a steel chain in his two bare hands—you can clearly see where the chain is beginning to break. Professor Figlmasy's right foot is slightly advanced, his chest is like a bell, and his hair is long and curling on his shoulders like the locks of a Doré's Satan. You can see the energy he radiates—it rays out in zigzag lines all about his person like royal Jovian thunderbolts! A crackling sort of chap, the Professor!

Your pardon for introducing these two gentlemen, but Mendel and his violet beans and Figlmasy and his chain have a certain bearing on our hero, Llewellyn Case.

I shall introduce Llewellyn at a very early period in life. In fact, there was no Llewellyn at all—as yet. For some hours previous, Hector, the father of Llewellyn, had been pacing, restless, up and down on the sprigged Brussels of the library, thinking—if thought be a correct term for the chaotic mental agony he was enduring.

He was an oldish, invalidish man of forty-odd, addicted to a low form of dyspepsia, baggy trouser knees and the writing of mildly protesting letters on political subjects, which flowered in the local news sheets signed "Faithfully yours, Veritas," or "Yours for the truth, Pro Bono Publico." He owned a prosperous stationery store, and he had been a bachelor of set and maidenly habit until slightly above a year before, when he had accidentally married Miss Hattie McCleeve, a frail, spinsterish little lady, singing alto in the Congregational Church—whereupon he found himself involved in this hideous and not-at-all-wished-for dénouement.

"What's the Matter?" Miss O'Leary Asked. Her Voice Sounded Hurt. "Have I—Did I—Did I Displease You, Mr. Case?"

Every half hour or so old Doctor Culpepper would come down into the library with a bulletin. Not a very cheering bulletin.

He would push out his lower lip and look dubious. Everything, he would say, was going "as well as could be expected," or he would refer to "natural physiological processes," whereupon Hector would pace faster than ever. Once he stated that the patient had no fever—that he had just taken the patient's temperature. And Hector actually wrung his hands. Sick indeed was the victim for whom old Culpepper unsheathed the deadly clinical thermometer.

But presently it ended. There came suddenly from upstairs a small, feeble yawp like the wail of a despondent sparrow, and Hector sank almost unconscious into an armchair to wipe the cold film of sweat from his gelid face.

They were weighing Llewellyn when Hector was let in to see him. Llewellyn was tied in a blue blanket. You could see the blanket.

"A-er—a normal child though—er—very small," Culpepper announced.

Small indeed! Llewellyn tipped the beam at three and one-half pounds.

They put him into a shoe box lined with cotton wool and kept him on the bathroom register for six weeks. They fed him with a medicine dropper, mixing his food into him delicately, drop by drop, as though he were some choice mayonnaise. Dr. Culpepper did not take his temperature, but he kept his lower lip out and Hector and Hattie knew their child was in a bad way. He tried to tell them so himself, wailing piteously and incessantly night and day, staring up with hollow, wretched eyes at his parents, completely disillusioned as to the world to which they had invited him.

But in the end Llewellyn pulled through, drawing on some hidden fund of strength. For when he was a year old he had climbed to a masterly six pounds, and old Culpepper took in his lip.

It was too much for Hector. His year of remorse, incessant night watch and experimental candle killed him. He died of pneumonia in the spring, leaving Llewellyn, the half-portion baby, to make his way through the world unguided.

II

IN HIS mid teens Llewellyn Case was the smallest, frailest youth of his age in town—frail in a baffling, undefined way. He possessed all his limbs and the power of locomotion. He had no specific organic ailment, but he had the strength of a grasshopper. His childhood had been a hard-waged battle against current epidemics, victory only won after infinite deployings and maneuvers, the battlefield itself strewn with the wreckage and débris of a thousand fallen medicine bottles.

He had to an extraordinary degree a weakly constitution. He couldn't come into contact with a sniffle or a sneeze without sniffling or sneezing in return. He had, in short, no stamina.

The bitter part was he felt that his insides didn't match his outsides. That was so often life's tragedy, as he had discovered. That your fat man carries a thin man's soul; your Lilliput the valor of a Brobdingnag; your mastiff a terrier's nature. For his own part, in spite of frailty and smallness—because of it—by the time he was half grown Llewellyn had evolved his secret passion, an overwhelming mania for the three B's—Beef, Blood, Bone.

He didn't realize its force himself until one day when they were playing tennis. Rather Llewellyn was looking on—marbles being the only sport that did not overtax him. He was sitting on the top step of the veranda, his Cæsar beside him, his little freshman pimple cap on the back of his head. Nell Clarke and Walt Eliot were playing. Walt, a big blond young viking, with bare tanned chest and taffy hair in a leash, was straddling all over the court, giving no inch to his opponent. Nell was that kind. A foursquare berserker young lady with a steel forearm and the thews of a bulldog. Llewellyn studied them intently.

When the game was finished Nell came up and sat beside him, her plain honest face flushed with exercise. The sun beat full upon her and Llewellyn studied her silently. Suddenly he laid his olive wrist beside her tanned one—she could have broken his in two fingers.

"Gee whiz!" he cried bitterly. "Ain't that a whale of an arm—for a man to have? But you're all right, Nell—you're so beautiful."

"Beautiful! Who? Me?" Nell exploded.

"Yes. You've got the right kind of redness in you. I mean you look so—look so full blooded."

Nell had delicately guffawed about it to the others afterward. And Llewellyn realized he had made an error. He had foolishly revealed the inner garden of his soul, where presumably a man may cultivate any sort of flower he pleases, but which horticultural venture were better kept unshared. There was, the boy realized, something almost improper in a taste for red corpuscles openly expressed by one who had them not. It provoked painful badinage; so much so that he threw up a deep barrier about his secret tastes and hid carefully behind it. He professed an open admiration for the pale and neurotic. He spoke of the spiritually effective but physically handicapped. He read Poe and Stevenson and Henley for his favorite authors, and when he sat in church and the minister referred to the earthly body that is sown in corruption, to the body that dieth and passeth away, he looked about consciously, as one who should say:

"That's it! That's it! Remember, it's the spirit that matters. Body isn't worth a damn."

So he almost fooled himself—almost. He knew better when he came to commencement night and Ad Astra.

There had been an epidemic of measles in town that hewed down temporarily the bright particular stars of his graduating class. Llewellyn escaped, having given battle to the scourge twice in his early childhood. So, in extremis, notwithstanding poor attendance and desultory health, Llewellyn found himself the unexpected recipient of undreamed-of class honors. In short, just after the high-school orchestra on the memorable night concluded playing There is a Garden Fair Set in an Eastern Sea, Principal Silsbee rose and announced:

"We will listen next to the Rollo-Watford oration, delivered by Mr. Llewellyn Case, whose subject is Ad Astra! Mr. Case!"

Forth from the side lines stepped Mr. Case, small, inconspicuous, in carefully tailored new serge and glassily brushed hair. He looked not a little green in the face, his hands were tightly clenched, and his mother down in the front prayed passionately that his heart would hold out. It held—but it was to be subjected to a strain she little dreamed of.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Llewellyn in a flat, gasping voice, interrupted by unexpected emissions of breath and sundry swallowings, "I have chosen for my subject this evening Ad Astra—to the stars—and it is my intention to show what an application to real and ordinary life—life a simple classic text may have. How our every action, our every thought may—may be altered to the creed it expresses. We have all heard the phrase 'Hitch your wagon to a star,' but how many have ever thought what—what it may really mean. It means of course the—the expression of the ideal. That our ideals should be as high above—above the plane of our existence as the myriad golden stars we see every—every night. The forget-me-nots of the angels, as the poet Longfellow calls them. As Carlisle has fittingly said ——" But what Carlisle fittingly said, and Llewellyn, too, you may read in the back files of the dailies. The point is that in the very middle of Ad Astra, while dying by inches of nervousness, Llewellyn stumbled upon the sensation of first love. Yes, in the very act of freeing himself of his strangling and bromidic eloquence he heard the twanging bowstring of the heavenly archer—felt a pricking in his cardiac region. He looked down, in short, and saw—Neva Butler.

Neva, a visiting damsel, was a plump, round, dimpled miss with a fixed and restful expression; with the pinkest cheeks Llewellyn had ever looked at. It seemed to him she leaned forward now, hypnotized by his words, hanging upon his very breath, so to speak. So that he forgot some of his panic and spoke the rest of his oration to her alone. And the longer he looked at her the surer he was of one thing. Neva was his ideal. His oration had a personal application. He had come upon his star, his astral light.

When Llewellyn left the stage he forgot the wooden feeling in his legs, his ice-cold hands. He was in love!

He lay awake that night thinking it over—thinking about Neva, about girls, love and marriage. He had never thought of them much. He had been too busy keeping the balance of power between sickness and health. But now he faced it. He thought of Neva's pink cheeks—of putting an arm round her. She liked him; she must have or she wouldn't have listened to him so, given him that bright, dimpled, intent look of hers. Perhaps she might be willing to marry him some day. Why not? He was not a poor boy. He had a good business. Even if he wasn't so very strong—it was all right if you got a strong, healthy wife. That's what had floored him—having both his parents delicate. He called unwittingly on the shade of old Mendel in his conclusions. Neva looked as healthy as an ox. She was as full blooded as Nell Clarke, only lots prettier—lots. She was beautiful and he loved her.

The very next evening Llewellyn went and called on Neva—a shy, tentative sort of call under the elbow of Pierce Fox, who knew Neva very well. Two other young fellows were there, and they made fudge and talked of a dance for the following night. Pierce Fox said before they left: "Now mind, I've gotta have three dances with you. You save 'em."

Oh, how Llewellyn longed to imitate him, especially when Neva turned her round, intent eyes, questioning, on his—but he lacked the courage. But the next night, having pro'd and con'd a little more, and remembered and dreamed over Neva's smile and round cheeks, he forced an issue. He went up to her boldly before the piano and drum had struck a note.

"Look here," he said, his heart palpitating, "I'd like to have three dances, if you'll let me have 'em, Miss Butler."

"I couldn't let you have only one—you shoulda asked me last night."

So she had noticed his omission! Llewellyn cursed his shyness.

"I—I'll remember better next time," he said hoarsely.

He went and stood behind an oleander near by until his turn to dance with Neva. He didn't wish to dance with anyone else—his heart felt queer after dancing anyhow. And as he stood there he listened in unconsciously.

Pierce Fox came up and spoke to Neva.

"Say," he said, "I changed my mind. I'm takin' five of your dances—ju hear me?"

"Ouch, Pierce—don't squeeze my hand like that! I dunno if I can. I'll have to cut somebody then. Probably your little friend—I promised him one. He came right up—Llewellyn Case—and tried to bag three. Think of a poor little runt like that! Such nerve! I'd be scared he'd break in two. Honestly, when he was speaking the other night he had me wild—he looked as if he'd drop right over dead—they oughtn't to let a delicate boy like him make speeches."

A week after his grand disillusionment Llewellyn was passing McCabe's Hall in the twilight when he observed a stream of men mounting the narrow stairs that wound upward. The Dewdrop Restaurant below proffered a printed card of explanation:

BOXING BOUT

8 P. M. McCabe's Hall

Auspices Northside Club

PACKEY MCGRAW, the Battling Demon of Syracuse — vs. — WES JOHNSON, the Alabama Chicken of Mobile

Ten Rounds

PRELIMINARIES

WARTY DUGAN (local) — vs. — THE SLIPP'RY ELLUM KID (local)

Six Rounds

General, 50 cents Ringside, one dollar

Something halted Llewellyn. He had never seen a professional match. His mother's prejudice—his own frailty

(Continued on Page 124)

"Alabama Chicken! Go it, Boy!" "Eats 'em Alive!" Shrilled Llewellyn

JIMMY AIDS THE UPLIFT

By John Peter Toohey

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

FROM the time Jimmy Martin, press agent extraordinary to Mme. Olga Stephano, the noted exponent of Ibsen, bounded out of bed in his room at the Carlton Hotel and looked over the sixth page of the copy of the Morning Star which a thoughtful management had slid under his door, he began to radiate gladness and to impart good cheer.

Little Sunshine, the sweet young orphan in the story book who went round making folks forget their troubles by getting them to turn the dark clouds inside out in search of the silver lining, had nothing on him.

He trilled a merry roundelay while he bathed and shaved and he felt so good that he tossed a "Good morning, kid," to a pert little sparrow which was hopping about on the fire escape outside the open window, chirruping away for dear life.

Jimmy had a well-forged alibi for his exuberance of spirits. He had just performed that fascinating operation known in the patois of the profession as "putting one over." The patient who had submitted to his deft scalpel was no less a personage than E. Cartwright Jenkins, dramatic editor of the Star. E. Cartwright Jenkins was the alpha and omega, the guardian angel of the drama in that corner of the world.

To the anxious reader it is only fair to state that just one month before Jimmy's advent on the scene E. Cartwright had declared war to the death on the bureau of publicity and promotion. He had issued a manifesto which took in everyone, from the humblest representative of a Tom show to the avant-couriers of the highbrowed actors and actresses deemed worthy of favorable mention by the critics of the Big Town.

The Jenkins ire had been roused by a neat little yarn submitted by a modest young gentleman with mild blue eyes who had attested to its accuracy on the sacred honor of his grandsires. The subsequent developments had almost involved the Star in an expensive libel suit, and certain blistering remarks from the owner and publisher of the paper directed at the dramatic editor's head had resulted in the issuance of his ultimatum. The manager of the Standard Theater had shown Jimmy the letter containing it.

"We shall accept from the theater," the letter ran, "only the briefest sort of a general preliminary announcement giving the name of the play and the players concerned. Press agents' contributions are not wanted and will not be used. It will not be necessary for them to call to pay their respects. We will take those for granted."

As Jimmy sat on the edge of his bed and read the dramatic page of the Star over again he chuckled gleefully. Confronting him was a three-column head which read: "A Defense and a Rebuttal." Underneath it was a thousand-word letter addressed to the dramatic editor and signed "Very respectfully yours, James T. Martin." Following it was a long piece bearing the signature of E. Cartwright Jenkins.

The letter was a work of surpassing art which had been jointly composed the day before by Jimmy and a reporter on the rival Inquirer who had covered sports with him in days gone by on a St. Louis paper and who had a freely flowing repertoire of adjectives at his command that was dazzling in its completeness. It was a protest against the Star's embargo on theatrical tidings and a defense of the ancient and honorable calling of press agent. It was cunningly interlarded here and there with oily and unctuous references to the supreme wisdom of Mr. Jenkins.

"Eet Ees Just My Leetle Joke, Gentlemen, Just My Leetle Joke! I Have Here One Grand Surprise for You. Voila!"

That worthy gentleman was appealed to as "the recognized authority on all things pertaining to the serious drama in this part of the United States," and as a "patron of the seven arts whose causeries are the delight of the cultured and the despair of the untutored." Mention was made of the discouragement such worthy artists as Madame Stephano met with as a result of the refusal of the Star to coöperate in the movement for the uplift of the stage.

"That'll get that old bird," Jimmy had remarked to his friend after the latter had explained what the seven arts were.

"He's the chairman of the executive committee of the I-Hate-Myself Club."

Jimmy had had prophetic vision. E. Cartwright had fallen into the trap. He had printed the letter in full and he had followed it with certain remarks of his own in which he regretted that the new rule interfered with the "proper exploitation of such a representative and distinguished player as Madame Stephano."

The press agent took out a lead pencil and began underscoring the name of his star every time it appeared in both his letter and the dramatic editor's subjoined comment.

"Fourteen times!" he chuckled to himself. "The poor old boob!"

He stuck his derby on his head a bit rakishly, reached for a silver-topped walking stick, and started a progress down to the lobby that was a continuous round of cheery greetings. He joked with the chambermaid he saw entering the room next his own; exchanged a bit of badinage with another who was loitering near the elevator, and playfully slapped the elevator boy on the back with his folded newspaper.

He maintained this exalted mood throughout breakfast, during which meal he again counted over the Madame Stephanos on the sixth page to see if he'd made a mistake in his previous reckoning.

After breakfast he strolled out into the lobby again and over to the cigar counter. As he pointed to a box in the case marked "50c each," he beamed at the slender blonde who was reaching to serve him, and the blonde beamed back.

"Say, sister," he asked pleasantly, "how'd you like a couple of seats for the show Monday night at the Standard?"

"Fine!" replied the young woman. "What is it?"

"Olga Stephano," returned the press agent as he reached for his pass pad and his fountain pen.

"She's that Russian actress, ain't she, that plays in those highbrow plays?"

"That's right," replied Jimmy. "Ibsen stuff, but she's a bear at it. She makes you tremble and she makes you sigh."

The blond person took the proffered pass and folded it carefully.

"I'll take my sister," she said. "She'll have the time of her life if there's anything sad in it. I must say you press agents are a mighty nice lot of boys. I meet a lot of you fellows in the course of a season and most every one slips me a pass, just for sociability. Here comes Mr. Wilson now. He just got in this morning. He told me he's ahead of some new play they're trying out for Otis Taber."

The gentleman who was approaching was a well-set-up, prosperous-looking man in his early forties, who looked more like a bank cashier or a successful professional man than the popular conception of a theatrical advance agent. He was one of that distinguished little group of clever newspaper men who have been lured away from the daily grind of news gathering or editorial work into the pleasant bypaths of theatrical endeavor and who have found the fascinations of the show world too subtle to resist, no matter how hard they tried.

"Hello, Jimmy, old man!" he said heartily.

"What are you doing out here in Cleveland? I thought you were with Meyerfield's Frolics."

"I was," replied Jimmy, "but I'm off song-and-dance shows for life. I had a run-in with Meyerfield."

"What are you doing?"

"I've signed up with the little old uplift, Tom," returned Jimmy. "I'm elevatin' our well-known stage."

Tom Wilson looked puzzled for a moment.

"You don't mean to say that you're ahead of Stephano?" he gasped.

"That's what!" said Jimmy with easy assurance. "I knew it would hand a laugh to all of you kid-glove scouts, but I'm going to make good even if I am about as much of a highbrow as a bush-league second baseman. As a matter of fact, I've started to clean up already. Have a cigar."

Mr. Wilson looked in the case and indicated a modestly priced weed. Jimmy held up a deprecatory hand.

"Nothin' doing, sister!" he expanded. "Slip him one of those regular smokes."

His friend picked a thick cigar out of the box the blond person handed him and looked into Jimmy's smiling face.

"Say," he inquired, "what's the idea? Had a legacy or something?"

Jimmy motioned him toward a large leather sofa in the center of the lobby.

"I've just put one over on the censor," he exulted as he settled down, "and I just naturally feel a little frisky. You don't mind if I pin a few war crosses on my chest, do you?"

"Not at all," replied the other good-naturedly. "Fire ahead!"

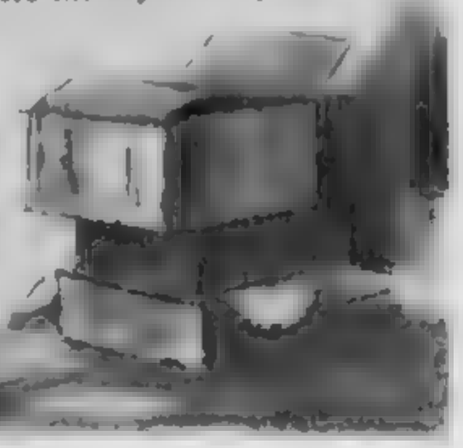
Jimmy opened the folded newspaper in his hand and passed it to his brother agent with a playful little flourish. As the latter read the indicated section Jimmy watched him out of the corner of his eye, carefully looking for signs of approval. Along about the second paragraph a knowing smile began to curl the corners of Mr. Wilson's mouth. His companion heaved a sigh of profound satisfaction and lolled back, at peace with all the vast universe.

"That's a pretty good start," commented the other, handing the paper back. "Rather a choice line of language too."

"You said somethin'!" returned Jimmy. "I've got a date with a couple of those words the next time I run into a dictionary. I betcha old E. Cartwright never gets wise. Nothing succeeds like the little old salve."

When the meeting of Local No. 78 of the Publicity Promoters' Mutual Admiration Society adjourned about ten minutes later, Tom Wilson inquired if Jimmy was planning any more attacks on the common enemy. The latter yawned widely in simulation of great nonchalance.

"Oh, I've got a few ideas I hope to put into general circulation before the day is over," he remarked casually. "Old Henry P. Inspiration has been workin' overtime for me since I turned highbrow. I'll walk down to the theater with you."



Jimmy's imagination indulged in

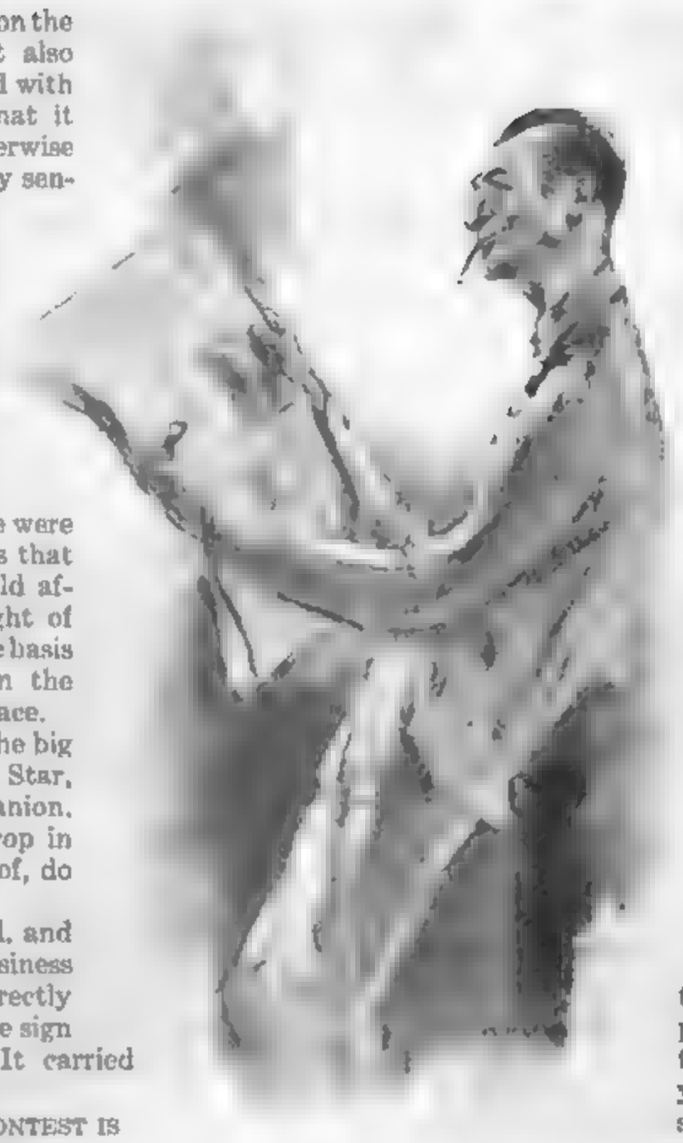
ground-and-lofty tumbling on the way to the playhouse. It also soared, and it may be stated with due regard for veracity that it looped the loop and otherwise comported itself in a highly sensational manner. If he had voiced only half of the weird notions for publicity that came to him Tom Wilson would undoubtedly have felt constrained to take him firmly by the arm and lead him to an alienist. Jimmy's mind always worked that way when he was particularly exalted. Usually there were one or two of the wild ideas that surged within him that could afterward stand the cold light of reason and that served as the basis of successful onslaughts on the custodians of newspaper space.

As the pair approached the big skyscraper that housed the Star, Jimmy turned to his companion.

"You don't mind if I drop in here and correct an ad proof, do you?" he asked.

The other shook his head, and they both entered the business office of the newspaper. Directly confronting them was a huge sign hung over the counter. It carried this legend in large letters:

THE STAR'S APPLE PIE CONTEST IS NOW ON
ENTER YOUR PIES EARLY



Jimmy Began to Radiate Gladness

Jimmy stood still and let the words sink in. They bore to him a message of infinite hope. He leaned over eagerly to the young woman behind the counter.

"Say, miss," he inquired, "where can I get the dope on this pie contest?"

"Miss Slosson, the pie editor—right in the back of the office here," responded the girl.

Jimmy grabbed Tom Wilson by the arm and led him toward the rear of the room.

"I'm going to put it over on this sheet again just for luck," he confided.

A sign reading "Enter Your Pies Here" attracted them to a railed-off corner of the big office room. A stout woman in the skittish forties, who was dressed like an ingénue, looked up at them from behind a table on which a number of luscious-looking apple pies reposed. On shelves on the wall behind her were scores of other pies—all tagged.

"Is this contest open to everyone?" inquired Jimmy, bowing pleasantly.

"Certainly," gushed the pie editor. "I'm so glad to see gentlemen in this office. So many women have been in since we opened this contest that it makes one feel rather lonesome for the stronger sex. Do you wish to enter a pie?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jimmy promptly.

"Oh, a gentleman cook!" Miss Slosson rattled on. "How utterly adorable! Do you know, I've always felt that there was no reason on earth why a man shouldn't take a hand in the kitchen if he chose. It's only a foolish convention ——"

"Please, Miss Slosson," broke in Jimmy, drowning out a chuckle from Tom Wilson which seriously threatened to develop into a ribald laugh, "please—the pie I want to enter wasn't baked by myself. It isn't baked yet by anyone. I wanted to know if you'd be interested in having a pie entered by Mme. Olga Stephano?"

"You mean the Russian actress who's coming to the Standard next week?" asked Miss Slosson.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jimmy. "I'm her manager and I just happened to see the announcement of your contest and I remembered that she's a great cook, and I thought perhaps you'd like to have her enter in the pie stakes—that is, I mean I thought you'd like to have her bake a pie and send it in.

"Apple pies are her great specialty. Mr. Wilson here and myself ate one cooked by her own hand last summer down at her country home on Long Island. Remember that pie, Mr. Wilson?"

Jimmy's confrère was equal to the emergency.

"I should say I did!" he quickly replied in his most dignified manner. "How could I ever forget? It was a poem, a real lyric bit of pastry."

"This is wonderful!" gurgled Miss Slosson. "Perfectly wonderful! It will give just the fillip to this thing that I've been after. We can challenge the women of the home to equal the culinary efforts of the women of the stage. You understand, of course, that we must insist upon your entry being bona fide. We must have assurance that the pie has actually been baked by Madame Stephano. How will she be able to bake it and how will you get it here? Our contest closes the day after to-morrow, you know."

"That'll be all right, Miss Slosson," returned Jimmy. "I'll get her on the long-distance phone just as soon as I can get back to my hotel. She's playin' in Chicago and she's stopping with friends in a private home. She'll bake it right away and I'll get her to ship it right through by express. She'll be tickled to death. The home is everything to her. Most domestic little woman I ever met."

"Isn't that too delightful!" responded the pie editor. "Some of them are that way, I suppose. I wonder if you have any pictures of her that I could use?"

Jimmy turned a glance toward his companion in which there was a gleam of triumph as he began to unbuckle the leather case he always carried with him.

"I think that it's just possible I may have one or two right here with me," he said. "Yes, isn't that lucky? Do you care for any of these?"

He handed a half dozen assorted pictures of the great Russian actress across the table. Miss Slosson picked out three of them.

"I'll use one to-morrow morning with a long story about her entrance," she said, "and I'll use one the day after too. To-morrow I'll run a picture of Mrs. Jefferson Andrews, one of our society leaders who has entered, right opposite Madame Stephano's. It's a perfectly darling idea. Thank you so much, and be sure and get her on the phone right away and don't forget that the contest closes at six o'clock Thursday evening."

Jimmy didn't say a word until they reached the sidewalk. Then he turned to his friend.

"Say, Tom," he remarked, "you don't mind waiting a minute while I pin on the little old Croy de Gerre thing, do you? What do you think about the way I worked the bunk on Sarah Ann Slosson? Ain't she just the cutest thing?"

Tom Wilson looked at him rather cynically.

"How are you going to go through with it?" he asked quietly.

"How am I goin' to go through with it?" echoed Jimmy. "Why, I'm goin' to do just what I said I was goin' to do. I'm goin' to call up the beautiful star and get her to bake that pie, or have someone else bake it, and I'm going to call up Jordan, the company manager, and have him tend to the shipping.

"I'll get her to write a little note in her own handwriting about the joys of kitchen life that they can use for a big splash."

"You will, eh?" retorted Wilson. "You talk as if you'd never met this Stephano person."

"I haven't," admitted Jimmy. "I joined the show by wire. This is my first town. They sent all the dope on by mail and I'm goin' to duck back here next week for the big powwow. What are you getting at?"

"Oh, nothing much," replied the other. "Only you hadn't better call her up; or Jordan either. You say you were hired by wire? Well, you'd be fired the same way!"

"I don't get your comedy, Tom," cut in Jimmy a bit uneasily.

His friend put a reassuring hand on his shoulder and spoke to him earnestly.

"It isn't comedy, old man," he said quietly. "I thought you knew all about that ladybird. Pie contests aren't in her line. Now don't misunderstand me.

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The Dish Smashed Into a Hundred Pieces, and the Surrounding Atmosphere Was Filled With Flying Fragments of Pie

OLD KING BALTIMORE

By L. B. YATES

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

Two Suns Arose and Set, and Then a Circus Parade Came Winding Its Way Across the Veldt and Down the Main Street of the African Village Presided Over by Chief Umbala of the Meanzas

BRIEFLY stated, the sponge of a too capricious civilization had wiped the Baltimore Berry clean off the slate, and relegated the record of his activities to the columns of life's ledger where red ink predominates.

The Berry, sometime circus impresario and always globe-trotter, was flat broke and far, far away from the place he called home.

"An' to think a me," he droned mournfully to himself—"to think a me, when I figured I had everythin' up me sleeve, everythin' on the ball, includin' high an' low curves, not countin' some new work they never saw before, all I had left was a fade-away."

Even the rattle of the car wheels, as the train sped across the sun-burned veldt, seemed to repeat a sad refrain. It forced itself upon the Berry's sensibilities in a manner that would not down. In its endless repetition was the lilting lyric of an old minstrel song, and it kept time to the groaning away of every bolt and coupling:

Broke! Broke! Absolutely broke!
Pocketbook's empty and it ain't no joke.
When your money's all gone,
And your watch is in soak—
B-r-o-k-e spells broke.

The city of Baltimore, Maryland, was the place of the Berry's original beginnings, but when he really talked about home he took in all that comprehensive territory lying between New York's Battery on the east and the Barbary Coast on the west. In years of wandering up and down he had become acquainted with almost every foot of it. No water tank or flag station had passed unrecorded in the Berry's book of geographical knowledge. He could give the population and possibilities of nearly every city, town and hamlet in the Union, with exact data of the most intimate nature regarding weather, crops, and the idiosyncrasies of those in civic authority. No use telling the Berry; he knew.

As may be surmised, and speaking about previous condition of servitude, the career of the Baltimore Berry had been plentifully interspersed with both incident and action. The Berry's people were of some consequence in their home town, but the hero of this tale had parted company with the parent branch at the time when the fruit was commencing to ripen. The old blood of Ishmael was dominant in the Berry's makeup. He left home between suns.

He always remembered his entrance into the circus world, as weary and footsore he approached the presiding deity of a small wagon show and sought employment. The examination of the candidate was brief and to the point:

"You want to join out, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's your name?"

"Berry, sir."

"Where you from?"

"Baltimore, sir."

"Baltimore, huh? Some pretty handy horsemen down there. Can you ride an' rub?"

"Yes, sir."

The circus dignitary turned to a fat man who was standing near by.

"Bill," he exclaimed, "put the Baltimore Berry on the cook tent list and tie him to the boss hostler's outfit, four a week and cakes."

That was all, but the short snappy sentence saddled the Berry with the name that he carried through life; in the circus world he was the Baltimore Berry right down to the end of the chapter.

It would be carrying the reader up many bypaths to relate the story of the Berry's goings and comings. But as he grew to manhood he achieved a certain distinction in his chosen field, and then a lucky turn of the wheel put him in possession of a small wagon show. After that his course was onward and upward. In a minor way he prospered, and being a crusader cast about him for other fields to conquer.

Just about this time a clever man with a persuasive tongue happened along and told the Berry marvelous tales relating to the wealth which could be acquired by an American circus were it transplanted in all its pristine glory to Africa, to the Gold Coast, and the Berry hearkened to the voice of the charmer.

The Gold Coast! Ah, there was magic in that name! Because the Berry was nothing if he was not imaginative, and with it came an insistent call to a new territory of adventure. The Berry burned his bridges behind him, loaded his paraphernalia on an ocean tramp and set forth.

But why continue, because the subsequent events only went further to establish the tales of other pilgrims of the show world who had made that same long journey. The Anglo-Africans were not ready for a great circus message—their ideas of entertainment ran in different lines. The charm of the mighty American institution was lost to them. Every day saw the Berry's resources dwindling.

"If I keep on weedin' the bank roll," he told himself, "I'll have nothin' left but the elastic band." And then the Berry, being a man of resource, cast about him for a thriller.

He sensed that he needed something that would drag these stolid people out of themselves and rattle the very fringes of their hearts. And his cogitations resulted in the staging of a battle between a lion and a bull. He advertised this attraction fulsomely, hired an amphitheater, and packed it to the doors. Standing room sold at a premium. Then the Berry rubbed his hands and told himself that he had bridged the chasm which had separated him from important coin of the realm.

But the unforeseen thing happened, because the king of beasts was what is called in circus parlance a "Wallace lion," the chief part of whose education has always been to bluff at fighting rather than to fight, and when he got one fair look at a pawing wild bull, with horns keen as the lance of a cavalryman, he tucked his tail between his legs and fled precipitantly to his cage. Then an indignant populace clamored for its money back, and the Berry sat in the little box office, with his hat pulled away down on his brows, and paid out money until he had locomotor ataxia in his arm and a deep, fleshy question mark between his eyes.

So it was that, being a stranger in a strange land, with the cards of Fate stacked against him, the Berry almost gave up hope of rejuvenating himself. The smallest circus fairly eats up money, and performers must be fed, be they human or otherwise, even if they are willing to defer salary payments until more prosperous days. Finally, as a last resort, he bethought him of an old American friend who had preceded him across the big waters and who lived in a mining town a few hundred miles away. Gossip had it that this man had prospered exceedingly. The Berry spent his last remaining dollars for a railroad ticket and hied him thither. But here again fickle fortune handed him a solar-plexus jolt. The reports of his friend's wealth had been outrageously exaggerated. He found him tending bar in a cheap tavern, and from his scanty store borrowed enough to purchase transportation back to the place whence he came, setting forth with a heavy heart on the return journey of a fruitless errand.

The train had come to an abrupt stop at a little way station, and in answer to the inquiries of the passengers the guard had informed them that there had been a wreck ahead on the main line and that traffic would be blocked indefinitely. To this discouraging intelligence the Berry had growled out a protest, consigning in a general and collective way the whole country to the damnation bow-wows. Then with a sigh of resignation he pulled his hat over his eyes and settled back in his corner of the compartment. Up to this time the other passengers had not interested him. No one spoke his language. From the drift of their conversation he surmised they were talking about mining or other commercial enterprises. None of them knew anything about the glory of the big top or the inner workings of the world's most ancient form of amusement. Like a snail surprised by an early morning frost, the Berry drew back into his shell and possessed his soul in solitary communion.

The other occupants of the compartment appeared to be well acquainted with each other, and they conversed together in dull monotone. From their manner of speech the Berry diagnosed that with one exception they were all British born, and this individual had a certain cosmopolitan air which baffled even the experienced eye and ear of the circus man. Occasionally, however, some intonation of speech or expression seemed to furnish a faint clew that he came of Irish beginnings, and the Berry found himself figuring a little on this possibility simply because time was hanging heavily on his hands.

Mainly the Berry's thoughts were far, far away. He was thinking about how the old original show back in God's country would probably be opening in Albuquerque that very day. In his mind's eye he was following the trails he had followed for so many years, which had carried him to all the important towns in New Mexico and Arizona, until it brought him up along the line of the Southern Pacific, through long lanes of golden orange groves and through the valley of ranches and raisins—right up to good old San Francisco, which latter the Berry had always maintained was a real man's town.

And then—then there was the girl, and when the Berry thought of her his pulse quickened and the blood surged up rebelliously underneath his tan countenance. But for her he might not have cared. He had played the show game too long to let the loss of mere money faze him, but the thought of having to go back and confess absolute failure to her was a situation the contemplation of which brought panic to his stout heart.

He shifted uneasily as he thought of the days when, with the divine belief that wells up if youth would enchant

youth, he had been the architect of his own Castilian mansions. And for their crowning glory these wondrous edifices had a portrayal of the Berry himself achieving fame and fortune in a new field and taking his place with other masterful pioneers of the circus world.

But now they had all crumbled away and old Dame Fortune in spinning her wheel had obliterated even the very foundations. Now he would have to go back and tell her the truth—tell Maizie, who had put so much trust and confidence in the original prospectus.

You see this girl was an acknowledged première equestrienne back in God's country. She was always sure of a remunerative engagement with the big show. She had come of an old line of riders who dated their achievement in the world of sawdust and spangles away back to the very initiation of the American circus. The Berry shivered as he thought of how he had persuaded the girl and her mother to cast their lot with him and journey to this outlandish country. He remembered how she had looked up at him with all the witchery and charm of her violet eyes and listened to the magic word picture he had so deftly drawn, because the Berry was inspired by the vision; moreover, he had drunk deep of a cup filled with the nectar of all there is to life and love and longing. And he had hearkened to the magic music of the soul and sensed a matchless melody that will never die.

But his reveries were rudely broken in upon because his fellow travelers, from conversing in ordinary tones, seemed to have broached some question which gave rise to heated argument. The Berry pricked up his ears and listened.

The cube root of the discussion had been lost to him, but picking up the loose ends of the dissertation he sensed that weighty matters were being passed upon. And now a tall, thin, middle-aged man, who wore a monocle and was one of the kind who undoubtedly took himself most seriously, appeared to have the floor, and was declaring himself in no uncertain terms.

"It's absolutely ballyrot," he gloomed in insistent tones. "I have put my last penny in this wildcat scheme; it's too visionary. Here's Vandeleur's report; he only confirms what we already knew; but what matters that when we have not got one chance in a thousand of getting a permit to prospect or mine?"

"Oh, as far as that's concerned, Vandeleur is all right," vouchsafed the stout man of uncertain beginnings. "But I never saw a good thing in my life that wasn't completely surrounded by obstacles, and I do not hold with you that those he mentions are insurmountable. Simply because Dennis failed and could not make terms with the chief, why should we give up? Look at the millions at stake. My idea is to spend more money. Why not enlist the services of some man who is capable of handling the situation? My investment is as large as anybody's in this transaction, and I think it is so promising that I am willing to go still further."

"You are evidently taking a gambler's view of it," sniffed the tall one. "I believe in optimism, but not when it goes beyond the bounds of sound business judgment."

"No rich prospect in the history of mining would ever have been discovered if sound business principles had been applied to the original exploitation of it," shot back the other. "How about the flier we took in the Yukon? If I am not mistaken we had forty thousand pounds invested before we saw color, and then what?" The speaker waved a stubby hand emphasizing this last argument.

"Then what? That's what I am asking you," he continued, "because don't forget that you got back one hundred and ten thousand dollars for your share, and you are still holding a block of stock that is paying a half yearly dividend of twelve per cent."

"Great King!" droned the Berry to himself. "To think of these guys juggling millions from one hand to the other like as if they was snowballs and me sittin' on the ragged end of nowheres. They're either crazy or they're rotten with money."

With a heroic effort he endeavored to control his emotion, but here was an oasis in the desert—real money was in sight. It was making too heavy a draft on human nature, and the circus owner was in desperate straits. The Berry leaned over and touched the man nearest to him on the arm.

"Don't you folks never make a fumble?" he whispered hoarsely. "Do you always keep it up in the air like that?"

"Hey!" exclaimed the other, haughtily drawing away from the intruder. "Hey, what's that, really now, ah!"

"I've been settin' here listenin', mainly because I didn't have nothin' else to do," vouchsafed the circus magnate. "This big-money talk has got on my nerves. What I want to know is, don't you never let a stray million go wild or over the fence or somethin' where a innocent bystander might mitt it with a capable pair of lunch hooks? You ain't peeved because I butted in, is you?"

"I beg pardon," began the other severely. He would have added more but the Berry beat him to it.

"Don't apologize, Bill," he exclaimed magnanimously; "don't excuse yourself; you ain't stepped on my corns, and if you had of it wouldn't be the first time I was a mourner and got pushed off of the sidewalk. It don't hurt a feller to smile occasionally even if he promised his mother he'd never laugh."

"This intrusion," the tall man began again, "is, if I might say so, unwarranted. Really, my good man, I ——"

"There you go," enjoined the Berry, "you ain't lost nothin', so why advertise? I judged from your patter you was talkin' about doin' things—am I right? Was you talkin' about doin' things with a big D, or wasn't you?"

The speaker paused momentarily in order to give added significance to what was about to follow, then lifting an admonitory finger he continued:

"Now I'll tell you about doin' things. Listen: Was you ever on the lot in the middle of the night when it was rainin' pitchforks an' you had a three-mile haul to the cars? Did you ever see all the wagons up to the hubs in black gumbo mud, and it darker than a rat hole, and was you ever standin' there tryin' to get action with a swearin' mob of sons-of-guns? And then supposin' it was so bad that you had thirty horses hitched onto the pole wagon with two big bulls pushin' behind, an' after all that hell and disturbance you got it off finally and got to the cars and loaded up, and made your parade in the other town the next day as advertised—you'd call that doin' things, wouldn't you? Well, that's the kind of work I've been playin' round with all my life."

The Berry folded his arms and regarded the tall one with the tolerant air of one who has advanced an indisputable argument.

"Yep," he supplemented, as if the discussion had passed into history, "if you ain't been a trouper you don't know nothin' and you ain't been nowheres."

"And might I ask to whom are we indebted for this gratuitous information?" retorted the first speaker sourly.

The Berry puffed out his chest, rising to the occasion as one who had been on a still hunt for opportunity and had found it.

"Me!" he exclaimed; "you mean me, eh? Well, for your information I'll tell you that you're lookin' at the sole proprietor and main squeeze of the most magnificent independent attraction on the face of the globe."

There was a direct challenge in the Berry's countenance as he dug down in one of his capacious pockets and, with exaggerated flourish, produced a flamboyant card, which depicted a tawny striped tiger couchant upon a background of glaring red.

"My card, gents," he exclaimed with evident pride. "Do you see this printin' on it? What does it say, eh? Well, I'll read it for you. 'Baltimore and Berry's Circus, Wild West, Menagerie and Hippodrome; Bigger than the Biggest, Better than the Best.' How's that, eh? Well, my name's Berry. Folks call me the Baltimore Berry because I came from that good old burg. Is that introduction enough? It's what I call some nifty little pasteboard," he added. "Oncet seen it's never forgotten."

The tall one took the proffered card between finger and thumb and scanned it patronizingly.

"I don't know that this is relevant," he began, but the Berry again interposed.

"What you want to say, I guess, is that it don't mean nothin'?" he queried.

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The Tents of Baltimore and Berry Sprang Into Being, While the Subjects of Chief Umbata Stood Round With Eyes Bulging From Their Sockets and Wondered

THE SIGNATURE

"Whither are ye gone astray, Lovely Peace?"
—ARISTOPHANES.

By Elizabeth Frazer

AND so they signed. They bent their mediocre backs, those two supremely mediocre gentlemen from Germany, Herr Müller and Herr Bell, plenipotentiaries but nonentities, pygmies in the midst of towering events, snatched out of obscurity for this single encounter with fame; and there in the historic Hall of Mirrors, under a thousand straining eyes, seated before a small table they signed, one after the other, the death warrant of that haughty powerful empire which less than half a century before in that selfsame room had been ushered into existence with glittering theatrical splendor by Von Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, who must have shivered restlessly down in hell at that moment. But they signed. They signed at twelve minutes past three on a warm Saturday afternoon, June 28, 1919. By my watch it took three-quarters of a minute.

Perched up on a bench at the side of the hall, straining forward the better to observe those two stooping gentlemen, I was aware of a profound inner disappointment. Something essential was lacking. Something potent was strikingly conspicuous by its absence. Here going on before my eyes was the ceremony which for long months had been heralded as the greatest dramatic event in history. Never in the evolution of man had there been a more splendid, magnificent stage set for the noble expression of a fine idea. Here in this lofty chamber, with its rows of stately mirrors, dim and cloudy with the breath of time; with its ceiling painted by Lebrun; with its seventeen windows giving upon a superb formal garden with cool alleys, sleeping waters and noble statuary; here in this Galerie des Glaces were assembled all the well-known figures in the world drama, solemnly convoked to ratify by their signatures the beginning of a new order—and the whole thing fell flat.

An Historic Moment Without a Thrill

I WAS shocked, surprised, angry at myself for not rising to the occasion; angry at the occasion for not rising to itself. What is a big moment for, anyway, if it can't be inspiring, dignified, noble? And this particular big moment, the biggest certainly in many a generation in its influence on events, was neither inspiring nor dignified nor noble. It was, on the contrary, a moment singularly devoid of all content, of dignity, color, impressiveness. It was, in short, a dull affair, dry as any technical registration is apt to be.

At first, deeming the fault lay in me, I tried to goad myself into a thrill. "This is a remarkably interesting moment," I said to myself, trying optimistically to kid myself along. "This is great. This is—wonderful." But all the time within my mind—that cool dispassionate little observer that sits aloft in us all like the lookout in the crow's-nest—was affirming bluntly to my consciousness: "This thing is dead. If you say it is anything else you fool yourself; you deny your honest reactions. You say it is big, noble, fine because, conventionally, that is what you and all the rest of the world supposed it ought to be. But such is not the cold sober fact. This meeting, for all its magnificent stage setting, for all the notable personalities in the cast, is flat, empty, dead. Admit it."

And still staring with all my eyes down the length of that long crowded hall, at the cloudy mottled mirrors, at the long tables where sat the history makers in their black civilian coats, at the two Germans, calm, emotionless like all the rest of us—I was bound to admit that the observer up in the crow's-nest was right: the show was dead. Hamlet was not on the stage.

Before my mind's eye flashed other moments—moments which had held a real spark, an electric thrill; moments when emotion took one like a strong hand at the throat and you did not have to shake yourself and exclaim: "Come on. Rise to the occasion, can't you?" A correspondent's life in France during this war was not altogether devoid of color, and one became practiced by sheer contact with big events in picking out the pinchbeck from the real, the fake situation from the genuine.

One moment which I remember was that one in which for the first time I caught a glimpse of the American colors flying from the highest peak of German defeat—the ancient fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, opposite Coblenz on the Rhine. The sudden sight of that flag, flying up there in the clean blue air, hit me like a strong jolt of electricity. Another such moment had been in the late spring of 1918, at the height of the German offensive, when they had smashed the British line and were battering to the west and the south, at the same moment that French and American troops were rushing north to stem that violent flood. I was visiting the citadel of Verdun, and had come at nightfall upon a big shadowy mess hall, forty feet underground, where about five hundred of the garrison—grizzled, veteran poilus—were bolting their ragouts with hearty avidity while a phonograph jazzed raucously in a corner. At sight of the American uniforms in our party that body of men leaped to their feet with a rush, roaring as with one voice: "Vive l'Amérique! Vivent les Américains!" Then tears of pure exaltation, pure joy, sprang to the eyes.

Another moment which stands out vividly was in June, 1918, just after our troops had gone into the Château-Thierry line. I was up just behind the Front, at a newly organized hospital. A wounded American soldier was lying on the grass—together with score upon score of his comrades, living, dying and dead—under a blistering sun. Inside the hospital was filled to overflowing with more of the same. And as I passed through the yard a boy, dying, not of his wound, which was slight, but of gas gangrene, with the gray death film already settling down over his young face, stretched out an arm as I passed, twitched my skirt, and looking up into my face said:

"Say, wait a minute, lady." I waited. "Say, a fellow doesn't die of a little wound like this? I ain't got much the matter with me—just a scratch. Say, a fellow doesn't die of a little wound like this? Sure he don't!" His feeble eager voice besought me. His bright dying eyes, straining up, implored assurance from mine. He gazed up. I gazed down. I would have given my right hand to help him.

Beside unforgetable moments such as these the signing of the treaty by a group of elderly civilians, none of whom in this war had shouldered a gun, dodged a bullet or even missed his chow, belonged, as an event, in an entirely different, secondary class. It belonged in the same class with the first Chautauqua meeting of the season; with a grave church wedding, in which the two principals are personalities; or a big national convention. If you could divide occasions under the old Biblical classification of the quick and the dead, then the moment when I looked down upon that dying, pleading boy was a quick moment; and the moment I looked upon those two German plenipotentiaries setting their names to a document their country did not intend to abide by, was just as certainly dead.

Incredible Unimpressiveness

THAT one quality, unimpressiveness, stood out for me as the salient characteristic in the entire proceedings. As an occasion it had no intrinsic vitality. Nor was I the only correspondent to remark upon this strange barrenness. Of all the reports to appear in the next morning's papers only one French journalist declared that "the scene was perfect in its noble dignity." And it transpired that this gentleman's yellow ticket had not permitted him to enter into the holy of holies of the Galerie des Glaces itself. He had remained outside in the courtyard—and relied upon his imagination! Nevertheless, the signing of the treaty at Versailles—impressive or unimpressive as the ceremony may have been, noble or dull, inspiring or depressing and banal—crowned a long series of stupendously important historical events, and because of that the details of that Saturday afternoon are worthy of record. In order to obtain a proper perspective upon the affair I am going back to the weeks which immediately preceded it in Paris, beginning with the arrival of the first German delegates, under the leadership of Count Ulrich von Brockdorf-Rantzau, to receive the terms of the treaty in May. At that time everybody hoped that Germany would sign without delay, that the American Army would be sent out of Europe by June fifteenth, and that France, harassed, overburdened, nervous and irritable, would be freed at last of her alien population and alone with her own soul.

The Famous Band of the French Republican Guard Marching Back From Versailles, Between Lines of French Cavalry, After the Signing of the Peace Treaty

Up on the Rhine our troops had undergone an interesting change of

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LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

She Led Me Into a Rose Garden and, Seated Beneath Its Clustered Greeneries, Said With an Air of Triumph, "Now You See, My Dear Old Friend, That I Was Right and You Were Wrong All the Time"

IT IS not an easy nor yet a wholly congenial task to write—truthfully, intelligently and frankly to write—about Theodore Roosevelt. He belonged to the category of problematical characters. A born aristocrat, he at no time took the trouble to pose as a special friend of the people; a born leader, he led with a rough, unsparing hand. His was the soul of controversy. To one who knew him from his childhood as I did, always loving him and rarely agreeing with him, it was plain to see how his most obvious faults commended him to the multitude and made for a popularity that never quite deserted him.

As poorly as I rate the reign of majorities I prefer it to the one-man power, either elective or dynastic. The scheme of a third term in the presidency for General Grant seemed to me a conspiracy, though with many of its leaders I was on terms of affectionate intimacy. I fought and helped to kill in 1896 the scheme to give Mr. Cleveland a third term. Inevitably as the movement for the retention of Theodore Roosevelt beyond the time already fixed began to show itself in 1907 my pen was primed against it and I wrote variously and voluminously.

There appeared in one of the periodicals for January, 1908, a sketch of mine which but for a statement issued concurrently from the White House would have attracted more attention than it did. In this I related how at Washington just before the War of Sections I had a musical pal—the niece of a Southern senator—who had studied in Paris, been a protégée of the Empress Eugénie and become an out-and-out imperialist. Louis Napoleon was her ideal statesman. She not only hated the North but accepted as gospel truth all the misleading theories of the South: that cotton was king; that slavery was a divine institution; that in any enterprise one Southern man was a match for six Northern men.

On these points we had many contentions. When the break came she went South with her family. The last I saw of her she was crossing Long Bridge in a lumbering family carriage waving a tiny Confederate flag.

Forty-five years intervened. I had heard of her from time to time wandering aimlessly over Europe, but had not met her until the preceding winter in a famous Southern homestead. There she led me into a rose garden, and seated beneath its clustered greeneries she said with an air of triumph, "Now you see, my dear old friend, that I was right and you were wrong all the time."

Startled, and forgetful, I asked in what way.

"Why," she answered, "at last the South is coming to its own."

Still out of rapport with her thought I said something about the obliteration of sectionalism and the arrival of political freedom and general prosperity. She would have none of this.

"I mean," she abruptly interposed, "that the son of Martha Bullock has come to his own and he will rescue us from the mudsills of the North."

She spoke as if our former discussions had been but yesterday. Then I gave her the right of way, interjecting a query now and then to give emphasis to her theme, whilst she unfolded the plan which seemed to her so simple and easy; God's own will; the national destiny, first another term, and then life tenure à la Louis Napoleon, for Theodore Roosevelt, the son of Martha Bullock, the nephew of our great admiral who was to redress all the wrongs of the South and bring the Yankees to their just deserts.

"If," I ended, "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, why not out of the brain of this crazed old woman of the South?"

Early in the following April I came from my winter home in Florida to the national capital, and the next day was called by the President to the White House.

"The first thing I want to ask," said he, "is whether that old woman was a real person or a figment of your imagination?"

"She was a figment of my imagination," I answered, "but you put her out of business with a single punch. Why didn't you hold back your statement a bit? If you had done so there was room for lots of sport ahead."

He was in no mood for joking. "Henry Watterson," he said, "I want to talk to you seriously about this third-term business. I will not deny that I have thought of the thing—thought of it a great deal." Then he proceeded to relate from his point of view the state of the country and the immediate situation. He spoke without reserve of his relations to the nearest associated public men, of what were and what were not his personal and party obligations, his attitude toward the political questions of the moment, and ended by saying, "What do you make of all this?"

"Mr. President," I replied, "you know that I am your friend, and as your friend I tell you that if you go out of here the fourth of next March placing your friend Taft in your place you will make a good third to Washington and Lincoln; but if you allow these wild fellows willy-nilly to induce you, in spite of your declaration, to accept the nomination, substantially for a third term, all issues will be merged in that issue, and in my judgment you will not carry a state in the Union."

As if much impressed and with a show of feeling he said: "It may be so. At any rate I will not do it. If the convention nominates me I will promptly send my declination. If it nominates me and adjourns I will call it together again and it will have to name somebody else."

As an illustration of the implacability which pursued him I may mention that among many leading Republicans to whom I related the incident most of them discredited his sincerity, one of them expressing the opinion that all along he was artfully playing for the nomination. This I do not believe. Perhaps he was never quite fixed in his mind. The presidency is a wondrous lure. Once out of the White House—what else and what ——

II

UPON his return from one of his several foreign journeys a party of some hundred or more of his personal friends gave him a welcoming dinner at a famous uptown restaurant. I was placed next him at table. It goes without saying that we had all sorts of a good time—he Cæsar and I Brutus—the prevailing joke the entente between the two.

"I think," he began his very happy speech, "that I am the bravest man that ever lived, for here I have been sitting three hours by the side of Brutus—have repeatedly seen him clutch his knife—without the blink of an eye or the turn of a feather."

To which in response when my turn came I said: "You gentlemen seem to be surprised that there should be so perfect an understanding between our guest and myself. But there is nothing new or strange in that. It goes back, indeed, to his cradle and has never been disturbed throughout the intervening years of political dissension—sometimes acrimonious. At the top of the acclivity of his amazing career—in the very plenitude of his eminence and power—let me tell you that he offered me one of the most honorable and distinguished posts within his gift."

"Tell them about that, Marse Henry," said he.

"With your permission, Mr. President, I will," I said, and continued: "The centenary of the West Point Military Academy was approaching. I was at dinner with my family at a hotel in Washington when General Corbin joined us. 'Will you,' he abruptly interjected, 'accept the

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SHOES

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THE night before Edgar come home was the worst ever I had to handle. Not even a Saturday before Easter done me up quite that bad, and dear knows ladies set on buying headgear for church then is almost as bad tempered as late Christmas shoppers. I having had experience of the both of them had ought to know, carrying as I do the largest stock of strictly fancy articles of any place in Rosemere except mebbe Roynton's department and hardware over opposite the drug store. And what women is under the nervous strain which seems to come just prior to these two sacred occasions is certainly well known, and even better to a storekeeper than to their own immediate families.

But late Christmas shoppers and delayed Easter hats was simply as nil by comparison to the trade rush on the night before our boys come home.

I reckon everybody had been pretty busy all day, what with baking and getting their house set to rights. Not that menfolks ever seem to notice if it is or not, nor the women to notice that they don't notice, but go right on working theirselves to death cleaning the parlor and then fix their own selves up at the very last minute. Being an observer of life and the only business lady in Rosemere unless you except the paperhanger, Mis' Webster, I notice all these little things through being, as you might say, sort of set apart.

Well, be that as it may, the night before our grand welcome to our returning heroes was a busy one down to my store, and I declare if I wasn't obliged to keep open late's nine-thirty, and sold every inch of black velvet ribbon and every bunch of cherries in the place, not to mention hats which before had often been tried on and refused by the very ones which now bought them; one brown straw in particular by Mis' Sterner, the undertaker's wife, which had said she wouldn't take it for a present only last year, and now paid two-fifty for it outside of the black velvet bow and the bunch of cherries hanging down in back, which is the very latest. And of course she was desperate to do it, what at her age and size, but being chairlady of the Methodist ladies' church lawn supper to the boys she had to wear something new or undoubtedly it would get about that her husband's business wasn't good.

But dear sakes alive! By the time she was done I was near done myself, and not a stitch taken yet in my own hat and me with Edgar coming home a corporal and everybody in town knowing we had been going together steady ever since he first come over from Waterford, and took charge of the shoe department at Roynton's ten years ago.

And then, at nine-thirty, with hardly the strength of a cat left in me, I had just set down to line my own hat—a real handsome Milan trimmed with black velvet and the cutest little bunch of cherries—when the door buzzer tinkled again, and there was another customer, in spite of the lights being out all but one lamp!

Of course seeing I had forgot to latch the door I had to come out of the back room, where I had only just started to work, and there was a girl standing at the glass showcase trying to see what was still left and at first I didn't recognize her; but soon's she heard me and swung round I see she was Malvina Clarke.

Now I never did like that girl. To commence with, she's a piece of fluff—just that—fluff! Her yellow head of hair is probably real enough, I'll grant her mother that much sense; but I ain't dead certain about her pink cheeks, and nobody with the kind of clothes she wears could have a steady Christian mind. And yet, when Edgar enlisted, and old man Roynton put a piece in the Rosemere Gazette that a shoe clerk was wanted, and as of course pretty near every male in Connecticut and everywhere else had volunteered, who should come down from a farm way back of North Rosemere but Malvina, and whether it was the curls or what I don't know, but she got Edgar's job, though it's a fact she failed to pass the examination for postmistress up to North Rosemere and had in consequence to go to teaching the district school there instead.

The Hat Did Certainly Look Good on Her—Altogether Too Good to Be Quite Good, in Fact

But Malvina wasn't made for anything but city life, or so she claimed, and after Edgar had gone she and her mother moved down into Riley's old place and Malvina commenced lolling round Roynton's shoe department in a tight-fitting black satin dress with a green pencil with a near-emerald in the end of it, stuck in the back of her yellow hair and her sales-book where she could never find it, the huzzy! Somehow she and I never got along good, even at school years ago, and now that she had went away a wild little kitten and come back again the way she was, we got on less than ever.

I had one thing on my side. If Malvina wanted a hat she simply had to come to me for it, Roynton's carrying hardware instead through a business agreement between he and I, whereas I was just simply making my old shoes do until Edgar come back, and had determined that if he was killed I would order them by mail from the city rather than encourage that girl.

And another thing I knew was that if Edgar did come back Malvina would lose her job. And here on this very night she had to come in and delay me on my own hat with Edgar coming home next day, not only not killed but without even a scratch on him!

"Sorry to disturb you so late, Molly," says that two-faced thing, "but there was such a rush over to the store I hadn't a minute sooner. Is that light blue gone?"

"Of course not!" I says, for what grown woman would of bought it except herself, which I well knew when I let that wholesale man leave it on me. "Would you like to try it?"

"That's what I come for, dear!" says Malvina, taking off her black felt, which someways she had managed to demoralize completely since buying it off me last fall, though it would be hard to say just what she'd done to it. "Leave me see the blue. There's a dear old thing!"

Well, I handed it to her, though she certainly had impudence enough calling me that when she was in the grade above me in grammar school. But the hat did certainly look good on her, I will say it—altogether too good to be quite good, in fact. But I didn't tell her so. She gets enough of such stuff without me adding to her corruption!

"Are you expecting anybody in particular to-morrow?" I asked, to make conversation.

She giggled in a sort of silly way and looked at me kind of funny like.

"Well, yes; and again, no!" she smirked. "There's one I have been corresponding with, but we have never met."

"That so?" I says, polite but uninterested. "Directed to him by some society?"

"Not exactly," says the minx. "He's a friend of yours, I believe. I took his place in the store."

Well, you can better believe my heart most stopped when she said that. Edgar, of all people! And coming on the top of such a hard day too!

"Do you mean Edgar?" I says slowly.

"I do," she says, pirouetting round in front of the mirror to get a side view of the blue hat. "Edgar Durham, that's him!"

"And you been corresponding with him?" I says.

"Well, I send him a postal every week," says Malvina. "I kind of thought he'd like to know how the department was getting along."

There was a minute's silence and then I asked, sort of abrupt, "Do you want the hat?"

"How much is it?" says Malvina.

"Five dollars," I says, adding on a dollar-fifty to what I had intended in the first place.

"All right!" she says, never turning a hair.

"Do you think you ought to spend that much when you'll be giving up your job so soon?" I says.

"Well, mebbe I won't be giving it up, dear!" says Malvina. "And then again, perhaps I'll quit working and marry. Who knows?"

That idea didn't cheer me up any either. Somehow the whole store kind of swam in front of my eyes while I did up her old hat in a paper for her, Malvina not being the kind that waits for Sunday to wear anything new. For what could she mean but the one thing, that she hoped he'd notice her when he come, or mebbe they had it already arranged? How could I tell, what with only one postal from him in eight months, and that merely saying he was well and unhurt and on the way back! And after all, though we had been going together this long while, he hasn't really ever said anything right out plain. Only I felt it was understood, and felt that he felt the same. And while he hadn't wrote me much, neither had he writ his mother any more than to me, so why could I think anything was wrong, Edgar not being the sort it seemed likely would notice Frenchwomen, particularly with him having an almost French milliner at home for the asking, and a good business woman, besides every other social standing, which is well known to be lacking in France? And now probably Malvina had sent over her picture, and what could he know about her except what she her own self had wrote?

I hadn't the heart in me to finish my hat. So I laid it away without tacking on the cherries, and closed the shop with a heart like a lump of lead. Somebody is always sacrificed to make every holiday, just as it used to be with the Romans; not so direct, perhaps, but just as surely. And I seemed to be the victim this time.

Out on the main street a few lights was even yet glimmering in the stores, and as I headed toward home I passed a couple sauntering slowly, and who was it but Malvina and old man Roynton, and they deep in talk, so's they hardly took time to nod at me as I passed them.

And I didn't care. Nothing made any impression on me, not even meeting the major of Edgar's battalion, who passed me a little further on. Him and several officers had come in on the seven-fifty-eight, and was being entertained up to G. Welton Smith's, our social leader's, as was only right, the major being a stranger in these parts, but related to Mis' Smith. Ordinarily I would of give quite a start at seeing such a fine, well-set-up man on Rosemere's Main Street, but this night his stylish uniform was a reminder of to-morrow, and to-morrow had suddenly went blank to me.

The house where Edgar's mother lived all by her lone was just this side of mine, and seeing's I hadn't nobody but myself either, her and I was a great comfort to each other, especially since he had enlisted, and one thing I knew for certain sure, Mis' Durham would be down on this Malvina notion. Such a girl had yet to cross her doorstep!

Of course I had kind of expected she would be busy late on the night before he come back, and so was not surprised when I seen a light still burning in her kitchen. But I was quite taken back when, as I passed the front door, she opened it and called out to me, holding the lamp high, so's I could see good coming up the steps.

"Molly, deary, I thought it was your step!" she exclaimed. "And I just had to see. Have you et any supper? Humph! I reckoned on it! You come right in and set down to what I've kept for you!"

Well, I went in, though pretty near dead by then, and hardly knowing did I want to see Edgar's mother or did I want to be alone. Sometimes it's hard to tell if a thing pains or pleases, ain't it? And this was one of them mixed-up times.

She put Snooze, the old gray cat, out of the chair, and made me sit down to table while she took the fringed doilies offen the sauce and doughnuts and big glass of milk she had laid out and waiting, fussing over me till I was like to cry. But I didn't, but ate instead, which it's a fact I hadn't had a blessed thing since noon and only a sandwich then. Ain't it wonderful the way food will take the despair out of a person if their digestion is good? Why, hardly had I ate but a bite or two but I commenced misdoubting Malvina's hints and laughs.

"Well, Molly Borland, you look real tuckered out!" says Mis' Durham. And as she says it I noticed she looked

the same; kind of wornlike, in spite of being happy over him coming. There was actually a tragic look in her brown eyes that was so like his. Her white hair gleamed smooth and flat in the lamplight and it would seem's if she couldn't have a worry in the world hid under it—and yet it was there—a sort of strained, anxious look, as if she could hardly bear to wait, yet was going right on doing it because it had to be done. It's a look I've noticed mostly on women. Her hands too had the patient, weary, yet ever-ready look that only women's hands get. Comes of waiting on folks, I guess. But the whole expression of her caused me to forget my own self for a few moments. I leaned over and put my hands on the both of hers.

"What ails you, Mis' Durham?" I says, though I knew well enough it weren't her health. "What ails you? Don't you feel good?"

"Oh! I feel good enough," she says, "but—it's nonsense, I guess, but—but—Molly, I'm scared to see Edgar!"

The words seemed fairly to burst from her.

"Scared to see him?" I says, not understanding just at first. "What scares you? He wrote he ain't been wounded—you know he ain't been hurt!"

"He wrote he ain't wounded," said his mother, "but hurt! How do I know what the war has done to him? Why ain't he written more—more often and longer letters? Why didn't he ever describe anything—tell about anything? It ain't like him—it ain't like my Edgar, and that's a fact! Every other time he's been away from home he's wrote regular. Almost kep' a diary, you might say. And here he was all hurrah for the war and couldn't get to it quick enough, and then what does he write back from it? Nothing! Just that his health is good. Not a single real letter to either of us!"

"Are you sure—sure he ain't written—to nobody?" I asked as good as I could for the choke in my voice.

"Of course I'm sure!" she answered me in a tone made me certain she hadn't the least idea about Malvina. Well, I didn't mention it to her then. She was too upset without.

"Molly!" she went on, after a minute, "Molly, what do you suppose he's done—done—that he can't write about? What kep' him from writing just the ordinary things that the censor would leave by? It ain't natural, it ain't been natural these many months! And I'm worried clean through. Seems like I could hardly endure to wait until I see him to-morrow and know one way or the other."

"There now, Mis' Durham, don't fret yourself up!" I begged her. "It's all imagination and the excitement. The both of us has had a hard day and we better get some sleep so's to be fresh for the parade."

"You're right, Molly dear," says she. "And you been a good girl to me—as fine a daughter as any person would wish."

I simply couldn't answer nothing to that, and so I just said good night quick's I could and not to worry, and stumbled over to my own house in a rush. Once I was inside I went right upstairs without even striking a match, and threw myself into my big high bed like it had been a comforting bosom, and cried myself to sleep, there to dream that Malvina Clarke in the blue hat was being married to Edgar who had gone crazy with the war; and only woke up barely in time to dress for the parade.

At first I almost had a mind not to go at all. But the day was so fine, and Sultser's band, going down toward the railroad station, sounded so gay, it drew a person like magic. In fact, some sort of witchcraft seemed to of took ahold of the entire town. It was in the air, in the sun, in the sound of the leaves, which seemed to say, "They're coming home; they're coming home," over and over. I reckon it come mostly out of the hearts of the folks, though, what with the sudden letting loose from the fearful hold they had on theirselves for so long, their hearts seemed to of kind of opened, and poured the magic out into the world.

And so in spite of myself I couldn't help but get ready, though dear knows I didn't see how I was going to stand it, and in the bright daylight my clothes looked something fierce. My hat was an old one, for a milliner is generally a good bit like shoemakers' children, when it comes to using stock. I had wore that old brown hat to church every Sunday the last two years and also the time I took the last walk with Edgar before he went. As I put it on me I thought of that night and how confident and comforted I had felt—poor fool! And when I put on my ties I recollected the day Edgar had sold them to me, and how he had held my foot in his hand while he smoothed out the kid and told me he had enlisted.

"It's the chance of a young man's lifetime!" he had said, his face all flushed up. "Think of going into this big scrap. Think of going to France! Why, that alone is enough inducement. Who would of thought I'd ever get the chance to do anything so—so romantic—so exciting! Why, if it hadn't been for this war where would I ever of got the chance to prove what I can do—what sort of a fellow I am? And there's to be a million of us young chaps at least, who at my age just naturally hone to see the world, who are going to get a chance not only to see it but to save it! Think of that! When ordinarily we'd just go drudging on at some dull job like this, making pretty good at it, mebbe, but pretty soon getting as dull as an oxford finished kid slipper, and as soft!"

How plain I could recall them fiery words of his'n! And in a way I could see perfectly what he meant. It was a feeling quite to one side of patriotism, but mighty strong, at that. And even though I felt different about my business I could see his point about his. For business is a real adventure to a Rosemere woman, and beside that, making it grow and learning about it was nearly as exciting to me as going to war was to him. I recalled the way he looked in his uniform, too; sort of cut off from us already by it, but somehow strengthened, too, though he'd only had three months' training, but was already a corporal. When we took that last walk after supper he spoke of the way he felt about fighting:

"All my life I been reading of Napoleon and Julius Cæsar and other great warriors. Many times they come from the masses, so why shouldn't I? Not that I expect to be a big leader, Molly, but if I get the chance I'll make the most of it. And if I get a decoration I'll bring it home to you!"

After that I considered myself as good as engaged, and who wouldn't?

But all this was water over the dam by now—and it seemed mighty remote as I finished dressing and went out into the clear sunshine to where Mis' Durham was already waiting for me on her front steps.

"I Went to Plunge Into the Glory and Honor of Battles, to Know the Tremendousness of Offering My Very Life Upon the Altar of Righteousness!"

We didn't say much, we was both too keyed up with excitement, but just sort of fell in with the rest, and found Mis' Durham's place on the grand stand in front of the courthouse, where she was to sit with the relatives of the other boys, and I found a good place to stand near by.

My! But Main Street certainly did look grand. The Elks had put up an arch all covered with flags, and not a shop but was hung with them and welcome-home signs. And the people was all dressed up and crowding along the curbstone on either hand. You see, what with the three towns, Rosemere Center, North Rosemere and East Rosemere, we had sent over near two hundred men altogether, and after they landed in New York City they had got together and was coming back, only seven being missing. And while I hear tell New York done considerable in the way of a reception, I don't believe it could of been much better than we done, what with the Methodist ladies' lawn supper and the arch, and the entertainment up to the schoolhouse, and the way Sultser's band paraded to the station. I hear no less than five hundred dollars was spent in all.

And like all generous deeds it done most good to the doers. I had subscribed five dollars to the entertainment committee and even if I had no personal feelings in the matter the show would of been worth it. Whereas, of course, not alone was Edgar coming home, but practically every male under thirty-five that I have ever known in my whole entire life—and the same with most everybody present, excepting a couple of traveling men over on the porch of the American House; but even they joined in real friendly-like, and when the head of the procession turned into Main Street you would of thought it was their own sons—especially one fat man from Rochester that I buy my ribbon offen!

The head of that procession! Will I ever forget it? My land

(Continued on Page 170)

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case Number Five: "Matter of McFee"

"The hand is quicker than the eye."—THE MAN WITH THE THREE WALNUT SHELLS.

"If any man can convince me and bring home to me that I do not think or act aright, gladly will I change; for I search after truth, by which man never yet was harmed. But he is harmed who abideth on still in his deception and ignorance."—MARCUS AURELIUS.

MR. CEPHAS McFEE opened his safe-deposit box in the secrecy of the cubicle to which he had been escorted by the deferential attendant, and gazed with satisfaction upon its bulging contents. A warm glow rose through his fat little body at the sight of the equally fat packages of bonds and stock certificates, and the thick bundles of notes and mortgages. Slipped through the heavy rubber band encircling the topmost manila envelope was a roll of United States Government 4½ per cent short-term notes which he had thrust there the week before—$25,000 of them. He remembered the amount exactly, for he had sold certain stocks upon which he had a profit of nearly $10,000, and invested the proceeds in the notes, which were practically as liquid as currency and could be disposed of anywhere at par. Then he had purchased some other securities at a lower price but equally desirable, and had paid for them with part of the notes, and he had had $25,000 of them left. He had counted them before he had slipped them under the band of the envelope, but he took them out and counted them again: $25,000.

Mr. McFee put the notes carefully in his pocket, closed the box, slid it back into its allotted resting place among the tiers of similar receptacles in the vault outside and climbed up to the light of day. It always gave him pleasure to visit the vault, for no matter how his affairs had been going the vision of his hoard inevitably not only reassured him but convinced him of his superiority to other men. In fact, his affairs never went otherwise than well, though sometimes he liked to pretend that they did, for the fun of discovering that he was mistaken.

Mr. McFee had what bankers call the "feel for money." Occasionally, it must be admitted, he felt it so hard that the Indians, turkeys, buffaloes and other fauns engraved thereon squirmed in agony. He boasted that he could squeeze a quarter until the eagle screamed and could make a dollar go farther to-day than Washington had when he threw one across the Potomac [Circ. A. D. 1748]. He saw everything, he remembered everything, he was sure of everything. Nobody could trick him. People often said of him, as some one once said of Macaulay, that they wished they could be as certain of anything as McFee was of everything.

In support of this general reputation for omniscience, and even for prescience, let it here be said that the day before he had figured out that Union Pacific was bound to go up, had bought two hundred shares through his brokers, Westbury & Wheatland, and had had the gratification of seeing it close at an advance of three points and a half. His visit to the vault had been for the purpose of paying for the stock with the $25,000 in 4½ per cent U. S. notes.

Mr. Westbury was reading the tape when Mr. McFee came in.

"Hello, early bird!" he exclaimed jocosely, for Mr. McFee was a valuable customer and he liked to create an impression of intimacy. "Looking for worms?" Mr. McFee's thin mouth curved in the slightest suggestion of a smile.

"Nope," he answered. "I've got the worms already. Now I'm payin' for 'em."

He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the notes.

"I wants take up that two hundred U. P. I bought yesterday. Here's twenty-five thousand dollars in U. S. four and a halves. Gimme a receipt."

Then he ran his forefinger through the notes and counted them again.

"Twenty-five thousand," he repeated. "Take 'em!"

Mr. Westbury received the notes, counted them in turn, and nodded.

"Here, Prescott," he called to the anemic cashier in the cage. "Here's twenty-five thousand dollars in U. S. four and a half per cents—give Mr. McFee a receipt for them."

"Yes, sir!" responded Prescott with alacrity, for Mr. Westbury was a hard master.

He hurried forward, bowed politely to the customer, who paid no attention to him, received the notes from his employer, counted them, returned to the cage, and in a couple of minutes more came back and handed the receipt to Mr. McFee.

"I'll send the certificates over in a couple of days, as soon as we can get 'em transferred," said Mr. Westbury. "And meantime I'll dispose of the notes to our bank and credit you with the proceeds."

"Mind you don't charge me any commission!" cautioned Mr. McFee. "This ain't any stock-exchange transaction."

"Oh, that'll be all right!" agreed Mr. Westbury, smiling at the departing McFee. "Stingy little cockroach!" he added to himself.

Back in the cage, to which the light of day did not percolate, Prescott the cashier pinned the notes together and made the proper entries in the firm's books to cover the transaction. Then he put on his coat and hat, explained to Mr. Westbury that he was just going to carry the notes over to the bank, and took the elevator to the first floor, where he went to a telephone booth and called up his wife. The kid was sick and the doctor had not arrived when he had left for the office that morning, so he was anxious and worried. He did not like to telephone from the office because the other clerks could overhear what he said, and he was naturally sensitive.

"Is that you, Mollie? . . . Yes, it's me—Jim. How's Jennie?"

"Oh, Jim, the doctor says her temperature is a hundred and three and she may be going to have the flu, but he can't tell before noon. Couldn't you manage to get off?"

"Poor little Jennie!" he groaned. "I guess she'll be all right—she's a strong kid. But I can't get away—old Westbury would fire me if I asked him. I'll call up about twelve-thirty, though. Maybe I can sneak home at the noon hour."

His mind was full of little Jennie as he climbed up the marble steps of the Nordic Trust five minutes later and joined the surging line in front of the loan clerk's window. He was terribly sorry for Mollie, having to take care of her all alone. He'd noticed that the kid's cheeks were flushed when he bent over the bed to kiss her good-by. That cursed flu—it killed people like flies—in a few hours. Jennie might die before he could get back to her! The sweat beaded his forehead under the thin hair of his half bald head. Then the sharp voice of the loan clerk brought him abruptly to himself:

"What are you trying to do—put something over?"

He glanced quickly up. He was in front of the window and the clerk was holding the notes which Prescott had automatically pushed through the bars.

"What do you mean?" he stammered huskily.

"This ain't twenty-five thousand—it's only sixteen thousand," snapped the clerk. "Your slip says twenty-five thousand. Count 'em yourself. I haven't even taken the pin out."

Jim Prescott made no move to take the notes, for he could not see them. His whole body seemed suddenly to dissolve. His throat was like a thicket of nettles. He swayed—and clutched blindly at the bars of the window. Through heaving blotches of black and yellow he saw a big marble clock dancing round in a sort of fox trot. Eleven-fifty. The doctor would be almost there.

"Count 'em yourself, now. Get busy. Don't hold up the line all day."

Shaking, he yet managed to pull himself together sufficiently to count the notes. There was only $16,000—a ten-thousand-dollar note, a five and a one.

"Sixteen, ain't it?" demanded the clerk less harshly.

Jim weakly nodded and staggered back to the row of deposit desks against the wall opposite. He was short $9000. The line moved forward.

"Buck up!" called the clerk over their heads, counting a bundle of certificates the while. "You'll find the other nine thousand on your desk."

But Jim knew otherwise. There was no other $9000. Those three notes were the only notes that Mr. Westbury had given him. He must have miscounted them—yet he had signed a receipt for $25,000. He was responsible for the money, even if he should not be accused of stealing it. He gasped for breath, struggling against a wave of nausea. He was done for—had signed his own death warrant. He could not go back of his own signed receipt. Moreover, Mr. Westbury had also counted the notes. There was a hideous mistake somewhere. Time was needed to find it out. He mustn't lose the $16,000, anyhow. He stuffed the fist in which the notes were grasped into his pocket and held it there. Where should he go? Westbury he feared more than anybody in the world. Westbury would have him arrested. No, he must try Mr. McFee. Perhaps he at least would be reasonable about it and suggest some possible explanation. He couldn't tell Westbury; that would be suicide.

Yet upon the bare chance that without knowing it he might have left the $9000 in notes somewhere in the cage he sneaked back and began searching it hysterically.

"D'you turn over those notes?" inquired Westbury, going by.

"Yes, sir," stammered Jim in desperation. He must conceal the situation from this Simon Legree at all hazards.

But there was no sign of the notes upon the desk or anywhere in the cage. He got down on his hands and knees and ferreted round the floor like a pointer dog. He looked in

"I Wonder, Mr. Tutt, if You Would be Willing to Take a Criminal Case Where There Wouldn't be Any Prospect of a Fee, Simply to Prevent a Possible Miscarriage of Justice?"

every possible place a dozen or twenty times. Then his nerves seemed to snap and he went wild—pulling open drawers and dumping out the contents, holding the ledgers upside down and shaking them—looking inside fastened bundles of folded papers. No—he never had any such notes! McFee—if he thought about it—would know that to be the fact. He looked at the clock. It was his noon hour. He had never before in his life needed sustenance as he did now, but he had no time for food. He must find Mr. McFee at once. So he grabbed his hat and had rushed out onto the street before he realized that he did not know where the man's office was. A telephone book told him, and that suggested Mollie and the kid.

"The doctor's here now," came his wife's scared voice over the wire. "He says Jennie's got it—but if it don't turn into pneumonia she'll pull through. Are you coming home?"

"What's her temperature?" he choked.

"One hundred and five," she answered. "Please come. Don't leave me alone!"

The telephone sounded to him like a death rattle and he groped his way out to the street, palsied with the fear of losing at one and the same time his child, his liberty and his honor.

Mr. McFee was not in his office, but had gone to his lunch club, they told him; and after waiting about twenty minutes the strain proved too great and Jim hurried over to that gloomy home of midday respectability on Pine Street known as the Down Town Association. Yes, Mr. McFee had come in, but he was lunching on the third floor with two other gentlemen.

"Please ask him to see me!" begged Prescott of the doorman, and his aspect was such that the members on their way out paused curiously to look at him. There was considerable delay before word was brought that Mr. McFee would see Jim in the top-floor hall if he would come up.

"Well, well—what is it?" inquired McFee irritably, leading him into an empty private dining room. "I'm right in the middle of my lunch. Couldn't you wait?"

"Mr. McFee," stuttered Jim, "are you sure you gave Mr. Westbury twenty-five thousand dollars this morning?"

McFee sprang backward, as if he had received a heavy blow upon his façade.

"What! Am I sure? Of course I'm sure! I counted 'em. So did Westbury! What's more, I've got your receipt. Look here, young feller, what are you trying to put over on me?"

"I'm not trying to put over anything," Jim pleaded piteously. "I took the notes to the bank and found there was only sixteen thousand dollars. I must have miscounted ——"

Mr. McFee uttered an exclamation of derision.

"Miscounted 'em! Rats! You're short nine thousand dollars in your accounts, eh? You want to make it up out of me! Do I look like that kind of a sucker? Go tell that to the police!"

Jim swallowed hard, staring at McFee with smarting eyes. "But they're the same notes ——"

"Look here," bellowed McFee. "I don't care anything about you—you're only a marker. But I've got your receipt for twenty-five thousand dollars from Westbury & Wheatland. You want me to say they owe me only sixteen thousand dollars. What do you take me for—a damn fool? Has Westbury sent you round here to work the baby act on me?"

"No," replied Jim faintly. "I haven't told Mr. Westbury yet."

"Why not?"

"Because I thought it was no use. He'd counted the notes. You had the receipt. If you couldn't help me he couldn't."

"Well, he's goin' to know it almighty quick!" McFee's glaring eye rapidly searched the room for a telephone. "There's only one person knows where that nine thousand dollars has disappeared to—and that's you. If I don't have the whole twenty-five thousand dollars back by three o'clock I'll get a warrant out for your arrest. You've got just two hours to fix things up. Better make the most of your time."

The hard line of Cephas McFee's mouth looked like the closed door of a prison to poor Jim Prescott.

"Understand," hissed McFee, "I mean it!"

Jim felt his way down the stairs with one hand against the wall.

The jig was up. He had no defense. It was his own fault. They would claim that he had stolen the $9000 between the office and the bank, and then invented the best excuse he could. It was certainly a hell of an excuse!

If he went back to the office Westbury would browbeat, insult and humiliate him. Then he would be taken directly to the Tombs. If, instead, he went home he'd escape all that and have an hour at least with Mollie and his little dying Jennie. He'd telephone the office where they could find him. He forgot entirely the $16,000 in his pocket. Outside the club he started running . . .

In the Middle of the Night He Awoke in a Cold Chill. Had He Really Had Twenty-five Thousand in Notes? Had He Really Counted Them?

"Tutt," said Mr. Tutt, "after what happened in that tramp case last week I am tempted to paraphrase Ben Jonson's assertion that the Devil is an ass and declare that the Law is an ass."

"Where would that leave us lawyers?" queried Tutt dubiously. "However, I know a lot of attorneys who ——"

"Oh, I was only joking," returned his partner as he took a sip from his eleven o'clock tumbler of malt extract. "However, it goes without saying that the law is archaic and more or less absurd. Anyhow, it's based on a fundamental error."

"What's that?" inquired his partner.

"Why," answered Mr. Tutt, "the idea that you can achieve justice in individual cases through the application of so-called general principles. You can't, and everybody knows you can't. No specific case ever yet fitted a general principle any more than an individual face ever fitted a composite photograph."

"That's true," nodded Tutt. "Then again the law draws a hard and fast line and says that everything on one side is right and everything on the other side is wrong, when really the line ought to wriggle round, and hop up and down, and make exceptions ——"

"When really there oughtn't to be any line at all, you mean," retorted Mr. Tutt almost fiercely. "A thing can't be absolutely right or wrong, just or unjust, legal or illegal, any more than a human being can be absolutely good or absolutely bad. The law makes no allowances, except after a man has been convicted. We don't even have the French verdict of 'guilty under extenuating circumstances.'"

"Of course the whole idea of money damages is ridiculous," remarked Tutt, helping himself to a stogy. "Just as if the jury could compensate a mother whose baby is run over by a fool motorist by giving her a verdict of five or six hundred dollars!"

"Just fancy classifying a man as a criminal because he falls within some legislative definition, when another fellow ten times as bad happens not to do so," continued Mr. Tutt, ignoring the inadequacy of civil damages in favor of his particular hobby—the criminal law. "It's arrant nonsense. As an old preceptor of mine used to say, 'The code that puts one man in stripes and allows another to ride in a coach is purely artificial, and proves not a whit which is the better man'"

"That's all right!" assented his partner. "When you come to think of it it's pretty foolish for the law to make it murder to push a blind man off a cliff and not to make it any offense at all to let him walk over it, though by stretching out your hand you might prevent him."

"Omissions to act are almost never crimes," commented the senior partner. "You can let your neighbor's baby be run over by an oncoming train, even if you could easily snatch it out of danger and so save its life, and yet not be guilty of any offense whatever under the law."

"Or you could let your mother-in-law choke to death without sending for a doctor," grinned Tutt.

"Quite so," nodded Mr. Tutt. "It's a crime to defame a woman's character if you write your accusation upon a slip of paper and pass it to someone else, but it's no crime—at least in New York State—to get up in a crowded meeting and ruin her forever by word of mouth."

"Yes, and it's a crime to steal a banana off a fruit stand," contributed Tutt, "but it's no crime to borrow ten thousand dollars from a man though you have no idea of returning it." *(Continued on Page 148)*

TRIMMED WITH RED

XII

By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

EMILY, Rosamonde and Mrs. Finnessey motored out to Mrs. Shallope's week-end soviet in Merlin's second-best limousine, an antediluvian affair dating some four or five years into antiquity. Sunk desolately among the cushions Rosamonde mourned and mourned and mourned, telling over and over again how she had even gone down to the crusty tyrant's office only to be told that Mr. Vallant was out and to be referred to a stingy old lawyer with a wart on his nose.

Mrs. Finnessey, most of whose clients were unhappily wed, received these confessions with plump equanimity. Doubtless she was already calculating on her share of the income after Mrs. Vallant was legally separated from her husband. Not so little Emily, who had somewhat improved her disguise as Corporal El-Zelim of the Turkish Battalion of Death and sat veiled and swaddled in her corner of the car. She had cut an ingenious mouthpiece in the veil and had so arranged it that she could feed herself without revealing too much of her sacred countenance.

By the time the car had passed Babylon she had about decided that a Reno divorce would be a quick and merciful death for Merlin's love. Since her quarrel with Oliver Browning she had begun to harden a little, I am afraid, toward other people's troubles; moreover, her return to Aunt Carmen's marble palace in the disguise of a Mohammedan militant was having at least a temporary effect on her character.

Upon arrival at the Shallope's baronial gate they were gaped at by the same head gardener who had gaped at Oliver's mules one morning away back in the golden age of romance. Mules! The girl in the comic opera uniform raised a corner of her veil to touch a paint-daubed eye.

The admirable Owley received them at the door, and although he was far too much the gentleman to show any surprise he pointed his cantilever nose almost curiously at Corporal El-Zelim of the Turkish Battalion of Death ere turning the visitors over to an assistant who should relieve them of their wraps. Dear old Owley! Emily could have thrown herself into his arms and kissed him on the mole above his shaggy left eyebrow.

They found Aunt Carmen, beautifully keyed up for the occasion, bullying two maid servants who scrambled up and down ladders to do her bidding. The Louis-Quatorze furniture had been protected by slip covers, which fortunately showed a bold red stripe. Garlands of red carnations hung in rich festoons from the immense crystal chandeliers and transformed the immense room into one ruddy blaze. Painted revolutionary texts, ugly things but impressive, were placed at intervals along the silken panels, and a five-yard strip of crimson Chinese embroidery, which Emily remembered as once lying neglected among the Shallope relics, had been resurrected, pressed and hung along the east wall, concealing several plutocratic family portraits.

"Ah, those sublime placards of revolution!" crowed Corporal El-Zelim, clasping her red-tipped hands.

"Owley thought of them," replied Aunt Carmen with unnatural fairness. "He's thought of everything. Weren't the slip covers fortunate? They're just the right shade, and then they're a protection in case of ——"

"Article One, Chapter Two of the Russian Soviet Constitution, Miss," He Replied, Quite Without Emotion

Her self-imposed interruption intimated that the Comrades, however right spiritually, might bring in more dangerous things than ideas.

"You think of everything, Owley," repeated Aunt Carmen, as if to make her statement official.

"Yes, madam." Owley was on a stepladder, shortening a picture cord as he spoke. "Thinking is quite necessary to my profession, if I might say so."

"Don't get conceited," commanded the woman, who hated any trace of presumptuousness on the part of her inferiors.

"No, madam." Owley got down.

"My dear!" With characteristic abruptness old Carmen had turned upon Rosamonde: "You're looking quite ill. What in the world is the matter?"

"He—he's left me!" cried Rosamonde, and looked as if she were going to weep again.

"Who's left you? Not Professor Syle!"

Aunt Carmen's tone expressed a haunting fear that the lion of the party might desert them at the last minute.

"N-no! Merlin!"

"Merlin!" Aunt Carmen snorted like a dragon, then turned impatiently toward her Owley. "I think that motto over the door is slipping a little. Better shorten the wire to the right!"

Owley mounted the ladder to do her queenly bidding, his action bringing into prominence the huge framed placard which Emily read over carefully. "The Abolition of the Exploitation of Men by Men, the Entire Abolition of the Division of the People into Classes."

Emily drew closer to the ladder and read it over again.

"My word!" she exclaimed, forgetting her broken English. "Who in the world ever brought that into the house?"

"I did, Miss Ray."

"Ss-s-st!" she warned, startled out of her wits. Owley quite too apparently had recognized her voice.

"Where in the world did you find such a quotation?" she asked, by way of saying something.

"Article One, Chapter Two of the Russian Soviet Constitution, miss," he replied, quite without emotion.

Aunt Carmen by now had finished with Rosamonde's recital of Merlin's cruelty and was remembering her duty as hostess.

"The soviet is arriving by the four-six," she explained to Emily. "I have sent my cars to bring them in "

"Oh, generous!" cooed El-Zelim, kissing the royal hand, which was somewhat embarrassedly withdrawn.

"You and Mrs. Finnessey will have the north suite together — unless there is something about your ——"

"I have no religious objection," replied El-Zelim. "Objections are all emancipated off of me."

"That is fortunate," complimented Mrs. Shallope, quite apparently anxious to talk out the Merlin situation with her foolish Rosamonde.

Katie, a poppy-cheeked maid whom Emily knew of old, was about to unpack the visitor's hand bag in the handsome flower-paneled bedroom which was to be hers, when Emily remembered in time that the girl might recognize the Ray monogram and spread the news throughout the house. Therefore, she laid a kindly restraining hand on Katie's arm and lisped in her artless dialect:

"Nev' mind undo my theengs. I do so for me."

"Suit yourself!" The servant fairly spat out the words as she turned on her heel and left the room.

Such impertinence, never before witnessed in the Vallant house, was but an indication of marvels yet to come.

Presently Emily heard the tribal cry of automobiles, distantly echoing. Anxious to behold Bolshevism's entrance into Long Island society she tucked in a corner of her turban, which she had constructed from a fragment of Rosamonde's old gold tea gown, and proceeded rapidly down the corridor. Halfway between her door and the landing she all but bumped into Owley coming the other way.

"How have you been, Owley?" she asked, her desire to confide in him overcoming her caution.

"Very well indeed, miss," he answered without the slightest show of surprise.

"You're not going to tell on me, Owley?"

"Oh, no, miss, I wouldn't do that. But if I might say so, it makes me very 'appy to see you back again."

"It won't be for long, I'm afraid. I just came with the Bolsheviks."

"You don't say so!" His eyes became round like blue beads.

"You don't think a little thing like that strange?"

"In this generation, miss, nobody should be surprised at what 'appens. As Mr. Shakspere said to 'Oratio, there are stranger things in 'eaven and hearth ——"

"Even on Long Island."

"Not wishing to say anything disparaging of Mrs. Shallope, miss. She was always a splendid 'ostess."

"You look rather depressed, Owley."

"According to the words of Euripides, miss, 'Where is there an 'appy man in the all world?'"

"Where?" echoed Emily, thinking of Oliver, Professor Syle and Merlin as fair samples. Then, bringing herself wholesomely out of the abstract, she inquired:

"Has Aunt Carmen asked all her friends to come and look at the animals perform?"

"Not for to-night," said Owley in solemn tones. "She wishes to keep this evening entirely in the 'ands of the revolutionary classes."

"A family soviet."

"Very well put, miss, if I might say so. It was my suggestion that she try the Comrades out first and see 'ow they be'ave. But for to-morrow at luncheon she 'as asked in Mr. and Mrs. Launcelot van Laerens, Mr. and Mrs. Hillys-Tree, the Reverend Forsdyke 'Arbinger and a few others of 'er own class. Afterward there will be a general reception and a lecture by this radical gentleman——"

"Professor Syle," prompted Emily.

"And a Red Revolt dance on the evening of Monday. We 'ave gone to no end of pains, miss, what with 'aving old 'unting coats cleaned for the footmen to wear. Then, in the matter of vodka alone ——"

"Vodka!"

"Four cases of A1 vodka which I procured myself from a Russian dealer who is considered quite an authority"

"How will you serve the nasty stuff? In cocktails?"

"By no means, miss. Vodka cocktails are considered quite outree."

"Then how?"

"Among the Bolsheviki it is considered good form to drink it straight."

"My word! By the way you talk you might be a Bolshevik yourself."

"As a matter of fact, miss, I am."

The rumbling of many motors and the jangling of a doorbell suggested that the guests had arrived; wherefore good Owley dropped his theories and hastened to do his duty.

From her post at the head of the stairs Emily saw strange shapes come flocking into an entrance hall. William, the footman, was busying himself in a dazed sort of way disposing of a curious collection of wraps as Professor Walter Syle came forward at the head of his red army. On his good right hand came Comrade Alfonzo, wearing a remarkable waistcoat upholstered in pink plush rosebuds. Emily was unable to count the arrivals on the spur of the moment, but her impression was of great numbers—numbers a degree beyond any normal invitation list. Emily now hastened to join the welcomers.

"How do you do, Comrade Walter?" Aunt Carmen cried, giving him one of the short handshakes of the present day mode. "I'm so glad you all were able to come."

"I have taken the liberty of including Comrades Rathnowski, Horrovitch, Zoom and Uruikakbodkonoff, as I felt our soviet would be incomplete without the coöperation of our Ukrainian *kommissars*."

"You are quite right," agreed Aunt Carmen, having not the slightest idea what he was talking about, or how to pronounce it, or why Ukrainian *kommissars* were superior to the Siberian variety. Her training having been social rather than socialistic she was probably wondering just how she was going to seat these Ukrainians at her dinner table. Meanwhile, she was shaking hands all round.

"And Comrade Alfonzo."

The Mexican revolutionist showed his teeth and all but wrung off her hand in the fierceness of his enthusiasm.

Down the line through the bird-faced Comrade Hattie, the spectral Comrade Elsa, the manly Miss Drigg and her chaste husband, Mr. Smole, wee warlike Comrade Niki, the bulbous Comrade Tony, the lady revolutionist with the jingling jewelry, the two Eskimo Russians and the super-Sinn Feiner, Comrade Epstein—faithfully down the line went Aunt Carmen, a hearty clasp for many a hand soiled with everything but toil.

Well to the rear she paused before the last handshake. Possibly the delay was caused by physical weariness. Possibly not. For he who stood there, a good-natured smile on his sunburned features, was none other than Oliver Browning.

"How do you do?" asked Aunt Carmen, giving his fingers a catlike claw.

"My name's Browning," he introduced himself.

"To be sure."

Comrade Carmen had already turned to Professor Syle, for it was apparent that the great lady was full of business to-day.

"I'm sure you'll all want a little rest before tea time." She was on the point of adding: "And a chance to wash up," but she avoided that *faux pas*, and substituted "We have tea at five."

A stranger band than ever sacked Tsarskoe Selo went trooping up the broad marble stairs. Comrade Epstein was already clamoring for his suitcase, and had to be told that it had gone up by a freight elevator in the rear of the palace. One of the Ukrainian *kommissars* stopped and rubbed his fat dingy fingers over the surface of a family portrait which hung low above the turn of the staircase.

It was five minutes to tea time when Emily came down and found that Rosamonde, who had changed to a simple effect with zigzag purple stripes and top-boots of Russia leather, was talking to her aunt in the big sun room off the conservatory, where tea was to be served.

"You look so tragic," complained Aunt Carmen. "I do wish you would try to forget yourself a minute and help. Heaven knows I have enough worries!"

"I'm not trying to worry you, aunt," said Rosamonde in graveyard tones.

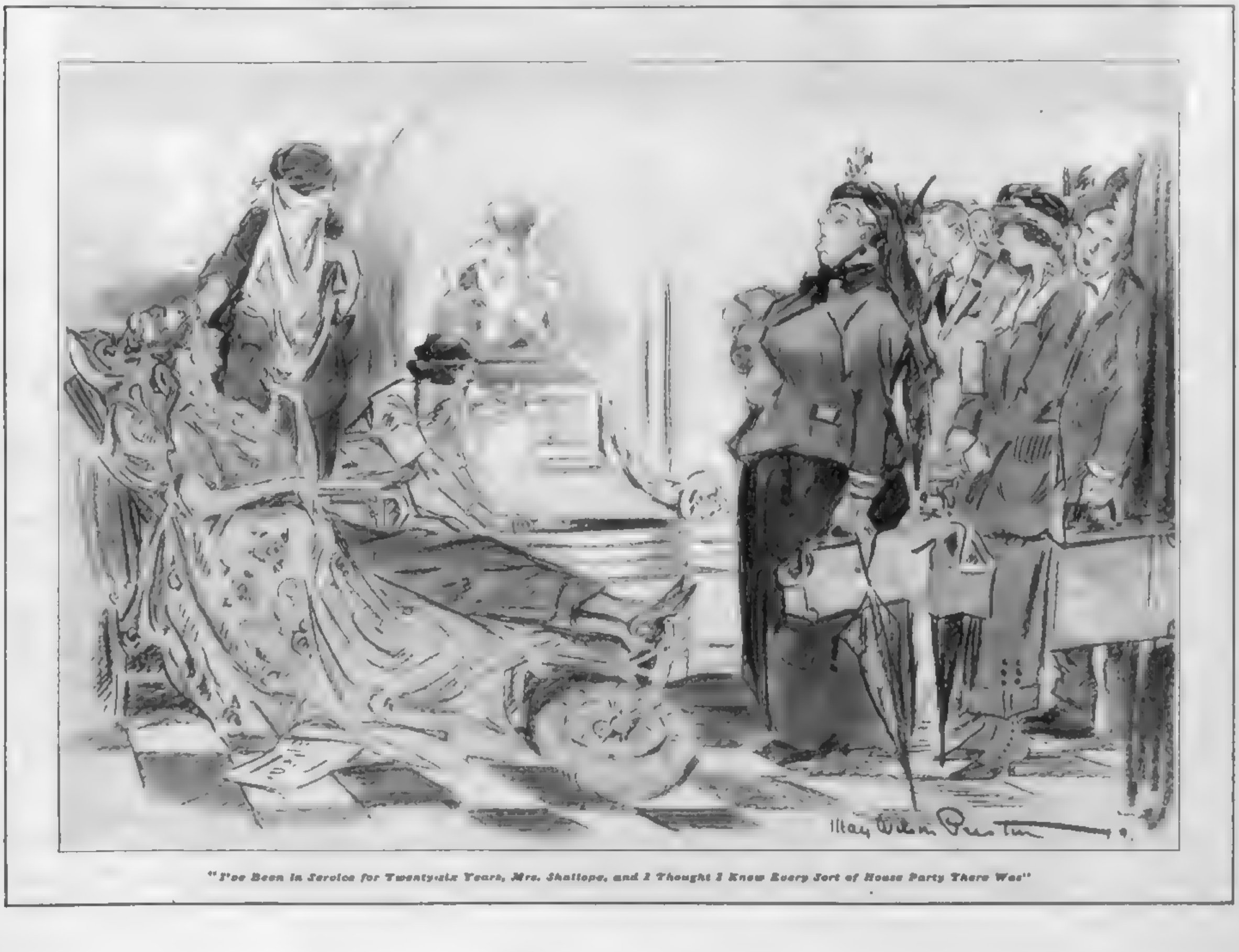
"Then what is it? Are you going to break out again about Merlin? If you love me, Rosa——"

"Not that; I was thinking about you. Auntie, there's something peculiar ——"

"I hate peculiar things. Don't sit there looking like a ghost."

"Have you noticed the behavior of the servants?"

(Continued on Page 137)



"I've Been in Service for Twenty-six Years, Mrs. Shallope, and I Thought I Knew Every Sort of House Party There Was"

HUNKINS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I Found Myself in a Grapple With Pendergrast, Who Was Beating at My Face With His Fist

XIII

I SPENT most of that Sunday listening to telephonic congratulations and commiserations, in the ratio of about ten commiserations to one congratulation. At first I thought I would not answer, but I decided that I might as well get a consensus of the opinion of my friends, and that is what I obtained. The consensus of opinion, as I gathered it, was that John J. Talbot should lose no time in instituting proceedings *de lunatico inquirendo* over his only son, Capt. George Talbot, late of the United States Army. A few suggested shell shock as a contributing factor to my departure from the path of reason, in a decorously solicitous and sympathetic manner, hoping it was not so bad as it seemed. The surmises as to whys and wherefores ranged from that heroic disaster to my mentality to an insinuation of congenital idiocy, contributed by Fred Daskin.

Miss Crawford did not telephone, but Miss Harrow did. She was one of my few congratulators. She was glad to observe that one member of my highly overrated sex had spunk enough to do something positive, and she wished me well. I was hoping Miss Crawford would call. That's one reason why I didn't silence the telephone by taking off the receiver. Dad wasn't home. He had left for New York at midnight.

"How are they coming?" Dowd asked me late in the afternoon, just as I was about to quit and call it a day.

"A heavy barrage has been laid down since morning," I answered, "including high explosives, shrapnel and gas. No casualties as yet. However, it has been rather pointedly intimated to me that if I persist I shall become a pariah so far as the higher society of our city is concerned."

"Buck up," said Dowd. "I'd rather be a pariah than a Pharisee."

"It's not worrying me," I asserted jauntily.

It was, just the same. I felt a good deal like a cross between a fool and a fanatic. My friends were extremely candid in their conversations and conclusions.

"Don't let it," Dowd advised. "We'll put the bee on that whole bunch before we get through with this."

Hunkins asked me to come to a cigar store on Grant Street, in the upper and least fashionable end of our ward, at eight o'clock on Monday night. He and five others were there when I arrived, in a room behind the store. He presented me to the five others, who were, I learned, the ward committee—Messrs. Warnock, Parks, Shultz, Kelly and Armstrong.

"How'do," said Warnock, the chairman. "Pleased t'meet cha."

The others said identically the same thing, shaking hands stiffly, in their turns. They were none too cordial. I looked them over. Warnock runs the cigar store and also sells newspapers and magazines. He is tall, slim, furtive and suspicious. Parks is a little fussy man, truculent, like most little men. Shultz is a butcher, and looks it. Kelly has a coal-and-wood yard and Armstrong is one of those city factotums—notary, insurance agent, and so on.

"Come t' order," demanded Warnock, rapping on the green-covered table. "Object meetin's t' nom'nate candidate for vacancy Board of Aldermen. Nom'nations's in order."

"I nom'nate this here guy—what's his name?" Kelly turned to Hunkins.

"Capt. George Talbot," Hunkins instructed gravely.

"Sure; I forgot. Cap'n George Talbot."

"Seckind it," snapped Parks.

"Any other nom'nations?" asked Warnock. "If not question 's on nom'nation made. All'n favor nom'nation Capt. George Talbot say aye; contrary, no; ayes have it; Capt. George Talbot duly nom'nated for member Board Aldermen, Second Ward. Motion t'djourn's in order; moved 'n' seconded we adjourn; carried."

He hit the table a whack with his fist and turned to Hunkins.

"'S all right, boss. Deed's done."

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Hunkins. "I am sure Captain Talbot will be a most valuable alderman from your ward."

I shook hands all round again and thanked them. Then after Hunkins had got a copy of the proceedings duly attested by Warnock and Parks, the secretary, we left together.

"Not much class to that outfit," I remarked as we walked to the corner where I had my car.

"Very little," Hunkins replied, "but they're the best we can get. What do you suppose your friends in this ward—any of them—would say if asked to serve on the ward committee? You needn't tell me, for I know. I've tried to induce them. A ward committee is an important unit in a party's political organization, but men like the majority of the residents of this ward—business men and professional men—rich men—consider such service beneath them. They howl about heeler domination of politics, and refuse to offer the slightest help toward better representation. We have to take those we can get. Damn these Pharisees who rail at rotten politics and will do nothing to help purify it! They deserve all they have handed to them."

That was the first time in my presence Hunkins was other than the suave and ironical leader. I looked at him in surprise.

"Excuse me," he said, "but those are my sentiments. I am not aspersing your friends individually, but speaking of the type."

"Don't spare them on my account," I told him. "You won't hurt my feelings. A lot of them called me up yesterday."

"I thought they would," said Hunkins. "I know them."

Hunkins was right. The opposition made no nomination. The newspapers paid scant attention to this important event in politics. Steve Fox printed two or three short and friendly items; the opposition paper had a facetious paragraph or two about the Silk-Stocking Ward being indubitably affected by the high cost of living, because this new nominee could not possibly be considered more than a silk sock, if that; and that was all there was to it. The fellows at the club, beyond asking me how much I was paying for votes, and a few things like that, passed the matter over as of no importance. Indeed, the entire city took it so calmly that I suffered considerable curtailment of conceit over my prodigious resolve and patriotic enterprise.

Election Day came, and only about a hundred votes were cast, but that night Hunkins called me up and said: "Congratulations. It's unanimous. I suggest that you go to the City Hall to-morrow and swear in, and good luck to you."

I took the oath of office, and attended my first meeting of the board on the following Monday night. Meantime J. J. Cornwell, president of the board, informed me that I was to serve on the Schools Committee and the Streets Committee.

"Two of the most important committees," Steve Fox commented when I told him about my assignments. "Bill Hunkins is looking out for you, all right."

I spent the next month reading the city charter, familiarizing myself with procedure, and in sitting in and saying nothing, but listening hard, at committee meetings. I soon discovered that the Monday-night meetings of the board were but ratification meetings, to put over publicly what had been decided upon privately. I heard the bitterest sort of partisan speeches on the floor of the aldermanic chamber and saw scenes that I thought would develop into fist fights between explosive partisans of one ordinance or another; but learned that these were only a part of the show. They meant nothing, because on each Monday afternoon Tom Pendergrast and J. J. Cornwell have a meeting in the room on the second floor over Cornwell's saloon, at the corner of First and Arnold Streets, and lay out the program for each Monday-night meeting.

There is a perfect working arrangement. Control of the board shifts between the two parties at regular intervals—that is, for a certain specified time one side has a majority, and for a certain following and specified time the control rests with the other side. That distributes patronage on an equal basis. Also, under the direction of Pendergrast and, I assume, Hunkins, a majority can be secured for any project that is desirable to them. The members vote as they are told.

I heard nothing from Hunkins, and saw him but once or twice. I voted with my party, when there was a party division, and took whatever stand I thought best on other matters. My colleagues were cordial enough, but evidently looked on me somewhat suspiciously. I was not yet in the gang.

There were nineteen members of our Board of Aldermen, and fourteen of these were typical city politicians, mostly business men in their wards or saloon keepers. There were two butchers, a druggist, a grocer, and so on. Cornwell, the president, ran a saloon, and I heard that Pendergrast owned one—Paddy Rattigan's on West Monmouth Street—but did not appear as owner. The five outsiders were Kilmany, the Irishman from the Thirteenth whom Steve Fox had told me about: a mystified professor in the city college who deeming it his duty to serve the people had been elected by some fluke, and spent all his time trying to get a eugenic ordinance passed; Cass, who ran a sash-and-blind factory in the Nineteenth Ward; Braden, who was a grain man; and myself. They were good substantial business men, and I cultivated them.

The others were friendly enough in their way, fond of high-colored jokes and stories, given to practical joking among themselves, and liberal spenders at the bars. They were experts at rough badinage, which they called "kiddin'." They liked to forgather in back rooms of saloons and play forty-five or pinochle, and every one of them was ready to bet on any proposition that came along. Indeed their favorite argument was "I betcha." And they would bet, too, in good-sized amounts. They had the most naïve idea of civic responsibility, considering it entirely a matter of party politics, but they fought for the ultimate dollar and the final curbstone for improvements in their wards, and looked out for their constituents and the rights of them jealously.

This was the atmosphere of my new situation in life. It did not jar me much. I had been in the Army for eighteen months, among men peeled down to the raw. I kept busy, circulating among the city departments and talking with their heads. The mayor was Hiram G. Spearle, a Pendergrast man. Indeed, the entire city administration was Pendergrastic. My most illuminating discovery was this: The fights for the mayoralty were generally real fights, though there have been times when combinations were made—that is, the two bosses selected their candidates and went to it. The one who because of any given set of circumstances got the most votes held rigidly to partisanship in his appointments and projects, but there was always an understanding over perquisites.

If Hunkins won Pendergrast did not entirely lose, for there was a sort of working agreement on the routine matters between the two; and likewise if Pendergrast won. The primaries and elections were usually fought out with each side trying to win. Normally, the city was anti-Pendergrast, but now and then there were local issues that turned out the majority officials and put in representatives of the Pendergrast minority. Spearle was mayor, for example, because of a wage-and-hours labor trouble that was skillfully developed into a party issue by the Pendergrast strategists, who successfully maintained the claim that it was a party matter because most of the arbitrary employers were more or less identified with the Hunkins organization, not as members but as supporters. It was a far cry but it worked.

The thing that interested me most was the uncanny expertness of the minor city officials in city affairs. They had it all pat. They knew the charter, knew the ordinances, knew the procedures, knew the figures. The city clerk was an amazing fellow. He was a round and oily person named Charley Elmer, and his job was in perpetuity, for he was the guide, handy man and encyclopedia for the other city officials. He knew everything, and as he was oleaginously amenable to instructions from whatever boss might be in power he stayed on through administration after administration. When asked what his politics was he always replied unctuously: "I belong to the Elmer Party."

"I wonder if we might not have a better city administration if the business men of the city and the professional men would go to the pains of finding out as much about the city and its workings as these politicians find out," I said to Dowd one day.

"You wonder?" Dowd replied. "You know we would, but that's a Utopian idea. How can you expect the bulk of these fellows to be interested in anything but getting rich? Isn't money the criterion of success in these United States? There are no large fortunes to be made in city administration. That's the answer."

XIV

I REACHED real terms of acquaintance with my colleagues when the member from the Seventh, Rudolph Stultz, gave a beefsteak party at his place in the country. Rudolph is a butcher, big, red-faced and German. He has lived in this country for thirty years, and is as American as any of us; a burly, jolly, slow-thinking, but hard-headed citizen. Rudolph has a way with him when it comes to handling beefsteaks that I had heard about. Once a year he gives a big party, to which the city officials and outside politicians and the political reporters all go. This party, I discovered, was to be more recherché. None but the aldermen, Hunkins, and one or two others were to participate.

We drove out about noon and found Rudolph busy with his steaks. He had these steaks in preparation for the event. They were especially selected by himself, especially cut, and hung for just the right period. He was in his kitchen with a big apron on, his sleeves rolled up, with two aproned young fellow assistants, and surrounded by slabs of the best-looking beef I ever saw.

"Politics is a Tough Game," Hunkins Answered Gravely, "When You are Playing it With Tough People"

"Better go out and watch him," advised Hunkins, "if you have never seen him work. It's interesting."

I went out and was greeted explosively by Rudolph: "Well, young feller, you won't get no grub in the Union Club like this, hey?"

"Probably not," I said and took a stand near him.

There was a big pot on the range, from which there came steam and a most savory odor.

"That's the Brunswick stew," Rudolph told me. "I make him from what I trim off the steaks and a few other things put in. We eat him before I put the steaks on the fire, just to get up an appetite."

He fussed with his stew and presently bellowed: "Stew's ready! Come and get it!"

Each guest came into the kitchen with a pannikin, and Rudolph ladled each pannikin full of the stew, which was a reddish-brown concoction and smelled most amazingly good. I took a pannikin and got mine. We went into the dining room, where we found bread, butter, radishes and celery on the table.

"You hurry and eat him," Rudolph

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FRIENDS OF FORTUNE

VI

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

JIG WHYTE became absorbed in the idea of a job. He could think of nothing else. Presently in his absorption there floated to the surface of his mind the memory of Frank Bradford, who had once, curiously enough, offered him a job. But he put the thought of Frank Bradford away from him. He was rather doubtful of the kind of job Frank could give him.

How did one get a job, anyway? Jig had no more definite idea than did Marcia De Witt or Sylvia Tree or Cordelia Bourne. In fact, not so definite as Cordelia. After all, Cordelia did have decided opinions on the subject. One went to a friend with influence, such as Cordelia Bourne's father, and told him one wanted a job, and then Cordelia's father waved a wand and there was a most desirable vacancy waiting.

But Jig didn't want to go to Cordelia's father. He didn't want to go to anyone he knew. He wanted to find his place, the particular niche into which he would fit, just as so many young men coming to New York, unknown, penniless, found their places. He wanted to demonstrate—he thought of Sylvia—that he could compete with these young men on their own terms. They all managed somehow to land somewhere. A few of them made the most extraordinary successes. For that matter Cordelia's father had done exactly that. Jig had heard the story more than once. Cordelia's father had been cashier in a totally unimportant bank in an insignificant city up state. He had come to New York. He had started without friends and without money. Now, thirty years later, he was president of a leading trust company. How did one do that sort of thing? It seemed on the face of it impossible, inconceivable. Yet there it was!

"How does one get a job, dad?" asked Jig of his father. This was one morning at breakfast.

Geoffry Whyte did not try this time to veil the pride and affection with which he gazed at his son.

"So you have thought seriously of our talk!" he exclaimed with delight.

"Yes, and now I'm looking for a job."

"I can't tell you how pleased I am!"

"I'm glad of that, dad. But I'm puzzled. Where shall I start about getting something to do?"

Geoffry Whyte twirled his white mustaches and looked perplexed.

"I suppose first of all you must decide what you want to do," he finally suggested. Jig saw that his father was a babe-in-arms in such matters. Ignorant as he—Jig—was, he was more sophisticated than the old boy.

"But I haven't the remotest idea as to what I want to do. I want some position to offer itself and then find out later whether it's the sort of thing I want to do or not." Jig screwed up his eyes. "It's like this, dad: I've never learned to work and it's as if I had never learned to swim. I've got to learn swimming first before I think of the particular stroke I want to use."

"Why don't you go down and have a talk with John Bourne?" asked Geoffry Whyte.

Jig frowned. Did Cordelia's father control all the jobs in the world? He shook his head.

"Why not?" asked his father.

"Oh, Bourne would pigeonhole me somewhere in one of his companies, dad.

"I don't want that to happen to me. I don't want to go to any of our friends. I want to get something on my own ability."

"But what is your own ability?"

"God knows!" said Jig wearily.

No, Jig's father, though he had started this thing and was immensely interested, proved practically of no assistance.

For several days Jig studied the want columns of the New York newspapers, but all the help-wanted advertisements he saw seemed to call for special qualifications, not one of which he possessed.

One Afternoon Jig Ran Into Cordelia Bourne and the Yellow-Haired Playwright

Finally the thought of Frank Bradford came back irresistibly. He had met Frank Bradford at Plattsburg. Later he had met him again at Upton. They were marooned together at Upton. They were two of the surplus officers who were never allowed to get away from Upton; who were kept there training new troops in a never-varying monotony that after a while seemed a thousand times worse than all the perils that France and its fighting lines could offer.

The two men had been drawn together. They were utterly unlike. They were unlike in age—Frank Bradford was twelve or fifteen years older than Jig; they were unlike in temperament, in training, in birth, in manners. Frank Bradford had no more idea as to who Jig Whyte was than Jig Whyte had as to who Frank Bradford was. The name Derrik Whyte meant nothing to Frank Bradford. His was such a different stratum of life from Jig's that the Whytes of East Thirty-sixth Street meant nothing to him and, if he had known, would have mattered less. But he liked Jig and Jig liked him. Oh, immensely! It was one of those friendships that are inexplicable, and yet no less real for that reason.

When Frank Bradford had received his discharge from the army and Jig was waiting for his, as the two men clasped hands and said good-by, Frank Bradford had asked: "Well, Jig, what are you going to do when you get out?"

"Oh, I don't know!" said Jig.

Then Frank had absolutely amazed Jig by saying: "Well, if you ever need a job come and see me." And he had given Jig a card with his address scribbled on it.

Jig was so surprised that he had taken the card and said nothing. Or rather he was at a loss as to what to say. It was no time for him to begin explaining to Frank Bradford who he—Jig—was. It might savor a little of side. And in a way it had been so thoroughly refreshing having had a friend who knew absolutely nothing of his wealth and social position. He was not going to take any chance at this late hour of spoiling that relationship.

After a few days Jig had followed Frank Bradford back to New York and muft..

He remembered now that after Frank's departure he had decided that he must do something when he got back.

After those weeks and months in which almost every hour was filled with duties that had to be attended to, it seemed to Jig that his life when he got back would be altogether too empty unless he did do something—something worth while, something interesting. But after he had returned this resolution had weakened. It was so pleasant doing nothing after being compelled to do so much. In the days of fête and carnival, the theaters, the dances, the dinners that followed his return the resolution had vanished entirely.

He had forgotten all about Frank Bradford; or, no, he hadn't forgotten Frank but he had forgotten Frank's influence upon him.

But now Jig remembered. He ran up to his rooms and there in the little center drawer of his desk, where he had thrown it, was Frank's card.

He discovered that Frank's office—he supposed it was his office—was in Twenty-third Street near Madison Avenue, not more than half a mile from Jig's own home.

Here these two who had been such friends were not half a mile apart and yet had seen nothing of each other! Jig wondered—a little ashamed—if he would ever have seen Frank again if this necessity had not urged him to see him.

While the impulse was still strong upon him he started forth. And as he walked downtown he thought with amusement that, after all, he was finally calling upon a friend to give him a job. But it was a friend whom he had made on his own merits entirely and not a friend who would favor him because he was Derrik Whyte. It was a friend who would favor him because he was Jig Whyte. For a moment he seemed to see a vast difference between the two.

On the door of the office to which Frank's card eventually led him Jig found painted large the word "Courage!" Beneath it was painted in small letters, "The Bradford Publishing Company," and still smaller, "Frank Bradford, President."

"What in the world does it mean?" asked Jig, and pushed open the door.

A trim young girl took his card and presently came back to usher him through a series of offices in which typewriters clicked and clerks bent busily over desks, and led him finally into an inner office in which—before a remarkably long table covered with letters, with manuscripts, with papers of all kinds—sat Frank Bradford.

The trim young girl smiled and disappeared, closing the door after her, and Frank Bradford jumped to his feet.

"Jig!" he exclaimed. "Where did you come from?"

"From ten blocks away," said Jig.

The two men sat down facing each other in the clear flood of light from the window. Jig saw that Frank Bradford did not altogether resemble the officer with whom he had spent so much time at Upton. Frank looked older. He looked tired. There was a little fan-shaped network of

lines running out from the corner of each eye. And the suit he wore was slightly shabby, slightly baggy, quite unlike his smart uniform. But his eyes, a warm friendly brown, were the same; and his smile, a little wistful as if he never expected anyone to take him seriously, was as engaging as ever.

"What are you doing, Jig?" asked Frank Bradford.

"Nothing!"

Frank shook his head.

"It is a problem placing all us ex-soldiers, isn't it? There's nothing to prevent it either if business men only had their nerve with them. But everybody's timid. Heaven knows why! Business is there for the taking. I was lucky. I had my own business to come back to, but I realize I'm the exception. I suppose you've had a pretty tough time of it?"

"Not exactly," said Jig, and felt embarrassed.

Frank Bradford's eyes ran over him appraisingly—over Jig's polished boots, over his perfectly tailored clothes, his lustrous scarf.

"Well, you look prosperous enough," he said. "It's a good idea—to keep up appearances. I know any number of chaps have had to scramble to do that."

"Frank, you said that if ever I needed a job to come to you," said Jig.

"Yes, I remember."

"You don't sound awfully optimistic about giving me a job to-day."

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed Frank. "I've always got a job for you, Jig."

"What is it?"

Frank Bradford did not answer immediately. In fact, he swung away from Jig and gazed out the window at Madison Square below. When he pivoted back Jig saw that his eyes held a curious expression, the expression of a man who is carried away from himself, who dreams dreams and sees visions.

"Let me tell you first what I'm trying to do, Jig," he said. "Have you ever heard of my paper, Courage?"

"No," said Jig.

Frank Bradford sighed.

"Not many people in New York have, I'm afraid. After all, it isn't a paper for New York. New York's too sophisticated for it, laughs at it, finds it childish. But it's a paper for the rest of America—the farms, the villages, the little towns. It's a paper for the young chap who's just beginning, not for the finished product that New York turns out. It's—it's the kind of paper that I needed when I was a young fellow, Jig. Homely, full of good, sound, ancient advice: the kind of stuff that's been said a million times but that somebody's got to keep repeating. It has only one purpose and that is to preach, and keep preaching all the time, 'Stick to it! You'll win out in the end!' Mebbe I ought to tell you, Jig, how I came to start it; mebbe I ought to tell you what sort of young fellow I was. But, no! I'll tell you all that some other time. Come on round the place with me now. I'll show you the layout."

He led Jig out of his own office and into the series of offices. He showed him the girls at work in the subscription department typing letters and inclosing little black-and-red circulars in envelopes. He took him to the art department, where an alert young woman was criticizing some drawings that a youth was showing her. He led Jig to the files, and pulling forth some letters piled them before Jig with the command that he glance over them. Jig read how a young man had found new faith and courage in Frank's paper; how another had "gone straight"—that's how he put it—after a term in prison, because of Frank's paper; how a third had married and managed to buy his own home because of certain advice in Frank's paper. More letters of this kind Frank showed Jig—more and more.

Frank finally conducted Jig back to his own office.

"You see it isn't much of a place, Jig," said Bradford. "But you get the idea of the paper now, don't you?"

"I Know Now What You Meant When You Said You Wouldn't Marry Me if I Were Penniless"

"Yes, I think I do, Frank."

"It isn't art and it isn't literature. I know that. It's cheap, I suppose. It isn't for the millionaire's son or the New York clubman or even the college graduate."

Jig's eyes searched Frank's questioningly but Frank's were guileless.

"Yes, I know, Frank," said Jig. "Courage is for the man who's never had the opportunity to show what he can do." And he added, under his breath and a little bitterly, "Like myself."

"That's it, Jig! And it's a small affair. Our printing is done outside. It's so small that my secretary ran it while I was in the army, and she ran it darn well, too, though what with the war and everything we did drop from a hundred and forty thousand circulation to a hundred thousand. I'm busy getting that forty thousand back. I'm working like a dog but—but I like it.

"You see, it's a one-man business really and I'm that man—publisher, editor, business manager, everything! I'm a hell of an editor, ain't I? I hardly know how to talk grammatically. But I—I do know what a lot of young fellows want to read and need to read. I wanted you to appreciate that in a way this business doesn't amount to much before—before I made you any offers, Jig. Mebbe it isn't enough of a business for a modern young fellow like you to tie to."

Jig felt dazed, helpless. And he felt humble too; humble before this man who at least was giving to the world the best that was in him. All his life he—Jig—had given nothing. Nothing! He never would have given anything if some words of his father's had not jolted him into consciousness. And Jig wanted to tell Frank Bradford about himself. But then, he thought again, this was not the time to do it. After all, what did it matter one way or the other that he was Derrik Whyte, the son of Geoffry Whyte? It would not matter to Frank Bradford. It would mean nothing to him.

And then a fearful thought came to Jig! What did it matter anyway to be a Whyte? What did it mean except to a few people living in a certain restricted area on Manhattan Island that was but the tiniest of specks on the earth's surface? And with this demoralizing thought clouding his brain, stripping away temporarily all his past sense of values, he said nothing to Frank Bradford until—after a pause—he simply asked: "What can I do, Frank?"

"You've got something that I haven't got, Jig," said Frank.

"I have? What's that?"

"I don't know what to call it, Jig. Put it this way: You've got the air that will carry you into the offices of the presidents of the largest companies in the world. Oh, it can't

(Continued on Page 161)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 30, 1919

A TABLE of Contents will be found on page 182 of this number, and hereafter weekly in the same position.

The French Treaty

THE first effect of the special treaty between the United States, Great Britain and France was to offend and alienate Italy—naturally. Italy was going into a League of Nations that would insure her against wanton attack, assuming various obligations on her own part as the price of that insurance. She found that three of her partners in the war were making a special arrangement among themselves to insure one of them against wanton attack. Hence, naturally, the question: If the League is good enough insurance for Italy, why not for France? Why should Italy be put off with an insurance policy which in the judgment of her three partners is not sufficient protection?

President Wilson's statement before going abroad—to the effect that the United States would enter into an alliance with all of Europe but not with any particular state—expressed the American view. We wanted no particular European tie. We did not want to be a party to anything resembling the old Triple Alliance or Triple Entente. We wanted no part in any European balance-of-power arrangement. We wanted world alliance or independence. We cannot see much dignity in the explanation that this special alliance is only a harmless sop to France, of no real importance because the League of Nations really covers the ground in full. In fact, it gives opponents of the League of Nations their most telling argument, because it affirms on its face that the chief three pillars of the League lacked confidence in it. How can they ask Belgium and Poland and Serbia and so on to put their trust in a League when the chief three mainstays of the League advertise that they don't put their trust in it? France unquestionably should have a guaranty of protection against unprovoked German aggression. If the League of Nations is not such a guaranty, what is it?

The objection to this special treaty is not that it guarantees France but that it clearly discredits the League of Nations. It immediately sets up within the League one of those exclusive alliances which the League was designed to supplant. That the purpose of this alliance conforms to the purpose of the League does not remove the objection.

High Wages

TWO members of the Interstate Commerce Commission have recently argued that it is better to meet the deficit arising from railroad operations out of the national treasury than to raise the cost of transportation—"for the present, at least," one of them says. A good many people have been arguing that to meet the deficits arising from street-railroad operations by taxation is better than to raise fares. In England there has lately been much commotion because the government ordered an increase in the price of coal to meet increased cost of production due in the main to higher wages.

Behind all of which apparently lies one simple fact: High wages increase the cost of production, whether the article produced is transportation or coal. The public—using that word in the usual loose way—favors high wages, but does not favor meeting the cost directly out of its own pocket when it buys transportation or coal. An easy politicianly way out of that dilemma consists in paying high wages, keeping down the cost of the article to the consumer and meeting the deficit by taxation, and if any public objects to high taxes the easy politicianly answer is that the rich mostly pay them anyway.

It is all a piece of politicianly humbug. The cost of producing the article falls on the public finally. We heartily agree that labor ought to get the value of its product as justly and accurately as that can be determined. But broadly speaking there is no measure of the value of anything except the price it fetches in the market. Selling an article for less than its cost of production, including the labor embodied in it, and charging the deficit to the treasury amounts simply to subsidizing that particular aggregation of labor in order to keep both it and the consumers of the article quiet for the time being.

No doubt subsidies are defensible in some particular cases.

There may be particular cases in which subsidies to labor are defensible. But obviously that politicianly solution can be applied in only a few cases. If many stable articles are sold at less than the cost of production the public treasury will soon collapse under the strain. Applying it in particular quarters will certainly—in no long time—create resentment in other quarters that are not so favored at public expense. Let us stick to the chart.

Empty Honors

KING GEORGE and his government find themselves in a quandary as to the bestowal on Mr. Lloyd George of a fitting reward for his services to the nation. This embarrassment arises from the fact that the greater a statesman's deserts the lower the value he is likely to set upon those formal honors that are specially reserved as rewards of merit for public men.

As first minister of the crown it is one of Mr. Lloyd George's duties to submit for royal approbation recommendations for elevation to the peerage and for other official honors.

For a public servant whose office routine includes the making of peers, a peerage with a title can shine with but little of that splendor with which the eye of the average beholder endows it. Mr. Lloyd George would derive just about as much satisfaction from a peerage as a newspaper reporter would from slipping his name into the society column of his own paper.

Perhaps with this thought in mind, it has been proposed to honor the premier by making him a Knight of the Garter, a distinction usually reserved for peers of the realm; but it is to be doubted if even this signal mark of favor would evoke other than polite but somewhat bored enthusiasm from the recipient.

The investiture would carry with it the privilege of attending the very formal and very dull meetings of the order, dressed in its hot and rather uncomfortable robes, weighted down with jeweled collar and other insignia. It would entail the expenditure of perhaps several hundred pounds for fees, robes and regalia. It would involve adding the initials K. G. to those previously acquired, and hanging another trinket on the new knight's coat every time he dressed for an occasion of ceremony.

Thus analyzed, wherein lies the lure of the letters K. G. for one who has already reached the top?

Other days, other ways. A century ago Arthur Wellesley was the man whom the king delighted to honor. To recite but half of the hero's titles, he was made the Duke of Wellington, K. G., Marquess of Douro, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, Duke of Vittoria, Count of Vimeira, Marquess of Torres Vedras, Constable of the Tower, Warden of the Cinque Ports and Prince of Waterloo!

No doubt the Great Duke carried his honors with as much poise as he wore his rows of orders and his robes of knighthood; but who can imagine without a smile the little Welshman, with his homely ways and his known sense of humor, struggling in mirth-provoking discomfort under such a towering mountain of high-sounding titles?

Washington, like Wellington, with whom the grand manner was inborn, might have carried such honors with grave serenity; but nowadays, even in England, grandiose titles, however mouth-filling, are not so solemnly regarded as they were in the days of the Georges.

When all is said, the highest mark of gratitude and esteem that can come to any minister or public servant is the love and confidence of his own people; for that is an honor that no king or congress or parliament can confer. It is a spontaneous tribute from the hearts of the whole people.

"First in the hearts of his countrymen" is a nobler title by far than that of Knight of the Garter or any honor or dignity blazoned by the College of Heralds.

Local Transportation

IN NEW YORK, as in other large cities, the metropolitan traction system grew up through the merging of various comparatively small independent companies—generally by lease. Rising cost of operation and fixed income threw the system into bankruptcy. Default occurred under the leases. The court seriously considered taking the system apart—resolving it back into various comparatively small units, which would be an obvious inconvenience and loss to the public.

The temporary expedient of charging two cents for transfers, theretofore given free, was adopted. The receiver said this expedient would not answer finally—and incidentally declared that local transportation in many places in the United States would cease to function unless a remedy was found for the existing condition.

In Massachusetts street-car fares were raised to ten cents in order to cover increased cost of operation. The public, or a considerable part of it, was dissatisfied. Traffic fell off so that the increased fare did not give the increased revenue that had been counted on. The lower house of the legislature passed a bill providing in effect that fares be reduced to five cents and the companies' deficits be made good by local taxation.

The senate rejected this proposal, and the situation at this writing is pretty much in the air.

The traction companies in Chicago, already within a hand's breadth of insolvency, are confronted by a demand for sweeping wage increases that would certainly push them over the brink unless an offset on the revenue side was provided.

The President appointed a commission which has been holding hearings at Washington on this subject of the present plight of local transportation companies and other public utilities. Everywhere the companies' income has been limited by public authority while costs of operation have been steadily rising. In many places the situation has been met by increasing fares or charges. Naturally that is not very agreeable to the public. As a rule the increased fare causes decreased travel, so the gain in income is not so large as expected. But costs of operation, on the whole, keep on rising; especially labor demands increased wages. The whole public-utility situation is decidedly unsettled.

No policy has evolved. There are some advocates of municipal ownership who propose to put fares back to the old figure of five cents—or even less—and charge up the deficit to the public treasury, along with all the other costs and losses of political management. The Massachusetts idea of private management, a five-cent fare and deficits met by taxation, is not much better. A permanent policy, we believe, must involve selling transportation like any other article for a price fairly covering the cost of maintaining the plant and producing the article.

Mud-Pie Finance

SECRETARY GLASS, in a statement for the public, calculates that the income of the Government for the fiscal year ending with next June will be about six and a half billion dollars, and outgo about the same.

He adds:

"In the absence of a budget system it is even more difficult to foretell the expenditures than the receipts of the Government," because at any moment between now and next June any one of twenty-odd committees of Congress may spring a bill that taps the Treasury.

The Secretary's statement to the public amounts to this: "You will put six and a half billion dollars into the pot. Undoubtedly all of it will be spent, and if that is not enough you will have to put in some more. Nobody has any control over expenditures. As to how much they will be, we can trust only to Providence. You may rest assured, however, that under our planless, happy-go-lucky scheme of handling public money a lot of the money will be wasted."

Casting back to childhood's happy hours you will recall the recipe for a mud pie. You put in some water, then you put in some dirt, then if there seemed to be too much dirt you put in more water and if there seemed to be too much water you put in more dirt.

In about that innocent fashion are our national finances now managed—with the wastage making slops all over the place. Into that pie tin this year you must pour six and a half billion more or less hard-earned dollars, which is a very appreciable item in national and individual cost of living.

This Congress is pledged to honest budgetary reform. We are very anxious that it be kept in mind of that pledge every minute until the pledge is redeemed. Take whatever means are available to keep your friends and the public thinking about it.

THE BEGINNER ON THE STAGE

By DAVID BELASCO

OF ALL the questions about the stage which are put to me—and if I had a dollar for each of them I could, all by myself, found and endow a national theater—those by far the most frequently asked are: "What is most necessary in order to become an actress?" and "How shall I begin?"

To the first of those questions I am sometimes tempted to answer, after the manner of a great English player: "To possess the face and figure of a Greek goddess, the voice of an angel, the temper of a dove, the disposition of a saint, the energy of a dynamo, the digestion of an ostrich, the strength of an elephant and the hide of a rhinoceros!" Special stress, I think, should be laid on the last named of those requirements. It is one of the many paradoxes of the theater that sensibility is at once an absolute essential to fine acting and a curse to actors who possess it. In no other art will it do so much for the artist—or expose him to so much pain.

Ellen Terry, About 1865

But to answer in all seriousness the inquiry as to what is most necessary in order to make a true actress I should say it is not beauty, elocutionary faculty, intellect, energy, strength or persistence, but just possession of that most obviously essential ability—which, nevertheless, appears to be about the last thing the generality of histrionic beginners ever think of—namely, the ability to act. To some thoughtful readers this statement as to the fundamental essential to the making of an actress may seem to be merely platitudinous, but it would not seem so if they possessed even half my experience of young people—and oldish ones, too, for that matter—who want to go on the stage.

Actors Born, Not Made

THAT ability to act is a strange thing indeed—certainly the gift of Fortune, an innate endowment of Nature, something none of us can acquire by study and instruction any more than we can add a cubit to our stature by taking thought. Given that ability a snub-nosed, red-headed chambermaid can be taught and developed till she can move and sway a theater full of people at will; without it not even a Helen of Troy or a Cleopatra can artistically get beyond utility business.

One of the greatest actresses of whom we read in theatrical history is undoubtedly Mrs. Hannah Pritchard, and perhaps the greatest of her personations was that of Lady Macbeth. Yet we have Dr. Samuel Johnson's testimony that personally she was "a vulgar idiot," and it is recorded that great as was her performance of Lady Macbeth her only knowledge of that character was derived from the part itself, as copied out and given to her by Garrick's prompter; that she never even read the tragedy of Macbeth as written by Shakspere! Nevertheless, her performance of the character stands as a model even to this day. What is the explanation? Why, it is simply this: Mrs. Pritchard possessed that strange, rare faculty—the ability to act.

Theatrical managers of to-day are often and bitterly blamed—sometimes not without justice—for their exploitation of types. Yet I wonder whether those who so blame them understand that to a very large extent managers are forced to look for and depend upon types, because genuine actors of either sex are so rare. For my own part, I would a thousand times rather have an actress who could play—could truthfully impersonate Juliet and Lady Teazle, Polly Eccles and Laura Murdoch, and so following, than to go hunting types almost every time I have to cast a play. But we managers are in many ways the slaves of circumstance and must often do not what we would but what we can. If I revive Caste, for example, I can doubtless find some sprightly little baggage to go on for Polly, who will be delightful in it but who can play nothing but Polly—that is, herself—under various different names. And again, doubtless I can find some half-sophisticated type, some girl who is half good-hearted hoyden and half artificial fine lady, to play Lady Teazle. But where shall I find actresses able to act, to impersonate both those characters, and many others? "I pray you, tell me that!" I have occasionally discovered such—but, oh, so seldom!

Ada Rehan as Peggy Thrift in "The Country Girl"

Perhaps the most frequent error made by stage aspirants who come to me is the error of supposing that education—particularly a college education—is the open sesame to theatrical success. There could not be a greater mistake. Practically speaking a college education, as far as acting is concerned, means just so much money, labor and—most important of all—time thrown away. I do not mean of course to disparage formal systematic education—no, not even when it is solely confined to the oft-condemned book learning. But it is another paradox of the theater that in no art is education, general education, more valuable than it is in the art of acting, yet almost if not literally without exception the greatest exponents of that art have come from social obscurity and have received little formal education—let alone a college training.

I have somewhere read that every man who achieves greatness receives two educations—one from others and one from himself. I do not know who said it, but I do know that it is true; and also I know that it is the self-imparted education that counts in acting. It might be possible to devise and arrange a college course that would be invaluable to beginners on the stage, but, as far as I know, it has not been done. As things are, it is the self-taught, self-supporting, self-made girl who makes your great actress every time; the poor girl, who has ambition and strives as well as longs to rise; the girl who somehow has got to make a living, to get her daily bread and butter, at the same time that she gets her education and her technical training; the girl who has never been within a year's walking distance of a college education.

Adelaide Neilson

It is from that class of girls that all the great artists of the stage have come. Glance back at the list: Nell Gwyn, Elizabeth Barry, Nance Oldfield, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Siddons, Rachel, Charlotte Cushman, Sarah Bernhardt, Adelaide Neilson, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Fiske; in short, show me a woman of genius, foremost among actresses, and nineteen times out of twenty I will show you a woman of the people, a woman of extreme emotionality, who possesses an extraordinarily good general education, substantially all of which she acquired by her own instruction and after she became an actress.

Genius and the People

IT SEEMS to-day to have come to be thought by many persons that the people is the scum or the dregs of humanity—the unkempt, ignorant, violent, disordered, unruly and dissatisfied mob, loudly clamoring for more of everything except soap and hard labor. That is not, however, my notion of the people. To me the people of America is the great mass of comparatively poor but always sturdy, honest, self-respecting and hardworking men and women who realize that human society is not and never can be made perfect; that this is a world of toil and suffering, loss and grief; and who with cheerfulness and courage that are almost sublime smile into the face of trouble and get out and get under their daily grind of work without any idle murmuring or even one thought of quitting. It is from that great mass of common humanity that our great actresses have come and always will come—from the people who live down near to the earth and who know poverty and harsh circumstance, to whom life is real and often cruelly hard, who get their bread by the sweat of their brows—aye, and sometimes by the anguish of their souls—in their daily struggle for existence.

But can your college-bred girl be brought to believe that? Not in a thousand years! She has listened to thus many lectures and plugged through this and that course of required reading. She has acquired some familiarity with what Mrs. Malaprop calls "the mathematical, astronomical, diabolical branches of learning"; she is apt to speak with admiration of the divinely superior Elizabethan literature—some of which if written to-day would probably land its authors in jail. She is well read, too, in etymology and eugenics, in short, though she may be—as in my experience of her she often is—totally ignorant concerning the realities of life—the elemental human impulses, fears, loves, joys and hopes—she possesses an education; and therefore she is fully equipped to be an actress. That, briefly put, sums up her belief.

I do not now recall exactly how many college girls have applied to me for employment in the theater on the strength of their college education, but they number several hundred at least. I have given interviews to many scores of them—and, all told, have met exactly seven who I can remember showed any fitness at all for a dramatic career; and just two who, on trial, were able to make good in the trifling parts I ventured to intrust to them. One college girl whom, out of good nature, I tried I had to discharge because she held up a rehearsal to dispute with me about the construction of the single sentence of which her part consisted—a sentence which she would not speak as it was written, even when standard authorities were invoked to prove to her that though idiomatic in form it was not, as she maintained, bad English.

The college-bred girl who seeks my counsel about a stage career generally writes to me either to the effect that she must have work at once, at a good salary, in order, like the great Miss Fotheringay, to fulfill "the sacred purpose of maintaining her family"; or else that she does not need to work at all—by way of inducing me to let her do so; and then specifies the kind of parts she wishes to undertake, which almost invariably are among the most difficult and exacting in legitimate drama.

"I was very successful as Hamlet," one young lady wrote to me. Imagine, please, a sophomore college girl, who never in all her life had set foot back of the curtain line in a real theater, being successful in one of the most exacting of all male characters—a part in which even that marvel of stage women, my adored friend, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, failed! Another specified Portia; a third, Queen Katharine; a fourth, Rosalind—and so it goes. There is an old Scotch proverb which says that we must all creep before we can walk, and I wish to heaven stage aspirants who apply to me for employment would think over that proverb and try to understand what it means; especially the charming young ladies among them who have had a college education!

It is a rule almost without exception that the college-bred girl, though generally she is an exceptionally good girl, who makes a good wife, a good mother and a good friend, is a bad actress. She is too much aware of herself, too strongly self-conscious and too overcritical of her emotional reactions to make a true actress at all. She thinks too much about her feelings to be able, comparatively, to feel much. Her emotions are too much formalized and constricted, too much regulated and far too much chilled. She is not receptive. She cannot get things, apprehend them through her heart, her feelings, her intuitions; she has to get them coldly, through her mind alone. She considers her emotions—at least when it comes to reproducing them—much as she might a dram of salicylate of soda, a proposition of Euclid or the construction of an Addisonian sentence; and thus, though she may be great on chemistry or semicolons, when it comes to acting she misses the soul.

Thinking With the Heart

NOW feeling is the soul of acting; and to be a great actress you must be emotionally sensitized; not overcritical of your feelings, not too rigid, too formal, too exact and too exacting; as in my experience the college girl almost invariably is. The greatest artist, of course, will always be the one who is both ardently emotional and highly intellectual—with, according to my judgment, a slight preponderance of the former characteristic; a disposition, so to speak, to think first with the heart rather than with the head. Your college girl might doubtless give an adequate performance of such a part as the erudite Miss Jopp, drawn with such delightfully satirical piquancy by Henry Arthur Jones in his fine play of Judah; but she will never give a satisfactory embodiment of such parts as Imogen or Juliet or Cleopatra or Camille or Fedora or Yo-San.

Granted the innate ability to act, I would by preference choose for histrionic instruction and training a girl of the factory or the shop, with no more than a common-school education, and of the ardent, intense, temperamental and impressionable order. Such a girl will make the finest artist. When she gets stage-struck it is not only in her mind; it is with her whole heart and soul as well. She is literally possessed of the purpose and determination to act, and she will undergo any hardship, make any sacrifice, in order to fulfill her desire—and not even know she is undergoing hardship or making sacrifice. She will wear the cheapest of clothes and live in a back hall bedroom, four flights up, subsisting on eggs and milk and rolls, so that she can concentrate on her stage work and hold her job. She will stick at that work when she is so ill she ought to be in a hospital. She will rise from her bed when she is scarce able to breathe, when she is burning with fever and almost delirious, when every joint and muscle and nerve in her protests in agony against the outrage of exertion; will go through rain and sleet and freezing slush to the theater to play her part—and get well through the joy of doing it when, according to medical science, she ought to die of pneumonia.

Such is your genuine born actress, and when you get one you have got an easy subject for development into a great stage artist. Such a girl is like a sort of mental sponge—she soaks up every suggestion, every direction, every hint, every word you utter. She is always on the job. She watches—watches—watches. She does not listen with her ears alone; she listens, as it were, with her eyes, her fingers, her sense of touch, of taste, of smell—with every fiber of her being; and nothing gets by her. Her imagination is burning with the ecstasy of her future triumph all the time she is working for it, and in that state you can just make any call you please on her emotions and she will answer it. She does not calculate chances, as your college-educated girl does; she just works and works and works.

Such a girl is like the finest strain of thoroughbred race horse; when it is a matter of acting, no matter what weight you put on her you never have to use a whip; she will give you the last beat in her heart, run till she drops, without any urging. She is the kind you have to hold, to restrain, to guide, to ride with vigilant caution and care, saving her strength and forcing her to rest enough and not work herself to death. Put the right kind of books, of music and pictures, of general information and instruction in the way of that girl, tie them up with her stage career and her artistic triumph, and she will suck in all the education to be derived from them as naturally and as quickly as a weasel sucks eggs.

Women More Receptive Than Men

I HAVE spoken thus far of women on the stage and the training of them rather than of men and their training. That is because in my opinion woman is by far a greater vessel than man—is, in fact, the culminant instrument of God in his great art of directing and producing the drama of life. Much, though not all, of what I have said about women applies, however, with equal force to man. But I would infinitely rather train and direct women than men for the stage. That is not only because they are potentially greater but because women interest me personally far more than men do. The female nature is more complex, more sensitive, more subject to emotional disturbances, far more variable and surprising than the male nature is. Then women—at least women of the stage—are as a class more receptive than men. Men being more vain than women are less willing to accept instruction, even when they have asked for it. The man dislikes to admit, especially to himself, that any other man knows more about anything than he does, almost as much as he dislikes to admit that any other man can lick him; and the strength of that dislike is not in the least affected by his knowledge. Show a man where he is wrong in acting and very often he will sharply contradict you—and to-morrow, or next week, follow your instruction and say, and perhaps believe, that the amendment is his own. He wants to dispute and argue with his director—and all that is very tiresome to me. If a man knows as much as I do about acting—the art of impersonating character and interpreting human nature and experience—why come to me for instruction?

It is very different with women. Your woman who is really in earnest about acting does not care the value of a faded flower where or how or from whom she learns—all she cares is to learn. After she has learned all she can, or after she thinks she has, she will generally desert you if she believes it to her advantage to do so, with even less compunction than a man will. But that in itself—the possibility of stony hardness and insensate ingratitude in the female—is part of her mysterious complex which excites and holds my interest. It is the old, old story. As Shakspere said of Cleopatra, so can it even more truthfully be said of woman as a sex:

> *Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale*
> *Her infinite variety!*

And finally, as a business man I would in general rather bestow my labor on women than on men, because I know beyond all dispute or doubt that the theater-going public feels as I do—or, rather, that in feeling as I do I feel as it does. The prime interest of this world is certainly the greatest theme for any dramatist, the theme on which the wise theatrical manager will base his whole scheme of management. And the prime interest of this world, the interest that drives the wheels and looms of industry throughout the earth, that animates the trapper near the frozen poles and the hunter lost in the blazing tropics; that makes railroad trains to run and keeps the great ships coming and going upon the desolate seas; that breathes life into every form of commerce and art and even into science itself—is the interest in woman.

Now, as always, the saying of the old Spanish king is true: "Find the woman"—and you will find the ultimate origin and motive of every act done upon this earth. And in this respect till the seas dry up and the stars go out and the last hour of time shall pass and cease, "the thing that hath been, it is that thing which shall be"! The men are interested in woman because she is woman; and the women are interested—far, far more than any words can ever tell—in that which interests and holds the men. Those are the reasons why I would rather train and direct women than men for the stage; there is more profit in it every way.

As to the second of the two questions often asked of me, namely: "How shall I begin in order to become an actress?" I would first quote to all histrionic aspirants the query made by Edmund Kean to that fine old player, Henry Howe—1813-96—who when a youth sought counsel from the great tragedian, then drawing near to his death, at Richmond. "So you want to be an actor, eh, Cockey?" asked Kean. "Can you starve, Cockey, eh? Can you starve?"

To-day it is not perhaps necessary to confront actual starvation in order to become an actor. Nevertheless, not even starvation is unknown among contemporary men and women of the stage—and might be rather more common if it were not for the generosity of those who prosper in the profession. But even taking things at their best I say to all who would follow that vocation: Pause, reflect! If you are not in deadly earnest, unless you are willing and able, if need be, to starve and scrape and scrimp and still work, work, work cheerfully and resolutely; unless you are prepared to forgo home life and its comforts and joys, and miss much of the frolic and fun naturally dear to the heart of youth; unless you can put aside love and the thought of marriage—for matrimony is, at least for women, a career with which no other can successfully compete—then keep away from the stage.

Sell ribbons or shoes or stocks and bonds or pickles or tripe—do anything else you please, but keep away from the stage! It may be—as sometimes I am told it is—that all other vocations are equally hard; but I have lived in this world a goodish long time, using my eyes and ears at least as well as most other persons do—and I do not believe it. Among the learned professions—where, rightfully, it belongs—I believe that not even the church is so hard. At any rate I know that the stage is a stern, harsh master. "Nothing for Nothing" might well be written in letters of fire over the door that leads to it; and often nothing for much, nothing for a lifetime of devoted labor and hope deferred, is the dole it pays.

A B C's for Embryonic Actors

THEREFORE, you who would be actors, get out of your heads any credence of the pernicious doctrine which of late years has been declared and encouraged by more than one accidentally prosperous and scribbling actor or play maker—persons through some freak of fortune an instant visible, like a falling star, and for an instant vocal and audible in the utterance of twaddle—that the stage is an easy-going vocation. Be not misled by such utter folly. Always remember that it is more true in the theater than anywhere else that "the one succeeds, the many fail." And above all do not in choosing your vocation mistake the impulse to dramatic expression—an impulse which almost every human being experiences to some degree—for the faculty of dramatic expression, which is a rare and precious talent. Examine yourself rigorously, search your very soul before you decide to attempt the dramatic calling; and unless you feel and believe in your heart of heart that you can act, can impersonate character and interpret and illuminate experience, take my advice and keep away from the stage. It is not without its shifty, wretched inefficients now, and its annals are littered with the brief, miserable stories of failure by men and women who should never have followed it. In particular do not make the blunder of supposing, if you happen to be able to read or declaim well—even extraordinarily well—that you are therefore necessarily competent to become an actor.

If you can act you can be taught to read, to deliver the text. If you cannot act, reading will never make an actor of you.

Within an article necessarily limited in scope it is, of course, not possible to set forth in detail an entire scheme of histrionic training. But in general terms I would counsel those who considerately and advisedly determine to espouse the vocation of acting thus:

First, look to your physical health. Establish a strict régime—and resolutely revert to it at the first opportunity, no matter how many times the vicissitudes of your experience force you to violate it.

Get eight hours' sleep every night, from midnight on, if you possibly can.

Eat regularly, and the simplest and most nutritious food you can get. No matter what your line, avoid getting fat.

Get all the fresh air you can. Take a long walk every day, regardless of weather.

Learn endurance—patient, calm, cheerful, resolute endurance—of all things.

Learn to be good company for yourself—don't depend on others.

In the old Blue-Ribbon phrase "neither taste, touch nor handle" alcoholic liquor—not even light wine or beer, if there should be any such in your time.

(Concluded on Page 153)

"Here is an outfit grand
I'm keeping right on hand.
Everyone in it will jump in a minute
To cater to your demand."

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EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Making a Million Dollars

By Floyd W. Parsons

Mr. Grace Enjoying a Putting Contest With His Son and Daughter

THIS is a story of contrasts—a true tale of then and now. It is the romance of the youngest of America's captains of industry, and is the recital of how, without friends or influence, a poor boy has grown rich—not in an hour by a lucky strike but by long days of ceaseless toil. The story of E. G. Grace, president of the great Bethlehem Steel Corporation, is a refutation of the oft-repeated idea that financial success cannot be attained by the investment of brains and labor alone. The only Wall Street that President Grace ever knew was the narrow road that leads from the college campus on South Mountain to the steel plant on the banks of the river.

"Oh, yes," says the reader, "you talk of a poor boy's success and in the next breath tell us he is a college graduate."

Listen:

Gene Grace came from a little country village in New Jersey. His greatest ambition was to become an electrical engineer, so by working in spare hours and studying between times he gained entrance to Lehigh University, in South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He and his older brother, Gator, entered college in the same class. They secured a little hall bedroom at a weekly rental that would fall short of paying for a modest lunch in a metropolitan café in this day of corpulent costs. The chief excitement during the time the Grace boys were in college was in guessing which of the two would rank first in his class that year. If Gene was first Gator was second. If the older brother won the younger was close behind.

But the Grace boys were something besides students. Both made the varsity baseball team. Gene in his senior year was captain and it was his team that romped home with victories over Yale, Princeton and Pennsylvania—no small feat for a technical college the size of Lehigh. The big letters on the jerseys of his famous opponents meant nothing to him. Men were just men. A victory had to be won and the Lehigh captain always had to be shown; he conceded nothing on the mere basis of reputation. He was never rattled, was deadly with his bat, and his throws from short to first were as accurate as the fire of a Marine.

The boys liked the Grace brothers and they were initiated into the mysteries of a Greek fraternity. But Gene and Gator had no money to spend and they could not live in the clubhouse with the other members of their frat. Both worked at coaching backward students and other odd jobs to pay their way through school. Notwithstanding Gene's good fortune in gaining two years' free tuition through his excellent scholarship he owed the university one year's tuition on graduation. Settlement of this debt was the use he made of his first earnings, and to-day he is a trustee of the college that extended him credit as a student. If you see Lehigh play football you are likely to sit in that section of the fine concrete stadium presented to the university by Gene Grace.

Those who know the president of Bethlehem do not attribute any of his success to luck or chance. On graduation he started on the lowest rung of the ladder. Though trained to be an electrical engineer he has become one of the greatest metallurgists of his day, and this has been accomplished only through constant study. No romance or glamour was attached to his first meeting with Charlie Schwab, back in 1904, after this steel wizard had picked up the little Bethlehem plant for a sum totaling less than eight million dollars. Gene was superintendent of yards and had to oversee the switching of the big boss' private car. Schwab noticed the thoroughness and the systematic effort of the young man hanging onto the rear of his car, and Gene was marked for future observation.

Step by step Grace climbed toward the top. Never did he relax the intensity of his effort. If it is true that the work praises the workman then the president of Bethlehem needs no other eulogy than the progress record of the steel concern he heads. Only a few years ago the Bethlehem company was a comparatively small affair, as corporations now go; to-day this same organization employs 110,000 men, and last year actually delivered $480,000,000 worth of products. Mr. Schwab gives full credit to his young president for the phenomenal growth of the Bethlehem company, and during the war he made the statement that Mr. Grace's services were cheap at better than a million a year.

"What is your secret for saving time?" I asked of Bethlehem's president when I cornered him in his New York office.

"The plan whereby I add minutes to each day," said Mr. Grace, "is to decide each problem at once. Rarely do I allow any question to carry over, and never, unless it appears that essential facts are still missing. If I intend to say 'No,' I say it now. People who temporize generally build false hopes. A man can respect and appreciate the fellow who does not agree with him, and says so; but he has good excuse to hate the man who procrastinates and thereby misleads him."

My next inquiry was concerning his personal habits. "How do you keep in good form physically?" I asked.

"My hours of recreation are systematized very much as are my hours of business," said Mr. Grace. "It is impossible for any man to do a big job properly and at the same time cultivate even a mild form of dissipation. I have always felt that irregular habits definitely limit the individual's opportunity. I insist on eight hours' sleep always. My bedtime is between ten and eleven every evening except Saturday, when I may extend it to midnight. I rise at seven and am always in my office at eight. My diet consists of the simplest of foods, and I have stuck pretty close to the training habits of my college days, never having learned to smoke or drink. As to exercise, my plan is to play golf in my yard every day, the weather permitting, from five to six-thirty. On Saturdays and sometimes on Sundays I play at the country club."

When I asked the young president to what he attributed his success his reply was instantaneous: "Two things—concentration and integrity. I give one hundred per cent attention to each matter that comes before me. All else is banished from my mind but the single problem in hand. When I am debating battleships they alone occupy my thoughts; fifteen minutes later I have my mind on rails or structural steel, and then my entire attention, not part of it, is devoted to that subject. Concentration saves time and pays a real compliment to the one you are dealing with.

"Integrity is a prime essential to real success. One who is dishonest may pile up money, but riches are not important without honor and the respect of your associates. I try always to keep my word, no matter how trifling the circumstance, and never promise what I can't fulfill. I insist that none of our men make a contract that the company can't live up to fully. Any salesman discovered making an agreement in which is inserted a clause giving the company a loophole to escape from so filling the contract will be given ten minutes' notice. This policy is so well understood that we never have to enforce the threat. I never forget that individual friendship as well as corporation goodwill is based on confidence; and the foundation of confidence is integrity.

"Nothing is more scarce in our industrial life than the man who is able and willing to accept responsibility. As a general rule young Americans possess an excess of courage in everything but business affairs. There must be something introduced to make them as self-reliant in business as in play, and as willing to assume responsibilities in industry as they are to accept a challenge in their sports. No man need ever hope to separate strength or power from responsibility.

"The whole Bethlehem organization is founded on the idea of holding each individual employee strictly accountable for the work he is assigned to perform or supervise. My plan is to divide the whole business into a certain number of units. The head of each unit is practically his own boss and reports only to the president. The responsibility that is shouldered on each man causes him to exert his maximum effort, and this brings out his best gifts. Most men need a spur and this is furnished by making the individual directly answerable for the results of his personal performance. In no other way is it possible to make many bosses work as one man, and to get high-grade teamwork from your entire staff.

"We pay perhaps the lowest salaries of any large corporation in America. Our method of rewarding merit is to give each individual a share of the profits that result from his personal efforts. It is my belief that no man can work efficiently unless he is free from domestic worries. It is our plan therefore to give each employee a stipulated wage that will free him from concern over his home affairs.

(Concluded on Page 34)

REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

THE Staggard Studs of Republic Tires *keep the car where you steer it*—on any road of any kind.

They bite down deep into mud—they hold the road with positive grip.

Anyone who has ever driven on a slippery dirt road, knows how hard it is to stay on the crown, or even in the track.

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The Staggard Studs always head in the direction of travel. They make steering easier, and drive the car steadily forward without slide or side-slip.

The size and shape and position of Republic Staggard Studs assure maximum grip with minimum friction, wherever you drive.

This tread exerts 100 per cent tractive effort; yet it wastes no power in undue road friction.

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Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tube, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

(Concluded from Page 32)

He is further informed that any additional income must result from sharing the profits of his department. In the working of this scheme the employee who is not valuable to the company eliminates himself through dissatisfaction with his earnings. As nearly as possible we calculate a man's deserts by determining the actual worth of his operations to the company.

"In picking a man for a job I have no complicated system, simply relying on the personal impression gained in the conversations that ensue. Each year we recruit many young men from the colleges and thereafter watch their development in order to pick out the best timber the lot affords. It has been my observation that a man's scholastic record casts no shadow of his later ability in business. The physically fit man stands a better chance than the bookworm. In the matter of selecting men for advancement we aim never to go outside of our own organization to fill a position. Mr. Schwab, when he came to Bethlehem, selected fifteen men to take charge of the company's operations. Only one of these fifteen officers and directors was brought in from another company. If a man isn't worth advancing he isn't worth keeping."

Mr. Grace, like most other great industrial leaders, sees a new brand of industrial democracy in the days that are coming. It is his conviction that the employee of tomorrow will largely determine his own life and the conditions under which he will labor. In the Bethlehem company this is being brought about by departmental committees of workmen who will always have the privilege of expressing the opinions of themselves and those they represent.

It is his further idea that all employees should share in a company's profits, not in the way of bonuses given at long intervals but in the weekly and monthly pay envelopes that each worker receives.

The additional payment awarded each man should be made for the work on which that particular individual was engaged, and no other. Salesmen of the Bethlehem company are paid not on the tonnage they sell but on the profits that result to the concern from the sales they make. This discourages price cutting to secure business, and encourages the exercise of the salesman's maximum efforts to obtain the best prices the market will afford.

Briefly this is the story of Gene Grace, who, living and working in a quaint old town named after the birthplace of the Prince of Peace, managed the world's greatest war plant during the recent days of struggle, and made America a safer place to live in. He and his hundred thousand brawny workers are no longer producing only instruments to deal death to our enemies but are rapidly shaping all their efforts to the development of a new age of worldwide peace. The president of Bethlehem and his associates see before us an era of unprecedented prosperity of long duration.

As I walked across the street with Mr. Grace to the Guaranty Trust Company, where he was called to attend a directors' meeting, he smiled and said: "After all, playing the game in business isn't any different from the way we used to play baseball on the Varsity at college. The fundamentals and the rules are both quite the same. It wasn't the fellows who did something spectacular once every year who could be depended upon in a pinch. The average everyday plugger is far better than the player who knocks the ball over the fence once in a season and strikes out every other time he bats. When we do make a hit it is only a start on the long journey home. Few of us can score even if we get to first, unless our team mates do some good safe batting. It takes earnest coöperation to win in business just as it does in baseball."

As he said good-by, hurrying through the bank door, I recalled how short a time had intervened since Gene Grace was the poor student in the stuffy little room with its plain table and its old-fashioned oil lamp with the green shade. Surely here was one case where success was neither inheritance nor legacy.

The Small Leaks

WE LIVE in an age of specialization, where men and women through encouragement or supposed necessity largely confine their efforts to one single branch of endeavor. The average man is like the average set of muscles and may be trained to abnormal proportions along one line at a sacrifice of uniform development. Concentration of thought on one subject has its favorable features, but knowing so much about one thing and so little about many things also has its disadvantages.

In the days of our grandfathers the world was filled with many so-called "jacks-of-all-trades." But the advances of civilization have all but banished that class of handy folks who could give you a haircut, sole your shoes, mend a broken pot, lay a brick walk, repair the roof, paint the porch and paper the parlor. Perhaps we are all too busy to-day to harks back to that age of generalization. Probably the average person feels that financially it is sound sense to waste no time dallying with the other fellow's trade. But in this epochal era a few people are beginning to see that specialization and high costs are at least members of the same family. We are coming to know that gaining is less important than saving. Such thoughts supplementing the worries that now result from our inability to get efficient help at reasonable wages may change the present trend of affairs and cause a new order of things in our homes and our businesses.

All of this should not be construed to mean that the methods of yesterday are superior to those now prevailing. But it does signify that specialization can be carried to an extreme where it reduces independence and increases operating costs. Even the man of limited means who can ill afford to make a bad purchase does not now attempt to master the specifications of the materials he buys, and seldom or never investigates the merits of many simple substitutes or studies the possibilities of home manufacture. We say we have no time to bother with such trifles, and as a consequence when we have need for a certain thing we accept without question the statements of the Jones or Smith company, who make such a product, and we frequently buy for four dollars an article worth forty cents. Even after our purchase is made we do not utilize all the knowledge that is available with respect to the proper upkeep of the material or equipment.

Some of the big opportunities of the future lie along this line. To illustrate the idea let us discuss briefly a few common commodities used in the business and the home. First, there is stationery. What does the average person know about paper except perhaps that it was discovered in China in the second century and was not introduced into Europe until a thousand years later? All that this knowledge conveys to us is the thought that in the olden times most of the worth-while ideas inhabited an area that was largely bounded by the great Chinese Wall. Of course it is not necessary for all of us to know the details of the various processes that now enter into paper manufacture, though these are of absorbing interest. But there is no excuse for the present general ignorance concerning the quality, use and care of paper.

In purchasing a good grade of writing paper we should see that the sheet is clean and of even texture when held up to the light. It should take ink well, be fairly stiff and rattle when shaken. The attractiveness of the box that contains the paper often influences the price asked, but does not always influence the grade of the product. Large savings usually result from buying by the pound or ream. The small business man or householder has no testing laboratory to guide him in making a choice. But he can note the strength of paper by tearing it, and also investigate its power to withstand folding or creasing. A ream is either 480 or 500 sheets, and a sheet may be eight by ten inches, or less, or as large as forty-four by sixty-four inches. It is evident, therefore, that papers selling at the same price per ream may vary largely in the price per pound or per inch.

In the careless handling of paper many dollars are lost by the average business man. Certain grades of paper will not stand storage. Especially is this true of those made from ground wood pulp, which deteriorate rapidly, soon becoming brown and brittle. The bleached chemical wood papers are not troubled in this way. However, a few rules may be followed with profit: Do not store paper in a room where there is direct sunlight. Keep the place free from fumes and dust. Excessive dryness of the air causes the paper to become brittle and it is advisable therefore to see that there is a good circulation of moistened air.

Next in order, let us devote a moment to the question of inks. The art of making ink started with the discovery that by mixing iron sulphate, or copperas, with an extract obtained from the barks of trees we got a solution that was suitable for use in writing with a quill pen. Finally the aniline dyes were discovered and the ink industry was revolutionized. But even to-day, notwithstanding intelligent effort to make writing fluids that possess permanence, many inks fade rapidly as the years pass, and if an ink is desired for permanent records the purchaser should state that fact to the manufacturer. According to the United States Bureau of Standards, which organization is the official guide for Uncle Sam, the formula for the United States Government's standard writing fluid is as follows: Pure dry tannic acid, 23.4 grams; gallic acid in crystals, 7.7 grams; ferrous sulphate, 30 grams; dilute hydrochloric acid (U. S. P.), 25 grams; carbolic acid, 1 gram; dye, Bavarian blue D. S. F., 2.2 grams; make to a volume of 1000 cubic centimeters at 60 degrees Fahrenheit with water. This ink is rather thick and slow flowing as compared with the average commercial writing fluid, but in permanence as well as other ways it possesses numerous advantages.

Concerning the use of ink there is perhaps more indifference than ignorance. The open inkwell should be abolished. Not only will this help preserve the quality of the ink but it will save in the amount used by decreasing evaporation. Do not allow sediment to accumulate; clean the inkwell frequently and use fresh ink each time it is refilled. Never mix two kinds of ink. If you do it is likely both will be spoiled unless they are of the same composition. The difficulty encountered in using a heavy ink, such as the government standard fluid, in a fountain pen may be overcome by following the simple common-sense rule of first cleaning the barrel and point of the pen in warm water before filling it. Do not use red or other colored inks on records of a permanent nature; they are almost sure to be altered by exposure to light.

If anyone desires to test an ink for permanency a simple plan is to draw a series of lines on a sheet of writing paper and immerse this record in water, allowing it to stand for twenty-four hours. This test will determine the ink's resistance to dampness and water. Another sheet with similar lines drawn on it should be partly covered with cardboard and exposed to the action of the sun and air, out of doors, for six or seven days. If the ink is permanent in quality the exposed portions will show no evidences of alteration when compared with that part of the sheet that has been protected from the sunlight.

Another commonly used and much abused material is rubber. The earliest use of this material was for waterproofing coats, and it was not until 1839, when Charles Goodyear produced a remarkable new product from heating rubber and sulphur together, that the rubber industry really began. Up until 1905 the available supply of wild rubber was sufficient to meet the world's demands. At that time we were consuming only 50,000 tons of rubber a year. As an indication of the rapid development of this industry during the last fourteen years it is sufficient to say that the quantity of rubber raised on plantations to-day is running at the rate of 130,000 tons annually. The automobile industry is the big consumer, but aside from tires there are now hundreds of other kinds of rubber articles ranging all the way from matting and garden hose to wearing apparel and office sundries.

For an article so common in everyday life it is astonishing how little knowledge there is concerning its use and care. Pure rubber properly treated will stretch to ten times its initial length, but never does the rubber return exactly to its original measure if the limit of perfect elasticity has been exceeded. About the only surety the small purchaser can obtain with respect to the quality of the rubber article purchased is the reputation or guaranty of the manufacturer. However, we can effect material savings by ever bearing in mind that heat and sunlight are the two important enemies of the rubber commodity. At a temperature of about 150 degrees Fahrenheit an article that should last ten years will be destroyed in less than a month. This fact explains the rapid deterioration of such things as hot-water bags and raincoats that are dried over steam radiators. Rubber bands which would last five years if properly kept become useless in two or three months when allowed to lie on the desk exposed to the sun's rays. All rubber articles should be stored in a cool dark place. Owners of automobile tires would save thousands of dollars by observing this rule. Oil is also an enemy of rubber. A drop of oil on a tire or tube is absorbed and in time produces a soft spot.

I should like to go on and call attention to the large economies that would result if everyone tried to familiarize himself with the properties and care of many other common substances that enter into general use. Take leather for instance: everyone owns a bag, a pair of gloves or perhaps a set of harness. How many of us are familiar with the best way to use and preserve these things? We take our wet shoes and place them close to a fire or try to dry them on a radiator, utterly unconscious of the fact that we are ruining the interior of the sole, which cannot be replaced to-day for the small sum that was asked in pre-war times. Wet shoes should be dried slowly and shoe trees inserted whenever possible. The old idea of keeping two or three pairs of shoes and wearing them in rotation will save many a penny. One authority claims that the life of shoes is increased thirty per cent by following this plan. We should always store shoes where there is a circulation of air, for leather is quickly destroyed by perspiration. Whereas oil hurts rubber it preserves leather. However, it should be remembered that leather treated to prevent the penetration of water is likewise impervious to the penetration of air. Shoes without ventilation are often quite uncomfortable.

Suffice it to say that it is possible to save money and increase the sum total of our personal satisfaction by devoting a little more study to all the commodities that go to make up the items of expense in our offices, factories and homes. A saving of five per cent on the annual cost of soaps, polishes, adhesives, disinfectants, preservatives, fuels, lubricants, lights, and so on, if effected by several million citizens, would total a sum that would enable us to have less crowded schools for the kiddies and more institutions for the sick and afflicted. In carrying out such a plan of economy there is a great opportunity for every small concern in the United States that has no research laboratory to develop a sort of amateur efficiency expert whose business it would be to discover and remedy the innumerable small extravagances that are so wholly unnecessary. Let us not forget that even a small cloud may totally hide the sun. So it is in business. We may as well try to beautify the rainbow as attain success when there is a laxity in the care of so-called trifles.

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Styleplus Known Prices are an Open Challenge!

We set the retail prices of Styleplus Clothes each season —based on the prevailing costs of materials and labor.

The prices remain the same throughout the season — no cut price sales — one deal to all — both early and late purchasers are protected.

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America's known-priced clothes

I Don't Want to be Catty, But —

By ELAINE STERNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

C. C. TOLD me it was a great part. You know, full of fat lines. "You'll walk away with the play," is the way he put it.

But I stopped him right there. "Am I or am I not the lead?" He stalled then.

"There's no lead in this show, Gwen. It's an all-star cast. We've got Taylor Graves to play the heavy and Monty Carlysle for the lover and ——"

"Cut out the males and get to the women!"

I should have smelled a rat when he hauled off and lit a cigar. C. C. always smokes when he's stumped, but I was busy looking at the diamond wrist watch Freddy gave me last Christmas and wondering how I could connect with him at the Claridge at one.

"Well, there's Arline Mason."

I didn't mind her. She's a good character actress. Homely, poor thing, but then looks aren't everything.

"And there's Margaret St. John"—pronounced Sintjin. It took me quite some sneezing to get on to it. I liked St. John. She's an old-timer who played leads thirty years ago. She was with me on the road five years ago.

"She's all right, C. C.," I told him. "Go on, let's hear the worst."

"We've signed Marda Benton."

Then I turned on the fireworks! For the next ten minutes the air was blue. It was the best little monologue I ever gave, and I wound up with:

"Do you think for a minute I'd play second to anyone? Not so you can notice it, I won't! You told me the next show would be mine, didn't you? I've played young girls for the past ten years and I'm sick of it. I'll not play under anyone else if I starve in the gutter!"

Being an ingénue in face and figure is death to a girl's ambitions.

"Sit down!" he said. "I can't hear myself think when you start in getting temperamental. Listen to what I got to say!"

"It's no use," I told him, wrapping my silver fox round my neck and picking up the vanity case Freddy gave me for my birthday. "I wouldn't play in a company with Benton, not if she was a maid who carried on a lunch tray. She's too up-stage from all accounts, and besides she can't act."

I suppose, having signed her, he felt it was up to him to defend her. "You'll have to admit she's been starred on Broadway," he began, when I butted right in.

"I don't want to be catty, but—her being starred on Broadway has cost a certain party we all know more money than she's worth."

That was plain speaking, wasn't it? But I'm nothing if not honest and it was better to let him know just how I felt before I accepted the rôle. You know how it is. He tried to smooth me down.

"I'm telling you the play is yours, Gwen. It's a part with guts. Benton's stuff can be done by any emotional actress who can turn on the waterworks for three whole acts. But yours, kid! Why, yours is a part one woman in a hundred—no, in a thousand—could play! And you're that woman! If you don't take it the show's as good as done for. Of course I can't force you to."

I knew C. C. was telling the truth. I like that about him. Frankness counts in our profession, where all is a sham. So I didn't answer right off. I thought a minute.

"Just hear it," he urged me, "and you'll see it yourself. The author happens to be in the next office. I'll have him come in and meet you and you can run over the lines with him."

I thought of Freddy and our table for two in the grill.

"Not now, C. C.," I said firmly. "I want time to think it over. I want to talk to mommer first. I'll give you my answer in exactly one hour."

I figured I could punish a chicken à la King and some raspberry ice in that time and I was hungry, not having eaten since the night before. Late sleeping does cut into one's meals so.

I must say he took it well.

"In an hour then, Gwen, and let your answer be yes."

Still I hesitated. A girl's got to think of everything when she's alone in the world and struggling for a living.

"You'll cross your heart that when we strike New York you won't put Benton up in big letters?"

He was solemn all right then.

"I give you my word. The three of you will be featured—Benton, St. John and yourself. Same size letters. See, like this——" and he wrote them on the back of an envelope. It looked good.

"I'm Through! I'm Going to Quit on You Right Here! I Won't Have Any Tricks Like That Pulled on Me—Not If the Queen of England Was Starring in This Piece!"

"And remember I have the say as to where my dresses and suits come from," I warned him. It's better to be clear on these little points at the start. He grinned.

"That'll be entirely satisfactory to the management," he said.

I backed to the door.

"I must have time to think," I told him again—and I ran.

I found Freddy talking to three girls from the Fly-Away chorus, who hoped to heaven I wouldn't show up. I broke up that scene pretty quick and led him to our table. He was awful sympathetic. He said he'd bet his last dollar that I'd put it all over Benton from the word go, but I noticed he didn't offer to drop so much as a nickel into the show himself and thereby save me the humiliation of taking back talk from her. I hated to suggest it to him. You know how a girl feels about those matters. But at last I had to and he explained that while poppa would let him have all the coin he needed for current expenses he was dead against backing shows, so I didn't argue that. After all there are other men in the world on my calling list besides Freddy, so why worry?

He settled for the lunch and tipped the waiter so much I wanted to scream—it would have paid for a manicure and a quarter of a massage—but I didn't. Instead I let him drive me round to C. C.'s office again, and in spite of his pleading to cut it and take a run out into the country I went inside. I let no one interfere with business—especially when they don't back shows.

C. C. was out. But his stage manager, Wadley, was in and he led in the author, Stanley Duncan, who, it seems, had not gone out to lunch for fear of missing me. As a matter of fact, he didn't look to me as though he had ever eaten in his life. He was young and good-looking but awful thin.

Wadley left us and Duncan started right in.

"Miss Della Rue," he said, standing by C. C.'s desk and tapping on it with a paper cutter, "I hope you are going to like this part."

He seemed pretty doubtful.

"What's it about?" I asked. I was trying to decide whether I'd look better in emerald-green messaline or orchid chiffon for a big scene. Green had it when he said:

"It's about a simple little country girl."

I wasn't half listening—I had switched to pale-pink Georgette with rosebuds. I like that on brunettes. It sets them off—when he said:

"And you're to play her."

"Play her—a country girl!" I caught him up. "Where do I get off playing a country girl? C. C. said I was to get my clothes at a swell shop."

"All she will need," he said with a scared smile, "will be a little gingham frock."

Just like that—a little gingham frock—to me, who was getting ready to knock out the critics' eyes with my dazzling creations. That certainly got my goat.

"Well, I don't think I care to play it," I said, starting to get up. "C. C. gave me to understand ——"

"Oh, but just hear a little of it," he begged, "then you'll realize its possibilities! You'll find it takes a great artist to grasp the rôle."

I didn't want to hurt his feelings—I wished I had had a cracker to offer him, he looked so hungry—so I shrugged.

"Oh, well, if it won't take long!"

He must have hoped I'd say that, because he had the play all laid out. He took it up tenderly, like a father takes up a sick child, and cleared his throat.

I listened and it wasn't a bad play. I liked him too for an author. Some of them are pretty intelligent. After a while he stopped and looked at me.

"Shall I go on?" he said.

"See if I've got it straight first off," I suggested. "Benton's an artist with a past and she beats it to the country to live it down and to paint. She gets me to pose for her by telling me all about the white lights."

"Yes, yes," he said, "you have grasped it in its entirety."

I yawned. "It's old stuff so far, Mr. Duncan. I hope you don't mind my telling you so. Why, it's just one of those oh-come-to-me parts that have been done to death since the ark came over."

"Oh, but you haven't heard the second act!" he said. He looked so anxious that I wondered what C. C. had said to him before he left. He must have told Duncan to make good with me. I decided to help him out.

"All right, let's have it," I sighed.

The second was better. I had to put on a dress of Benton's—one she wore in the first act—and I promised myself if I didn't put it over her when I made my entrance in that gown it would be because I was dead from the neck up. I wondered what color she would choose, but as we were both small and dark I knew whatever looked well on her would go me several to the good. That was a great idea of Duncan's.

"This much has made a hit with me," I said. "I don't need to hear the rest. They'll make you rewrite it anyway—they always do."

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EVERY now and then our own appreciation of what the Cadillac did in France, is heightened by some new and spontaneous tribute from the American Army.

A really engrossing narrative of this character has recently come to us, and it is so filled with human interest of the most dramatic sort, that it seems worthy of being handed on to friends of the Cadillac the world over.

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CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

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He was like a starved puppy you have picked up from the gutter and petted.

"You really like it?" he asked. I told him yes, and just then C. C. popped in to have my verdict. When he heard it he rubbed his hands together.

"We can sign that contract now," he said. But I was still sore at him about those gowns.

"My first-act dress will stand you up about seven and a quarter," I told him. "And my third-act dress will cost you all of nine dollars and fifty cents. Is that your idea of a great part?"

He wouldn't say what he was thinking, but he patted my hand. Well, I signed and went home to mommer. She was running ribbons through my lingerie when I broke it to her that I'd be on Broadway all of next winter—the Lord, the critics and the general public permitting.

Mommer wasn't excited. You can't get a rise out of her. She's seen too many shows fliv in rehearsal.

"How long before the try-out?" she asked. She hates one-night stands. I didn't know, but I had made up my mind about one thing on my way to the hotel.

"Benton's going to spread herself like jam and think she's the lead, mommer, if she's the only person in this company with a maid," I said to kind of prepare her.

"Well, she needs one. She hasn't got a mother to work for her year in and year out," back-fired mommer.

"If Benton has a maid," I said in my most positive tone, just as if I hadn't heard her, "I must have one too."

"What for?" asked mommer. "We need the money and I can dress your hair better than any maid in the business."

"I repeat, I'm going to have one, if only to go and call for Benton's gown every evening. How would it look for you to rap at her door and holler for it. She'd think she was a star for sure then!"

Well, I got my way and mommer went off to look for a girl.

"All she needs to know," I yelled after her as she waited for the elevator, "is enough to cross to Benton's room and back to mine once every performance."

Mommer came home, looking tired.

"I got one, Gwen," she said, "and I hope you'll heed my words after seeing her and let me do the work for you."

"What's the matter with her? Is she deaf or dumb?"

"She's the most impudent wench I ever talked to, but she's the only one that cared to go—and she's standing you up for fourteen dollars a week and expenses."

I took it like a man.

"Well, mommer," I said, "after all, it will give you more time than you've ever had before and ——"

"Time!" she shrieked. "It'll take all of my time following her round to see how much of your make-up she steals. But have your own way—as usual! She's coming to-morrow."

I was glad that was settled. Mommer don't understand about the importance of appearance. But fourteen dollars was steep all right and I couldn't help wondering how deep in the hole I'd be if the play went to the storehouse before seeing the lights of Broadway.

Rehearsals began next day. I could see from the start that there was going to be trouble. I don't come in until near the end of the first act, but I could hear Benton yelling at Wadley whenever he gave her some directions. She even burlesqued him, going through one scene like a tragedy queen and laughing on high C at the end of it.

"Really, Mr. Wadley," I heard her say, "you don't expect me to play it like that!"

He was mad all through. Wouldn't you have been? From that minute he never gave her another piece of stage business. When she finally got up a tree and couldn't tell what to do with her hands and feet, she asked him. All he said was:

"Do it whatever way you like, Miss Benton," as polite as you please.

But, oh, say! When I entered he almost fell on my neck. It was "Kid, do this"; "Kid, do that"; "No, I think you can build up that scene by sitting on the couch with one foot under you. Yep, show your other ankle—it's good looking. The front row won't miss that!"

Well, to get even with me she began lighting into the author. That is the indoor sport of some stars. Give them a grouch and they take it out on the playwright. It don't matter what their speeches are, they stop the performance and wave the book at him.

"This has got to be changed!" they yell, pounding on the page. "It don't read well! Very poor line! Very poor line! It ought to go something like this ——"

And they spout a few sentences that show they don't know the first thing about writing a play. If they have a large interest in the show it's put in like they want. If they haven't it's left out. When the star isn't after the author, the stage manager is.

It's like a game of fox and hounds, with the author always being chased. I feel sorry for him. I was satisfied with the way things were going and after a chat with St. John, I took the street car to my hotel.

I Didn't Have Time to Listen to Another Word, Because I Was Stepping Into That Dress Which—When Once I'd Got It on Me—Made Me Look Like I Never Expected to in My Entire Life!

Mommer and a colored person in a rocking chair was awaiting me. It was Luella, my new maid. She was pretty all right and I could just see her with little white caps and aprons running round back stage with my changes over her arm. Mommer looked like a battleax, but Luella was leaning back comfortably with her knees crossed.

"This is Miss Della Rue," said mommer. Luella looked me over and I must have passed, because she said:

"How long does you expect the show to run?"

"A week—or a year," I told her. "You can search me."

Mommer had something on her mind.

"Luella here says she won't travel except in a lower berth. Uppers give her a headache."

Well, they give me one, too, so I didn't blame her.

"I'll remember that," I told her. "I guess we can fix you up."

"And she don't sew any and she likes a room and bath at the hotels."

I made it plain to her that she'd have to take her bath with the rest of the folks on her floor—I don't mean at the same time, but in the hotel bathroom. She didn't say a word for a minute, then she shrugged.

"Ise never been with an actress before," she said. "I don't guess I'd better try it."

After that I would have consented to the royal suite with a limousine thrown in for good measure. At last she agreed to come to the theater next afternoon and to wear the cap and aprons mommer would buy for her.

We started to work in earnest. I forgot to say that it was August and scalding hot, with Wadley in his shirt sleeves, sweating like a horse, out front yelling to us that we was rotten and he'd like to know who told us we could act. I didn't mind him though. He's a nice boy with a wife and a little baby that have got to be supported and if he don't whip us into shape somehow he's going to be minus a job—and who'll pay the mortgage on the old farm then? He was a good manager too. He'd been with C. C. ten years and before that played leads in stock. Oh, yes, he knew the game! Benton didn't throw any scare into him, but she had every other member of the cast eating out of her hand—except St. John, Mason and I.

She was like that. Some people are. Those under them seem to make them bullies. All the small parts would start shaking whenever she heaved into sight.

"How incompetent you are!" she'd bellow to some poor little two-by-four ham who was trying his best to speak the one line he had—and he'd curl up and wilt.

She was always going to have them fired and the cast filled by others. I didn't mind her yelling at them if she'd have left grandma alone. Grandma was a dear soul, as gentle as Mary's lamb. She'd been on for fifty years and was about ripe for the old home. All she had to do was to join in a chorus of voices at a sewing bee in the parsonage. Benton hated her. She'd wait until it came time for her to read her lines, and the old woman—knowing she was laying for her—would tremble all over before taking her cue. Then Benton would start in:

"This isn't a church. Why do you sing your lines like that? It's awful! It's not to be stood! You ought to be out scrubbing floors instead of trying to act. You probably will be next season."

She didn't do it when Wadley was round—oh, no! But when C. C. took him off the show to start another and left his assistant, Dixie, to run things, Benton started acting up all over the place.

Well, the day after I found grandma crying in the wings I laid for Benton. I knew we was going to have a hair-pulling sooner or later. St. John backed me up.

"C. C. is strong for you," she said. "If I was young and good looking like you are you bet your sweet life I wouldn't stand for any of her airs!" At the next rehearsal she started in after grandma again. She'd missed a cue herself and had been respectfully corrected by Dixie and she was boiling mad. So when grandma faltered, started in again and stopped short, Benton lit into her.

"I won't have you ruining this scene! We'll have to get someone else who can play it. Do you hear me, Dixie? We'll have to get someone else! I can't go through this every day! My nerves won't stand it!"

And at this point I crossed the stage and sauntered up to her—pleasantly, you know. There's all sorts of ways to do things.

"Why don't you remember your own cues before you jump on someone else?" I asked her as though the thought had just struck me. She turned purple and said through her teeth:

"Who asked you for your opinion?"

Dixie jumped in between us.

"Ladies!" he said.

He couldn't lady me.

"You keep off of grandma," I told her. "You've got about as much chance to get her canned as the once-kaiser has to run a soda fountain in Jersey City. She's doing the best she knows how—like the rest of us. Now lay off of her, do you hear me? Or I'll go to C. C. myself about it."

"Oh, you've got a big pull there, haven't you?" she sneered. "Wonder how you got it?"

I ignored her.

"The rest of the company is back of me and after two failures on Broadway like you've had you'd better not start something you can't finish."

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THE difference which you note, immediately, in the way the Liberty rides and drives, is not a mere surface virtue. That it has its source and origin in the very design and construction of the car is emphatically shown in the slight cost of Liberty service. The most casual inquiries will satisfy you that Liberty owners are just as enthusiastic over the infrequency of repair and adjustment as they are over its appearance and the beautiful way it rides and drives.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

LIBERTY SIX

(Continued from Page 38)

That was all. Being a lady, I walked off and had hysterics in my dressing room, which is next to Benton's, and I could hear her having them in hers. A girl's nerves is so unstrung in summer!

After that there was nothing she didn't try to do to kill my lines. In one scene with her, where she tells me how sweet I am, I have a big laugh. Duncan wrote it in for me special. Do you think she'd let me take it? Not much! Just before I'd speak it she'd start in moving her hands or shaking out her dress so that the audience—if there had been one—would have watched what she was doing instead of noticing me.

But I got onto one of her tricks though—cutting out my cues. She'd read her lines up to about a sentence before my cue and then go right on to her next speech, which would leave me with half a page unspoken. But, oh, lady! did she get away with it? She did not! As soon as it came my turn to speak I'd go back, give myself the question she was supposed to hand me and answer it just as though the author wrote the lines that way. It made double work for me—learning her part and my own.

Three weeks of that, night and day, with maybe an hour to snatch a bite between fittings, then back at it again. Sometimes I'd figure out I had about three pages before a speech and sneak out to the corner drug store for a gulp of soda water or some dried pound cake only to find the whole company waiting for me when I came back.

Benton never let me catch a glimpse of the dress we was both to wear. C. C. said I'd better go and try it on with her. But I told him never mind if it didn't fit me, because everyone would know it was hers anyway, so what was the dif.

Along toward the end of rehearsals-and-no-pay I noticed that Benton was getting thick as a German with Taylor Graves, who played most of the big scenes with her. I didn't like it. Taylor came on just before several of my exits. I felt they were framing something between them, but what could I do?

I told Duncan about it. I began to go to him for most everything. At first I felt sorry for him. You couldn't help it. He worked so hard rewriting day and night and patching up and changing during the rehearsals. I admired the way he refused to call in any other author on his piece.

"I'll do whatever you suggest, C. C.," he said. "But it's going to be my play."

I told him to stick up for his rights. I think my begging C. C. to let him alone didn't do any harm. A girl is little and awful helpless, but she can do a whole lot when it comes to making or breaking a man.

One day near the end of August we was about ready for the try-out. Stamford was to be the first jump, then New Haven, Providence and on down, with a week in Washington before coming back to New York. By the time we hit our national capital we was expected to be in such shape that all the managers owning a slice of the show could come down and give us the once-over.

I wasn't much worried and mommer had found a new way to do my hair—parted on the side and with curls down my back—that made me look young, if I do say it myself. At least Duncan told me so.

"You don't look fourteen," is the way he put it as we rustled some pancakes at a cheap restaurant one night after rehearsal, not having eaten since noon.

"I've got a great part in mind for you, child, in my next play," he said, leaning his chin on his hand and staring at me. I'm glad he likes my acting. He has awful nice eyes, but not much money, poor boy.

Mommer was dead set against my going out with him, especially as Freddy was hanging round in New York through the hot weather instead of going to Tuxedo or Newport or Lenox, hoping for a chance to drive me to Long Beach on warm nights and ending up by doing nothing more exciting than taking mommer and me—to say nothing of Luella—home from the theater to my hotel, dripping with sleep.

Luella gave promise of being a pretty decent maid until she began falling for a colored porter who comes in near the end of the second act and plays through part of the third. I don't suppose she ever had a chance to know an actor before, but she made up for it. She'd wait in the wings for him to come off and soon I gave up watching for her after the show, because I'd know that she and Andrew were out taking late supper somewhere together. She got so she didn't like to wear her caps or aprons back stage for fear he'd think her beneath him. I used to see her slip them off as soon as she'd leave my dressing room. I didn't call her down. I had too many things to think of just then and Freddy was getting near to a proposal—which was where I'd been trying to get him all season. I knew it, because he'd started in giving mommer presents. They always do just before the end.

She was tickled pink. Nights when I'd come home ready to drop she'd keep me awake telling me how to lead the lamb to the slaughter and that I could have every little thing my heart desired, once I landed him, and to be sure he took out insurance for me and deeded me his property. I asked her if she thought I'd better suggest it at once, but she got mad at that and told me not to be a fool and to try and act serious for a change.

It was the night of the dress rehearsal that it happened—scorching weather, the beading on my eyelashes threatening to melt and streak down my face. I guess the weather settled Freddy. I suppose he decided if I'd say yes he could hot foot it for the Berkshires and lie beside a cool stream dreaming of me while I roasted in Stamford. The dress rehearsal couldn't have been worse, which was a good sign for the show of course.

Benton's heavy suitor, who had backed her two flares on Broadway, was there. He was a big, bull-necked brute who treated her like dirt under his feet. But she kind of liked it. He'd tell her straight to her face that she was rotten in the part and she ate it up.

Freddy sat with mommer. I could see him in his Palm Beach suit, mopping his forehead with his purple-edged handkerchief. He was suffering, poor boy, but I couldn't help comparing him to Duncan, who was back stage with us, looking white as a sheet, with dark circles under his eyes. He didn't say much, but once when I passed by him in the wings for a quick change in my dressing room I caught at his hand. It was shaking like a leaf.

Something went wrong with the lights in the second act and they had to ring down the curtain. Mommer came round back and so did Freddy—bringing ice cream for the whole company. That made me nicer to him than I had meant to be, and before I knew it I had promised to let him take me to supper as soon as the rehearsal was over.

It was awful late before I'd got the last of my make-up off but somebody knocked at my door. I thought it must be one of the cast and I yelled to them to come in. It was Duncan. He leaned up against the wall, fanning himself with a script.

"I hope you don't mind," he said, with a shaky sort of smile. "I feel all in to-night—just gone, you know. I thought talking to you might help me."

He did look fainty, so I leaped for a chair and pushed him into it and turned my electric fan full on him. I knew mommer would be back for me in a minute, and so would Freddy, but I didn't care.

"You've had a fierce time with us all," I told him. And because he closed his eyes and his lashes were nice and long and thick on his cheek I stroked his hair softly, which isn't a good reason for so doing, now that I think it over. He didn't move for a minute, then he caught my hand and before I could stop him pressed the palm of it to his lips for a long time. I could feel it clear down to my toes. At that instant mommer blew in.

I jumped and so did he, getting red and apologizing and backing out of the room. Mommer didn't say a word to him, but after he'd gone I could see her eyes glitter.

"You aren't going to be a fool, I suppose, Gwendolyn, are you?" she asked. I told her that depended on what was her definition of a fool. She didn't so much as answer.

"Freddy's been talking to me," she said, "and I've told him all about what a sweet, good girl you are and how far back your father's family runs. He's about decided that giving you his name won't make his family cut him off without a cent. Now go on out with him and remember that he has six millions and no sisters."

I'd been remembering it so long that it didn't mean much to me that night. I put on my hat and picked up my bag.

"If I should refuse him, mommer——" I began.

"Refuse him!" she shrieked. "You just try to refuse him after all I've done to help you hook him and you'll see what I'll do to you! Do you think the chance comes every day for an actress to marry the only son of a millionaire? Refuse him!" It was like a red rag to a vicious bull. "I'd like to see you come home and tell me he'd asked you and you had turned him down!" Then she changed. "Darling, think of all you can do for your mother in her old age with Freddy's bank roll. Haven't I worked hard enough to deserve some consideration? Haven't I educated you and pushed you ahead and saved you from temptation without a thought of myself? Don't I deserve something for all those years? Darling, he's waiting for you in his seven-thousand-dollar car. Think how nice it will be to have your initials on the door!"

Which was clever of mommer, because it was so hot that the thought of a cool drive in a big car was like a breath from heaven.

I left her. At the stage entrance I ran into someone. It was Duncan.

"Child, I need you to cheer me up to-night," he said, slipping his arm through mine.

I don't know why I wanted to go with him. He didn't intend to marry me. I don't suppose I was the sort of lady he was used to going out with, he being a highbrow and having gone to Harvard or some place. He may even have had a girl somewhere who was waiting for him to come home to her, but in spite of all that I never wanted to do anything so much in my life as to leave Freddy and his red car and go off for a ride in a taxi with Duncan. I didn't though. I drew my arm away.

"To-morrow night," I said, "after the opening."

"No, now!" he insisted. "I have something to tell you."

That scared me. Could it be possible he liked me? My heart began pumping like a steam engine.

"No, no!" I said, slipping away from him and beating it for Freddy's car. "Not now! Not now!"

Well, it certainly was great to be speeding out of the city and to feel the cool air strike your cheeks. Freddy drove, so I had nothing to do but to lean back and think of how Duncan looked with his eyes shut and how the palm of my hand tingled when he kissed it.

I came out of it with a bang when Freddy drew up alongside the river and started in asking me to be his wife. I don't know what I said. I kept telling myself I'd be a fool to turn him down. He wasn't a bad sort and he was a great judge of perfume, so I said yes, I'd marry him, but he was to take me straight home because I was wore out and had to get up early to pack.

He kissed me and said we'd have a great life together, because he liked to go all the time and he knew I did—which I don't. What I want is quiet when not working. All I ask of life is a little house with a view of some water or trees or something—and a hammock. He told me he was leaving for the country next day to break the news to father and that he would come to the Washington opening laden down with flowers for his little star.

I was sleepy and it sounded nice, because Benton's backer was getting cold feet and I knew he wasn't the sort to send her flowers, now that the affair was waning, so I thanked Freddy and let him squeeze my arm going up in the elevator. Mommer opened the door for us. I could see the feverish anxiety in her eye. But at Freddy's words, "She said yes," she burst into tears and threw her arms round me.

"How can I bear to let any man have my darling?" she sobbed. But Freddy pulled off that old stuff about her having found a son, and went home.

Mommer talked until four-thirty A. M. But I had very little to say. I thought I was sleepy, but once I was in bed and the lights out I kept thinking, not of Freddy's summer home—which mommer had been raving about—or of his string of race horses or his yacht, but of Duncan and of his voice close to my ear when he said "I have something to tell you."

Anyway, I argued, I could hear it next night just as well. I turned over with a glad sigh because Freddy wouldn't be there.

I've opened in more shows than I can remember, but that doesn't help me get over the jumps of a first night. I read somewhere that Bernhardt is that way, too, so I've never tried to change. If anyone comes near my dressing room I scream, and my hands are cold as ice and my tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth and I want to crawl off somewhere and die before stepping onto the stage.

Just before the curtain rang up mommer came bustling to the door with her arms full of flowers.

"From that dear boy," she said. "It looks like he bought out a florist shop."

I didn't want Freddy's flowers just then when I was trying to remember the big speech that Duncan had put in for me at the last minute and that I had spent the hour between New York and Stamford learning. I told mommer so and she sighed and handed them over to Luella and came inside to tell me I had too much make-up on my left cheek, which looked as though someone had struck it and I had failed to turn the other.

Everything went so smooth that I was suspicious. Benton wasn't letting me have all my exits for nothing. No, nor was she getting all the props there in time just to make me feel comfortable. I wondered what she was up to, then I guessed. She was going to throw me off my guard until we played Washington, where the managers would see us. That's where she would pull all the tricks she had up her sleeve. I told myself that little Gwen would be on the watch-out with both eyes, hands and feet!

After the first act Luella arrived at my door with the gown of Benton's I was to wear. It wasn't much, the one she had ordered not yet being finished. That, too, I gathered, was going to be sprung in the District of Columbia. Something told me she had not yet decided on the color of it, so I thought I'd play a little game and trust to luck to have it work out. I waited until she and I came off together and I smiled at her.

"I like this," I said, indicating her dress. Benton said, "Do you?" and started to go past. I let out a sigh.

"All colors look well enough on me except that awful shade of electric blue. I can never wear that. Would you believe it makes me look yellow as a daisy?"

Then I exited rapidly, feeling that too much said on the subject might make her grow suspicious, she being naturally so by nature. I felt I had done my best and could only wait for results.

Dixie was standing by my dressing-room door.

"You're doing fine! Now then, have you got your lines straight when Monty talks to you about your soul being like a nodding flower?"

(Continued on Page 177)

THE FULL HARVEST comes never haphazardly. Each passing season tends to put the soil in tune with the forces of creation. All the elements combine to serve fertility.

Man's will adds to earth's increase. The returns from Nature are cumulative. Today's great reward is not the result of a single plowing and planting but of years of careful preparation.

The development of commerce has been most productive when based on the laws of Nature. The house which keeps its organization in tune, which creates bonds of sympathy and confidence with its distributors, which plants desire in the hearts of its consumers, is the house which has adapted natural laws to commercial needs.

The greatest single force in the operation of these laws is the energy of attraction, more usually spoken of as *advertising*. The power of this attraction is dependent upon: first, the nature and quality of the commodity; second, the selection of media most strongly entrenched in the minds of the people who form the logical market for this commodity; third, the ability of the advertisement to secure the attention and to please; fourth, the degree of desire to possess generated by the text; fifth, the extent of the spirit of confidence created by the advertisement as a whole.

When these elements are developed to a high degree the sphere of influence established will include not only those who produce, those who distribute and those who consume, but that vast body of humanity which, though not actively participating, provide an ever-increasing pressure on selection.

For over a period of fifty years the house of N. W. AYER & SON has been devoting its efforts to the analysis of markets and media, to the study of the demands and desires of humanity, and has been giving the results of these activities to its clients.

Those concerns which believe their methods and their commodities, or their service, to be of such permanent value as to make the operation of the power of attraction of economic advantage to them are concerns which we classify as logical N. W. AYER & SON accounts. They give us the opportunity to *make advertising pay the advertiser*.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

THE SHACKLING

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"Well, Little Lady," He Said, "When are We to Meet Again?"

LOOKING through the slide at the back of the Sea Grill, Mrs. Furlong said to her husband: "There's that Higgins horse out in front. Seems as though it is looking more peaked than usual, Neeze."

Neeze Furlong ran his toasting fork through his mustache thoughtfully.

"She does look a little tucked up under the abdomen, now you mention it," he said.

The Higgins horse, Beulah, was a calico horse with very shaggy ankles. Beulah had been so long in the family that the Higginses had come to think of her as being immortal like themselves. She was a narrow-kneed horse and a great sufferer from the complaint known as sweenied shoulders, which forces the patient, instead of moving his or her legs with the appropriate double action, to swing them rather like a pendulum. This habit, in Beulah's case, caused the head of the thigh bone now and again to slip out of the socket; and according as it slipped inward, outward, forward or backward, so the horse went on these occasions. Beulah was further provided with the horny sloughs denominated [illegible], which form under the collar, and she had worn away a patch of hair from the off fore shoulder through a habit she had of leaning against the side of her stall like a loafer.

Aside from these trifling infirmities, she was, as Elmer Higgins would aver, as good a horse as ever stood on four irons; and she was at present employed during most of her waking hours in carting round Jen Higgins and her sailor friend, for though it was late November the wheeling was still good.

"I don't care," said Mrs. Furlong, returning to the sink. "I think it's all right for young people to have a good time while they are young and all that we're only young once—but at the same time there's a happy medium, and I do think that Jen Higgins is making a perfect fool of herself over that sailor they've got up to their house. I was noticing her at the pictures the other night—you know, she's given up playing for them to be with him—and it was enough to kill you to see the two of them together."

"She's what a man would call an old-fashioned stunner," said Neeze Furlong. "I glimpsed her the other night coming out of her back door with that wolverine coiled round her neck and the rest of the jimmy-fixings they tack onto themselves nowadays, and I was as surprised and took aback as if it was a beaver had come out of a hole in the wall right under my eyes."

"She doesn't think of a solitary thing but what she can get to put on her back; and as for helping her poor mother, she doesn't know what the word means. Her father encourages her in it too."

"Well," replied Neeze soothingly, "you take it with these girls, they are like a new doughnut while it is browning in the fat—they require jest so much attention and titivating. She'll make somebody an awful smart wife some day. There's a good deal of horse sense inside that good-looking head."

"If there is it's cost a pretty penny to put it there, if all I hear is true," retorted his wife. "For my part I always say, 'Look out for that Madonna type.' I do think it's nothing short of scandalous the way these girls parade round, and their parents denying themselves and literally slaving for them to keep them in clothes and rickshaws. You just wait though. That Jen Higgins will go along and then there'll come a spell without lovers and that will frighten her into grabbing up the first that offers. Most girls just marry from sheer fright anyway when they think they're losing their good looks."

"Ain't that a kind of low-spirited view to take?" inquired her husband, holding up a doughnut to drip.

"I can't help it. If you'll remember, when she threw over that Yates I called him a lucky man. There she was all gone over him, or pretended to be—I heard his violin going it in their front parlor every night for weeks and weeks. But the moment a uniform came along, out he went with the chicken feathers, if you please; and now they say she won't so much as deign to look at him and passes him on the other side of the street. Now if you wouldn't call that heartless conduct, what would you call it?"

"Still," said Mr. Furlong, "it's only natural to think she's one of these kind that a man would have to campaign it a little to hug. I know if I was Yates I wouldn't run away. I would hang round in the offing a spell and go back for a hair of the dog that bit me."

"I've often thought," continued his wife, "if that horse of theirs could only speak, what a tale it would have to tell. It's been just one shindig after another in times past until it's got so now the town boys won't have a thing to do with her, because the minute one of the out-of-towners puts in an appearance she turns the natives a cold shoulder."

"Well, I don't know that I blame her for that," said Neeze. "Any bird will cast about for the right feathers when it is making its nest."

"She can't have them all. I suppose you'll admit that. Then why in the name of creation can't she be satisfied to take one and let others less fortunate than she know what they have got to select from? I don't think much of this letting one out the back way with a hand lamp and racing back to the front door to welcome another without so much as stopping to draw breath."

Mrs. Furlong was interrupted by the nervous scraping of a chair beyond the partition. Instantly she hung her head in the opening in the arsenic-green wall through which the meals were shoved. Her eye fell on the very sailor who had been the occasion of her remarks; for Styles, at Jen's instance, had come in to get a loaf of bread while she was off somewhere looking at dress goods. Furlong's lady uttered a faint shriek. Her head vanished, the slide slammed and a whispered conference followed, on the heels of which Neeze appeared in his own apologetic person. He explained that Mrs. Furlong wanted Styles to know that she hadn't known he was within a hundred miles of her when she spoke as she did; and if she had known that he was sitting there in person she would willingly have bitten the tongue out of her head sooner than that those sentiments should have escaped her.

"You know how it is with women," said Neeze still in the same low tone. "They had rather be hanged for the fault of another than say a good word for another woman."

"That's all right," said Styles gloomily. "Tell her don't mind me. Go right ahead. I'm learning all the time. Your wife can't work too fast for me."

"As a matter of fact," ventured Neeze, while he was wrapping up the bread "Jen Higgins is one of the cleverest young women in this town, take her all round. I've known her ever since she was in long clothes and I knew her mother before her. I've known her father's people, too, far back as I can remember, and I've said times out of mind she would make somebody an elegant wife when the time come. There ain't much escapes that young woman."

"You said it!" said Styles, getting out his rice papers. "People are not backward about talking up wedlock in this neck of the woods, I gather."

Neeze Furlong chuckled gently and pushed his stocking cap farther back on his head.

"It does seem as though, if a man is so inclined, there are plenty of people outside his own family ready to rise up and egg him on," he said reflectively. "Well, family style is one thing, and living round in these hash houses—where it's once on the bacon and eggs and then ringle jingle in the sink—is quite another."

"Yes, it's a gay life according to all the old-timers," answered Styles.

"Don't you go into it regardless, young man," came the faint voice of Mrs. Furlong, who had been crying. "Now is your happiest time."

The half-jesting half-recriminating note of the long-married had crept into her voice, and she continued

(Continued on Page 45)

ESSEX MOTORS

Why This Mighty

Thousands Know, But Do Not Appreciate The Extent of Its Leadership

Respect For Essex?

It is like reminding the average reader of something he already knows, to speak of Essex leadership.

Its position as a popular car filling a heretofore unoccupied field, is accepted as a matter of fact. By word and attitude all motordom acknowledges its position.

But let us consider the reasons for Essex prestige.

You will probably say it is because of its performance. You compare its general appearance and performance with the admirable qualities of other cars. You place no price limit on those cars with which you compare the Essex.

It is because the Essex so nearly matches the standards you hold as your ideal, that it is a leader.

Essex Matches All Requirements

There is ample evidence in every locality to account for what people are saying for the Essex.

It has spoken for itself, just as we announced it would have to do at the time it was put on the market.

It isn't necessary for us to say how fast an Essex can be driven. We don't need to speak of its performance on hills or its comfort and riding qualities. The car has proved itself.

And 10,000 owners are daily giving their cars opportunities to prove Essex worth. Added to that are close to half a million motorists who voice their admiration. The most conservative and critical person having knowledge of the Essex is its sponsor.

Time is Revealing Another Quality

It is showing that the Essex stands up under hard service. It retains the qualities which have created the respect in which it is held.

Squeaks and rattles are not so common. It is rigid and powerful. Little attention is required to keep the Essex in smooth running condition. Every day's use adds to the regard owners have for the Essex.

So Be Guided By What People Say

The best place to find out about the Essex is among those who have had their cars for some time and from the thousands who know Essex performance.

Go see what the Essex can do. If you don't know the Essex, ask your neighbor or the nearest dealer to take you for a ride.

Judge Essex qualities for yourself and remember that sales are so large it will be well for you to place your order as far in advance of the time you will require delivery as it will be possible for you to do.

(3)

Gredag is a clingy lubricant created by electro-chemistry—the product of exact science.

What Has Electricity To Do With Lubrication?

SUCH a thing as applying electricity to the manufacture of a lubricant was unheard of until Gredag was created by the wonderful science of electro-chemistry. 2000 electrical horsepower is employed in producing this lubricant. Its great superiority to the ordinary petroleum and fat lubricants is attested by many manufacturers of automobiles and motor trucks—their number is steadily increasing.

Gredag saves many dollars on repair bills by proper lubrication and prevention of wear of moving parts.

GREDAG SALES DIVISION
EDWARD A. CASSIDY CO., INC.
280 Madison Avenue, New York
ACHESON PRODUCTS, NIAGARA FALLS

GREDAG
A WONDERFUL LUBRICANT

THE following manufacturers have written letters approving the use of Gredag. If your car or truck is not in the list write the maker, who undoubtedly will approve your selection of Gredag as a lubricant because of its remarkable efficiency.

American
Beggs
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Marmon
Moon
National
Oldsmobile
Olympian
Paige
Paterson
Premier
Roamer
Saxon
Stearns
Winton
Wolverine

TRUCKS

Autocar
Defiance
Elwell-Parker
Federal
Fulton
G-M-C
Lane
Mack
Menominee
Oshkosh Four-Wheel Drive
Parker
Reliance
Riker
Saurer
Selden
Sullivan
Traffic
Union
Wright-Hibbard

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invisible until after Styles had gone out of the shop and closed the door.

The sailor found Jen installed in her seat again and gazing up the street abstractedly with an unwonted touch of color in her cheeks. He settled back beside her and, clapping the reins on Beulah's back, uttered moodily:

"If that horse could only speak, I suppose we would hear some deep stuff, hey?"

Now in point of fact, Jen, instead of looking at dress goods, had been caught by her cousin, Ann Horrocks, looking into the jeweler's window. This incorrigible cousin had flicked her on the raw by tittering over her shoulder:

"I shouldn't wonder if there was going to be another sparkling gem round town in the near future, would you?"

"What on earth makes you say that?" inquired Jen, biting her lip.

"Oh, a little bird must have told me!"

"I know there won't be any if I have anything to say about it," retorted Jen stormily. To which the cousin replied with a jolly air of being willing to change the subject:

"I'm sure I didn't mean any offense. But, of course, there's no harm in merely looking at them, is there? My soul, Jen! Just you see that monstrous great diamond there to the right of those imitation pearls. It's a perfect bonfire. But really I think they look vulgar—especially on a young girl—when they get as large as that, don't you?"

"I hadn't given the matter any consideration," said Jen, and walked away from Mrs. Horrocks at a smart pace.

This encounter had brought her to such a pass that Styles' observation was in the nature of a last straw. If people had begun to talk, as Mrs. Horrocks seemed to say, then it was most assuredly time to call a halt to these proceedings.

"In what sense am I to take that statement, Mr. Styles?" she said icily. "I don't know that anything in my past conduct has given anybody the right to cast such aspersions. I'm sure that in all my experience with her the horse has heard only such things as it was entirely right and proper she should hear."

Mr. Styles picked up the reins in both hands, addressed words of encouragement to the horse while guiding her past a milk wagon that was standing in the middle of the road, and only after this crisis was well past did he venture to cast the flicker of an eye in Jen's direction.

Her cheek was toward him. Indeed for quite a space of time, during which he was mutely adjusting the robe about her ankles and making more room for her on the seat, she seemed all pale cheek and nothing more. After submitting to her profile for some time, Styles cleared his throat and said genially:

"Got your nanny, didn't I?"

"Yes, you did!" replied Jen rapidly. "And you can say the most hateful things when you have a mind to of any man of my acquaintance. You seem to be one of the kind that it kills you to hold in."

"It's back to the clam flats for mine from now on, I'll tell the world."

"The world seems to know too much altogether, as it is. I don't know how it is people seem to think a girl stands ready to fall on the neck of the first attractive man that looks in her direction. They're always eager to attribute the worst—for some reason or other."

At that point Edward drove in on the barn floor and cramped the wheel.

"Staves along pretty good in spite of her infirmities, don't she?" inquired Elmer, getting up off the chopping block and stroking Beulah's tent-shaped back. Fumbling with the harness on the near side, Elmer wanted to know if Styles believed in this thing about men dying and their souls passing into animals.

"You know old Jim Oliver had her before me," he said, "and he died here a year or two ago—and hanged if that horse ain't getting to resemble him more every day. The way she stands in the stall and curves her head back at you with a sort of a why-am-I-here light in her eyes; and then again she's got his little unexpected ways, like going to sleep on her feet, for example."

"She's some nifty nag," said Edward.

"Old Oliver was notional too. I know that one time he had a theory that the north was making ice all the time and that after a while it would topple over and then east would be north or south, according to which way the darned thing toppled; and the result was he got awful kind of shiftless toward the last, thinking the climate would change any minute and alter conditions altogether."

"That's what he's been trying to send out to me all afternoon," said Styles—"that climate stuff."

"Aren't you provoking!" said Jen, thawing; and by the time they had got round into the front hall she was in a mood to forget their little tiff; and when Styles offered to help her in drawing off her coat, she readily lent herself to his good offices. It had grown dark; the hall was lit only by a shaft of light from the dining room, that door standing a little ajar; and they heard Elmer and Pearl talking there together.

Suddenly Styles' head appeared on Jen's right hand, the head of the timber wolf tossed about on her shoulder, she felt herself drawn backward with a forceful motion and a rapturous kiss followed, which entirely reversed the current of their souls.

By chance they had drawn abreast the diamond-shaped mirror in the hat tree; and Jen, seeing herself reflected, folded in a man's arms there, called out "Hello" guiltily with a shamed smile, as if she had caught sight of a sister sinner in the same box with herself.

"Go on and make a little conversation," she whispered to Styles, picking at his collar; for all speech had died out somehow, and indeed the hall was as silent as if they had died there in one another's arms.

Now the door into the dining room being ajar, Jen was afraid that this silence would be misinterpreted by the old folks in the next room.

"I fall for you as far in a minute as a brick would drop in a month," whispered Styles tensely.

"Now I know you're just talking to hear yourself talk," returned Jen in a languid voice, and drew out of his arms, hanging up her hat composedly.

"I Wouldn't be Browbeaten Into an Engagement, I Know That Much"

Man is marvelous in his beginnings. He may be said to welcome entanglement in its first phases. His mind runs out to meet numberless possibilities of sweets without a name. But now, such is the irony of temperament, let these sweets be presented to him in a concrete form and he hesitates to try conclusions. Anybody who has ever started anything knows how hard it is to finish it.

Styles had already in his heart of hearts begun to feel that it might well be hard to see this thing serenely through. At times he had an instinct against making so much as one more forward move, like the instinctive fear of death or the unknown; and yet moment by moment he felt himself tugged at and swept nearer Niagara by a mighty undercurrent—for Jen had said that if ever she took a certain journey Niagara would be the first place she would want to see.

Four or five nights later, feeling a need of the manly cynicism of smoky quarters, he looked in at Furlong's place after business hours. Yates was there, having a quiet pipe with Mr. Furlong. Styles had got on better with him lately.

"How's every little thing up on the hill?" inquired Yates.

"One of these days," said Styles, "I'll ball myself up for fair, monkeying with women. The dope is this: Is she a nestler or not?"

"Jen is a nice girl all right," replied Yates, leaning back. "But you have got to ask yourself seveerial questions before you whisper the three fragrant words in her shell-like ear."

"In other words, stop, look and listen," said Mr. Furlong gravely. He thoughtfully surveyed a marble cake in its glass tomb before going on:

"You are a sailor, if I understand the situation rightly."

"Well, I am dressed to represent one," replied Styles, holding his flat hat in the palm of his hand.

"What I am getting at, in that capacity you know something about knots," continued Mr. Furlong absently. His gaze now wandered to the window, where seven doughnuts could be seen reclining on their glass stool. "You could probably tell a true lover's knot from a grass widow's splice, to say nothing of a tomfool knot or a hangman's noose."

"I can make a different knot for every day in the year except Sundays," said Styles.

"Well, what I am getting at, you can go right through the list and then you ain't exhausted all the possibilities," said Furlong, who must have been having a word or two with Yates alone.

You don't want to forget that there is one kind of a knot that you tie with your tongue that you can't untie with your teeth."

"Did I say it was a slippery hitch?" Styles said just audibly. He paled under his tan.

"And that's wherein I say," continued Mr. Furlong, "that long engagements are the best in the long run. A quick stew don't get the flavor."

"Last night," said Styles, writhing on his seat, "her fingers smelt of orange blossoms. Is that simply previous or is it mysterious, old-timer?"

"Ain't that for you to consider?" countered Mr. Furlong. "But setting orange blossoms to one side, there is such a thing as going far enough, and again then there's such a thing as going too far, in my estimation. You take your friend Yates here. He is the kind of a man, if I understand him, that he goes just far enough with a girl to get the benefit of her good behavior, and then he steps aside and leaves her tantrums to the other fellow to carry to the grave with him."

"Posolutely!" Mr. Yates chimed in. "It all resolves itself into a question of a man's state of mind."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Furlong; "I have seen a man in a state of mind where he could get drunk on a glass of water—if only somebody could be got to tell him it was high-test gin."

"Give me air!" cried Edward Styles. He seized his flat hat and left the shop.

Now Styles had not forgotten that Jen after his departure would be left to what she would call the tender mercies of Mr. Yates, who, having a weak heart, could not be drafted for the Army; and this was the very thought, though formulated in a blurrier and more girlish way, that Jen had had with regard to that same gentleman. It was indisputable that in a few days Styles would make himself scarce, and that Yates would then be Johnny-on-the-spot. Her whole winter therefore might depend on how far she committed herself in what little time remained to them.

"Go On and Make a Little Conversation," She Whispered

Up to that moment in the hall, where, as she frankly told herself, she had slopped over, she had used her best efforts to see that Mr. Styles, though tempted to declare himself, did not in fact do so; for an engagement would be all over town in no time—such things travel like wild fire—and that would leave her in her character of engaged girl high and dry for the balance of the winter socially. On the other hand, to refuse him out and out if he offered himself in so many words might well be a task beyond her powers.

"After all, do I know my own mind?" Jen asked Sade in the pillow confessional, for Sade had come to stay the night with her and she felt that she must either unbosom herself or fly. "A girl has to distinguish between a chance passion of the hour and the real thing; don't you think so?"

"I most certainly do," Sade assured her. "I think she ought to consider ever so carefully, and go over every inch of the ground, because she's impulsive anyway and liable to go into it rashly, without taking time to think what she's doing, and half the time without knowing what she's letting herself in for or what it may all lead to or anything. I wouldn't be browbeaten into an engagement, I know that much."

"I sometimes think transients are the best after all," interpolated Jen.

"Well, at least they come and go and leave you just as they find you," Sade agreed. "Whereas these men that are forever and eternally working a girl into a corner and putting a spoken-for tag on her and then going off on a frolic of their own, I should think she would know enough by this time to be on her guard against them."

Indeed such a condition appears in a dark light, where the lover is long absent. Envy the unshackled woman her free soul, still licensed to thrill and hover in a golden vague of dreams at the approach of new men and new romance. Oh, hard, hard to be in the condition of one spoken for, on balmy evenings and when the tyrannous claimant is not by!

"You give them an inch and they want an acre," said Sade. "Has he spoken of a diamond yet?"

"No," Jen replied, "but he's hinted round at one. He did just say how glad he was now to know that, no matter where he might be or in whose company, and perhaps shells raining down on him or the bitter waters of the Atlantic closing over his head, he would always have that thought that somewhere a woman's heart was beating for him, only, of course, he put it all so differently and it sounded much more manly, coming from him, somehow."

"Slush!" ejaculated Sade. "I've had them sing that song to me. It's out of sight, out of mind in nine cases out of ten. It's everything going out and nothing coming in in cases like that, I say. I believe in living right in the present myself, just going on from day to day and giving ear to everybody."

"You just wait!" Jen retorted warmly. "You'll carry the pitcher once too often to the well. You're just the kind that when they do fall for a man they fall hard, as Edward says."

Sade began drumming the wall over her head with taper fingers, unconvinced. Presently she said:

"I know there are some people that will tell you that half a loaf is better than a whole one, but I never believed it and don't to this day. I think it's simply foolish for a young girl to tie herself to the first one that comes along just because he asks her to."

"I do too for that matter," said Jen. "Of course I would want to know that he was *the* one, don't you know. Edward is so considerate. He says he thinks every man ought to be accountable to some good woman. He says influence is everything in a man's life. He really has splendid ideals. I tell him he ought to take up the ministry, but Edward says he isn't worthy. I tell him that's just where he makes his mistake."

"I don't believe in throwing bouquets at them myself," said Sade, presenting a beribboned back to her fair bedfellow and yawning sleepily. "The longer you keep them guessing about your state of mind the better off you are, especially where he is going off the way he is, and goodness only knows when you will see him again."

"I glory in his spunk for going."

"I guess you will have to take it out in glory then."

After a pause which Sade spent slipping a little at a time into the arms of the god Morpheus, Jen whispered:

"Do you suppose a person can really tell if they are in love?"

Roused by that word, Sade said succinctly: "You'll know it when it comes to you. You needn't lose any sleep over that."

"I'm not. But I do feel some of the symptoms. That is, I know I flush up at the least little thing and I feel so languid and dreamy all the time I'm not with him. It's getting so mother says she guesses she'll have to strap a bed to me wherever I go."

"The point is, can you imagine life as going on without him?" said Sade, now wide awake again. "That's the test. Because I'll tell you why. If you can dispense with a man, I believe in doing it every time. And if the time ever comes that you feel you can't dispense with him, it's time enough then to lay your cards on the table."

"I just can't endure to be plagued about him, I know that," said Jen. "I never used to mind it at all, and now I burst into tears if they so much as look in my direction. I can't think what ails me. It makes me so furious sometimes."

"You're doomed, fair Helen."

"It's terrible, truly. Ann Horrocks goes round calling me the lost soul to hector me. And the more I resent it the worse she piles it on. I tell her, 'You wait; there may come a time when the shoe is on the other foot.'"

"Yes, it certainly makes a difference whose ox is gored," Sade said reflectively.

"Of course they all have their faults. We're none of us perfect for that matter, but still I do think it's awful not to be able to find everything in one man, don't you?" inquired Jen.

"The trouble with that is, if a person should find the perfect man, would she turn out to be the perfect woman in his eyes? In all likelihood she wouldn't, don't you see? There's where the hitch comes. You've got to look at both sides of it in justice to yourself."

"I don't know; it's a problem," sighed poor Jen. "And the more I consider it the more at sea I am. He has a strong face, don't you think so?"

"It might be too strong," uttered Sade judicially. She thrust her foot out at the bottom of the coverlet and spread her fair toes fanwise. Lying flat on her back with her hands joined back of her head, she added: "He might abuse his strength. You don't want to marry a man that you can't wrap right round your little finger if the occasion arises."

"He's just as gentle in his dealings with me. But he really has a splendid physique. He says the navy doctor told him his measurements are nearly those of the ideal man."

"It's a pity in a way that they can't put the tape on their brains."

"Hateful! I did think you would be a little more sympathetic than the others."

"There, there, I didn't mean anything! Why must you always take everything at its worst possible significance? Are you sure you're not just trifling with your capacity for loving, dearie? Isn't it the music and the gay life as much as anything? I told you to be careful how you let that man Yates' violin into the house. I know with me the minute I hear music I'm all gone. There's something about it—I don't know. It just seems to put me in the mood to make concessions."

"The smell of the cigar smoke about his clothes has more effect on me," Jen replied. "I don't know, it symbolizes man somehow."

Sade Haskins woke to the sound of voices and a realization of the fact that her bedfellow had slipped from her side. It was morning and Jen was listening at the head of the stairs. When she came back into the room she had paled perceptibly. Seeing that Sade was awake, she said in a dismayed whisper:

"He's had a wire to report back on board without delay. What do you know about that?"

"It will make your problem just so much the easier for you, I should say."

"I don't know whether it will or not," answered Jen, approaching the mirror. "Mercy, look at those great dark circles under my eyes! Anyone would think I hadn't closed an eye all night long."

"Try the effect of a little cold water, dear, do!" implored Sade. "You look as if you had positively cried your eyes out."

"Honestly, I'm ashamed to go down to him looking so kind of played out," moaned Jen.

"You'll be all right when you have moved round a little and got your blood to circulating."

Jen was spared an early morning meeting, however. By the time she got downstairs Styles had already breakfasted and gone, leaving word that he had certain dispositions to make and would see her about the middle of the forenoon.

Thus when they did meet, Jen was all sparkle, having, as she thought, reconciled herself to the notion of his going. She snatched down cousin Willie's lasso, which had all the time been hanging from its peg in the back entry, and dropped the loop over Edward's head at a distance from him of three linear feet. She was in the act of hauling it tight when the sailor muttered warningly:

"Here comes the pinch hitter!"

He had reference to Ann Horrocks, of whom they both now stood in mortal terror by reason of her downright tactics; but she had been seen too late to be eluded. Without an instant's hesitation she sang out in happy accents: "Now I guess you've roped him, Jen." For the simplest acts of life were all in conspiracy with that jolly lady to furnish jocose double meanings all looking toward marriage.

Jen let the lariat slip from her pale fingers and ran into the barn. Mrs. Horrocks came close to Styles and said significantly, grasping him just above the elbow and increasing the pressure near the end of her sentence: "In the toils, young man, aren't you? Well, you're not making any mistake."

She passed into the back entry adroitly. Thus Styles could perceive the Fates weaving the shadows of his

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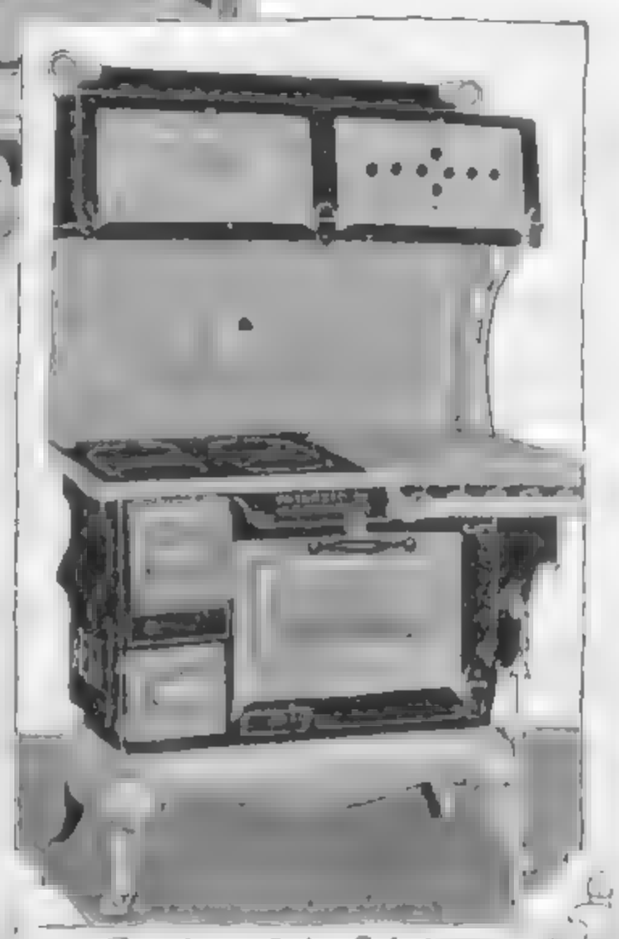

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destiny softly overhead and underfoot, but still he was inclined for once to play right into their hands. He found Jen vigorously stroking down Beulah's haunches with a currycomb. That mystical animal was as usual leaning her off fore shoulder against the stall boards and from time to time scraping her teeth against a stud. She had had a nosebleed earlier in the morning, but the eye she now fixed on Edward had lost nothing of its benevolence.

"There is something that horse wants to pass along," he muttered softly, "if it gets the right encouragement. Well, little lady," he said more loudly and in huskier tones, "when are we to meet again?"

"I guess this is the parting of the ways," said Jen with a queer unwonted tremor through her limbs.

"Settle it ship fashion," said Styles. "Can we cut this rope hanging here? Good! Now you take a strand at your end, see? I take one here. We begin to unlay the rope and if we meet on the same strand ——"

They began to unlay with feverish fingers and, in fact, when their fingers met they were upon the same strand.

"How strange!" breathed Jen, drawing back.

"Sure to meet on another ship, shipmate," said Styles.

Jen dropped the rope, cried "Beulah wants her hay," skipped past him and fled into the barn chamber, where she opened Beulah's scuttle.

Styles followed her like her shadow. Now, glaring down at Beulah's tufted dusty ears, he said hoarsely:

"Here, let me fork it down, Jen. This nag and I have got to get acquainted."

In the confusion of the moment—for this was the first time he had called her Jen—he was in danger of burying the animal under an avalanche of hay, until Jen—recalled to life—shrieked:

"Mercy, what is the man doing?"

"Well, what is he?" inquired Elmer, whose head appeared on a level with the flooring. "Aha, caught in the act, my hearties!"

Five minutes later in the dining room, when Pearl asked "Do you think it will be a match or don't you?" Elmer could only say: "Ask me something easier, mamma. The look that she give me when they was interrupted there in the barn chamber was as much as to say she counted me nothing. I dusted out of there lively, I can tell you."

"She's queerer than old Tilly sometimes," sighed Pearl. "There's a contrary streak in her somewhere and I'm sure I don't know where she gets it from. It's not from my side of the house, I know."

She bit the words off short, for Jen had come into the room.

"If being ticklish is any sign," said Elmer, fixing his thumbs firmly at the armpits of his squirming daughter, "she's a lost soul this minute. Aren't you, girlie?"

"There, father, that will do!" Jen burst out. "That's a great sufficiency of that. Anyone would think I had gone back to my childhood days. I suppose you think you're funny when you do it? Well, allow me to inform you that you're not. You make me tired, there!"

"There, don't torment her, papa!" interjected Pearl, biting off a thread. "She's on the brink of tears as it is now."

Elmer relaxed his grip and Jen fled up the stairs in such a hurry that she stumbled on the top step but one.

"Just for that you won't get married this year," Elmer yelled up from the bottom of the stairs. "My soul!" he whispered to Pearl a moment later. "They're in each other's arms as quick as that!"

The reason was simple. Momentum had carried her there. Styles, coming out of his room with a blue pitcher in his hand, was just in time to receive her as she pitched forward on her knees. They were both somewhat disarrayed in consequence; and Edward showed by no means the same alacrity in releasing her that he had in breaking the force of her fall.

"I guess we'll have to give you credit for being Johnny-on-the-spot," gasped Jen, floundering in his arms. "There, I've torn my dress!"

"You can scare up a rag or two more to hang on, from what I have seen of you," said Styles, setting down his pitcher.

"I guess you would think so if you could see in there once," said Jen. She had opened her room door and now nodded her head toward that far-famed arsenal where hung the sheaths for this most dangerous and supple weapon—herself. "There's a perfect raft of them. Of course a lot of them I couldn't get into now. Father says the man that marries me will have his work cut out for him just to keep me in clothes."

"Still, it's interesting work," Mr. Styles murmured. He was mazily aware of a slender spindle-legged rush-bottomed chair to his left and a bed with a crazy quilt laid out in white and crimson patches. An odor of sweet grass from the Indian workbasket floated there. Indeed he seemed to float himself. A species of disembodiment was coming over him and something told him that he was nearing Niagara.

He sighed heavily and dropped his hand with a lifeless motion. It fell into the workbasket. Unconsciously his fingers curled round a small pair of scissors which were fashioned in the likeness of a stork, the blades forming the bill of that symbolic bird. Raising this talisman—so artfully blending the domestic with the connubial—to the light, he gazed at it with deep-fathoming eye. Jen's back was turned and she was rearranging the articles of her toilet set.

"You don't know when you sail, I suppose?" she inquired faintly.

"No. We may be in the war zone next week."

"Fancy!" said Jen in the merest whisper and with arrested looks. Her oval face was rather white; and Mr. Styles, looking at it over her shoulder in the mirror, saw it robbed even of the little color that it had. He noted a cluster of hand-painted violets adorning one side of the white mirror frame. A stray violet or two had even been allowed to wander out onto the glass itself, but Jen's eyes suffered nothing by comparison.

"Some fancy it, and some don't," he said throatily.

"I just can't imagine you going out there!"

"Me? Oh, that's nothing!" He pulled an automatic out of his pocket and put it in the girl's hand. "That's the baby for them boches," he said sternly.

"It terrifies me somehow," faltered Jen. "How cold it is. So you are really ——"

Speech died. Jen felt that she was in the rapids, and yet she had not quite made up her mind. She suffered acutely from arborization of the nerve ends; which is to say, they seemed first like twigs of ice, and next had turned to twigs of fire.

"Gimme the gat back, girl," said Styles, reaching out to take it, girl and all.

It was at this moment, which might so easily have swept everything before it, that Jen's eye chanced to rest on Mr. Yates coming through the front gate, which he then swung to behind him with a thoughtful click. He was ostensibly coming after his violin, which had been lying in the parlor like a mummy in its case during the whole period of Mr. Styles' visit. In reality he was coming after a hair of the dog that bit him, according to the formula of Mr. Furlong.

"It's Mr. Yates. Did you ever?" cried Jen in a protesting voice, as if Mr. Yates had been given the faculty of looking in upon them and drawing his conclusions. By a skillful stoop and thrust she fled out of what was rapidly taking on the character of an embrace.

Halfway down the carpeted stairs, however, she checked herself so as not to open the door until a reasonable time after Mr. Yates had rung the bell.

An expression of utter astonishment flooded into her face the moment she opened the door and saw Mr. Yates standing there. Her jaw dropped and she burst into a flighty little laugh.

"Where have you been for a week back, I'd like to know?" she said.

By taking his hat and yielding a step at a time she lured him into the parlor and even into the vicinity of the horse-hair sofa known to them of old. Mr. Yates was looking very well for him. He had lost none of his interesting pallor and he had added an air of detachment which became him. Jen felt a sudden rush of pity for him. For the life of her, she could not see why he should be thrown entirely into the discard for the sake of this sailor with his oncoming methods which kept her continually on the uneasy seat. There was something more restful in Yates' quiet style certainly. They both looked toward the violin, and Yates murmured politely:

"I thought maybe I had better take it out of your way."

"It isn't in the way at all," Jen insisted with a pang of conscience. He murmured that he even thought of sending it home, as he was not likely to have any more immediate use for it.

"Why not leave it where it is, Echo," said Jen faintly—in that tone of voice that means everything or nothing according as the ear inclines. Her sense of treason toward Edward was alleviated by a feeling of being more at ease regarding her own prospects. If there was any one thing more certain than another it was that if she wanted to come out of this affair finger free she must not allow herself to be alone with that seductive gob again—no, not for the fraction of a second. Under his spell she seemed to become another woman altogether.

For this last evening, then, she conceived upon the spot a card party, which would have the desired effect of forcing Mr. Styles to keep his distance.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," she said to Yates, "to ask you to come over to-night and take a hand at cards. Please say yes. You know this is Mr. Styles' last night here and we want to make it as pleasant for him as we can."

"Anything to oblige," said Mr. Yates.

The hand at cards showed Jen conclusively how poor a figure Yates made by the side of Edward's physical perfections. Then again, since he was going into action shortly, the sailor's least actions were notable; and she could not but reflect that even as he sat amongst them he had that awful revolver lodged upon his hip—the gat, he called it—and really he treated it more as if it was a baby than a deadly weapon, she told Sade with a shudder.

Mr. Yates, who could be sarcastical when he felt so inclined, wore a silk handkerchief with one corner of it peeping out at his breast pocket, and both girls could plainly see the flame-colored initials which Jen had embroidered in that very corner for him—not a thousand years ago. Despite the disturbing influence of this reminder, Jen managed to keep her spirits up; and to Pearl and Elmer and Mrs. Horrocks, who were gathered in the dining room, it seemed from the frequent bursts of hilarity as if the party was going off very well indeed.

"But I don't know what that girl could have been thinking of," said Pearl under her breath, "to get up this shindig at the eleventh hour as she did. I'm so afraid that Mr. Yates will raise more havoc with Jen—with his weak heart and all. I don't think she's entirely forgotten him."

"That's the iniquity of it," said Elmer sagely. "She's got him here to choke Styles off from putting the question flat-footed. I as good as told her so, too, and she looked at me as if she could bite board nails."

"That girl wants to be taken in hand and straightened out, if anyone should ask you," Pearl said grimly. "I feel that if 'twas so's I could take her across my little checkered apron and give her a good hiding once again it would do her a world of good."

"Still and all," said Elmer, "I don't know but what we've been a leetle mite hasty in taking them up bodily, as you might say, and pushing them into each other's arms. There's such a thing as there being too much of a good thing."

"I'm sure I've done everything in my power," said the pinch hitter.

A shriek of laughter came through the door and Jen could be heard saying "Burny, burny," for Styles had absently reached out for a trick that was not his, and the symbolic character of that action and those words sent them all off again.

"They're getting into a perfect gale," Pearl said, going to the door to listen. "I don't know but it's time to call a halt. She'll be away up in G the first thing we know. She simply can't train on like this without going all to pieces the next day. It takes the starch right out of her. And then again, if Mr. Styles is going to catch that late train at Roger's Inlet he ought to be starting."

Opening the door a crack, she smiled at the little group and said cajolingly:

"Do you realize what hour it's getting to be, people? I don't want to seem to hurry you, Mr. Styles, but if you're really going you ought to be on your way. Then again it's time for some little girls I know to be wending their way to the upper regions."

"We don't want to keep them from hitting the hay, that's a fact," said Styles.

"Oh, must you go?" Jen entreated. "Why, it's only the shank of the evening, as father would say. You've only just come."

In spite of her best efforts, the little party drifted into the hall, where the pinch hitter by a skillful piece of social amputation withdrew Mr. Yates on the plea that she was timid about going home alone up that dark lane, where there was no knowing who or what might be lying in wait for her, a fear which Styles for one felt must be well-founded.

In short, by a kind of magic and in the teeth of all Jen's careful planning, the two principals somehow found themselves alone under the hall lamp, whose wine-colored shade deepened the flush on Jen's lovely cheek and whose glass pendants were tinkling and spinning slightly where Edward's head had knocked against them. He grasped Jen's hand, raised the long fingers into the light and increased the pressure momently to counteract a slight withdrawing tendency there.

Jen herself felt something viselike and fatal in that grip, and at the same time she seemed to hear Yates saying: "You just can't keep those wonderful fingers quiet, can you?" For he had said just that and at a point not a dozen steps removed from where she and Styles were now standing.

"Your hand is cold," said Styles.

Jen's line, of course, now was "Sign of a warm heart," and she would normally have repeated it in due form, but some imp of the perverse intervened and prompted her to say a more disastrous thing. She had in fact been thinking "I might as well give up to him first as last," and the delicious moment just antedating surrender was half hers when the cautionary words formed themselves by a kind of habit or like an echo from the past:

"You're not forgetting yourself, are you, Mr. Yates?"

The words were no sooner out of her mouth than she realized with a thrill of horror what must be the enormity of their implication in Mr. Styles' ears. She would have given worlds to recall them, but unfortunately nothing can wrestle down the fatal force of words, as men of learning tell us, and their power for good or evil knows no limit.

"I stood there like a bump on a log when he was telling me good-by," she moaned to her charming bedfellow ten minutes later, when they were preparing for bed. "I simply couldn't look unconscious, don't you know?

"I never went through such an ordeal as I did in those few moments when I was getting him out of the house and the door shut in his face. And the look in his eyes! It just seemed to say that he wouldn't know where to put his trust henceforth, and you can't blame him."

"Did he refer to it in so many words?"

"No, and that made it all the worse. He just let his arms fall and said: 'Well, good night, Miss Higgins. I've had a swell time,' and—and that was all. Oh, I've put my foot in it now with a vengeance! How those awful words came to slip out is more than I can tell. And only the moment before I had that feeling come over me just as if I had got up into a high place; and I had that impulse that comes over you, don't you know, to throw yourself off? It's dreadful! Just dreadful!"

"Don't make it out worse than it really is," said Sade. "If he's not one that he can take a little joke like that in good part, I should be inclined to let him go."

"You!" said Jen, tears standing in her eyes. "How you hold them at arms' length the way you do and still manage to keep them chained to your chariot wheel is a mystery to me. With me it is all or nothing when I have got my whole future happiness to consider."

"Oh, come, it isn't so bad as that, I know!" said Sade easily. Jen stretched out her bare arms before the mirror in a pretty tragic gesture.

"Pauline is right," she said brokenly. "People are not in a position to give advice until they have gone through the same experience themselves, and then perhaps they can talk."

"You'll be laughing at all these foolish notions when you are more yourself—remember Grace Foraker. I guess she knows what it is to make the mistake of allowing herself to get completely gone over a brilliant man and then spend her time bewailing her lot."

Jen let her hair down and murmured indistinctly: "I wonder if they all feel as I do when they are going through it?"

"Rest assured they do. There, don't take it so to heart! You haven't one mortal thing to reproach yourself with. Come, you're all of a flutter!"

"My hands are like ice and I feel—don't you know—oppressed and teary and all hollow inside."

"You just want to get into bed and be babied and made of a little."

Jen began brushing the masses of her hair past her pallid cheek.

"He certainly couldn't expect you to be at his beck and call in that short space of time. Why, you've only known him ten days!"

"Ten days! I feel as if I knew him more intimately than members of my own family," moaned Jen.

"Well, he'll be back, never fear, unless you give him reason in the meantime to think he's barking up the wrong tree."

"Still I don't believe it pays to blow hot and cold on a man in the same breath," said Jen anxiously. "What do you do in Gregory Stark's case? He's a seafaring man."

"I keep him on the uneasy seat," returned Sade. "Possession is nine-tenths of the law, he says, but I say necessity knows no law; and I won't submit to a mere man dictating to me what I shall do and what I shan't do, not so long as I have my freedom at any rate. Not by a jugful! I like Gregory and all that, but I simply will not be a slave to him.

"I'm certainly not one of the kind that they think they must jump at a man's shadow and do his behest every time he quivers an eyelid."

"Still I think it's a girl's part, when she does surrender, to surrender unreservedly," murmured Jen. "Every woman likes to think herself a little bit of a martyr, don't you think so?"

"No, I don't, and I told him," continued Sade, yawning again, "that it was no use for him to think of his getting a diamond, because I simply would not put it on and wear it: with him away and all it would amount to my taking the veil. I have to put up with a good deal from him as it is. 'It's the world's way,' I said. He said he thought it was a poor way, whosever it was. 'Well,' I said, 'we'll go off somewhere and you shall make a new world and I'll sit at your feet and take it just as you make it—if that will please you any better!'"

"How could you bear to do it?"

"Oh, I talked right up to him! I like the men and all that, but I find myself growing cold all over at the approach of a diamond from one of these seafarers. Mercy, what kind of a life would that be, to be tied to a man who does well if he can look in on you twice a year, and then only to pass the time of day? It's being neither wife nor maid, I say. You've just fallen between two stools and you've got only yourself to blame for it. For my part I do hope I never fall to that fate. And that's wherein I say you're the luckiest kind of a girl if the sequel shows that you have sent him to the right-about."

"How can you be so cynical at your age?"

"I just face plain facts. Look at Jule Horrocks. She's entangled with one of 'em now, and what does she do but go to work and turn her diamond into her hand the very night he gave it to her; and the minute his back was turned she wore it on her right hand as a present from her father and went right out on the warpath again, as unconcerned as could be."

"Oh, isn't that awful?" said Jen. "I couldn't sanction that for a minute. I think that is simply outraging one's better nature, don't you?

"Why, I should have thought her mere womanhood would have taught her better, if nothing else. But there, I blame other people in her case. She's really not responsible. She's just as shallow as shallow can be."

"Still it was only self-protection in a way," Sade answered, "and you know they say that's the first law of Nature. If she hadn't done as she did the men would have shunned her like the plague. She was all but marked 'Sold,' and that's the long and short of it. I told Greg at the time, I said: 'I'll wear your diamond on my right hand if that will give you any satisfaction, and then the day you come home for good I'll shift it over so quick it'll make your head spin—but not before.' I believe in being open and aboveboard with them."

"I do too. I'm one that it just about kills me to have anything underhanded going on," said Jen. She brought her two luxuriant braids forward over her shoulders and stood looking at herself impersonally in the glass. Sade encircled her with two plump arms and said crooningly, pouting her lips to the white shoulder for a kiss, "You've got the clearest, silkiest skin. There's not a blemish on it anywhere. It's like the driven snow. And such hair! I don't wonder the men rave over you."

"Now you're just talking to hear yourself talk," said Jen indifferently. "Oh, dear, my cheeks are just like fire!"

"I mean every word of it."

"I think the weight of my hair is partly responsible for my headaches," Jen advanced, sighing wearily; and throwing up the window, she fixed the petrified starfish in its place with a slight shiver.

Jen said later that it seemed to her as if she must have been asleep for ages—she had never slept so soundly before—but it really couldn't have been more than an hour when she heard this whistling under her window, and at first she thought she was dreaming, only it sounded too real for that, and all at once it came over her like a flash that it was Mr. Styles outside her window whistling a fragment from Orfeo. They had admired it together only a day or so before on the talking machine in the music store.

She was out of bed and into her dressing gown in one and the same movement, and sure enough there was Styles standing in the driveway and the moon shining right down into his upturned face. On catching sight of Jen, he said softly, "Back again the same day," for he was already catching her tone, and pointed toward the barn door.

"You better come away from that window," said Sade guardedly from the bed.

"I have half a mind to throw on a few things and go down and see what he has to say," murmured Jen.

"Isn't that putting it a trifle mildly?" inquired her bedfellow.

"There may have something gone wrong," Jen replied, upsetting a bottle of cologne in her eagerness to find a cap suitable for thrusting her hair into.

"What have you got on your feet?" Sade asked, but she received no answer. Jen had already opened the door and slipped out.

Two minutes later she opened a little door in the barn door, and whispered, "Well, of all things!"

"This thing!" said Styles. Jen, remembering how they had parted, folded her arms, meaning to adopt a more formal tone—if the circumstances would permit. "The fact is, little lady, that lizard I was depending on to get me to the Inlet is on the blink. It's a self-stopper, see? There isn't another rig in town either. So it begins to look like a case of under the guns for me for a year or so."

"Under the guns?" Jen faltered. "What can you possibly mean?"

"The cage, the jug, the brig, the cooler," replied Styles rapidly. "The Portsmouth Naval Prison."

Her face as white as chalk, Jen said in a horrified whisper:

"You can't mean it!"

"Fact!"

"Oh, there must be some way out! Think hard! How would it do if I was to write a little note to your commander personally?"

"That would only make me jealous," said Styles with a weird expression of countenance.

"Oh, is there nothing we can do? It seems so unreal, somehow, that we should be standing here discussing it as we are."

"No use lapping up spilt milk. Well, there is just one thing that might be an excuse, but on that point I say no more. Said the raven, 'Never no more.'"

Jen felt herself violently agitated. She knew as well as she wanted to, she told Sade later, that what he had reference to was an engagement; and really it did seem as if she wanted nothing in the world so much as to feel those great arms round her and to have the knowledge that nothing she could say or do would avail her in the least. And then again, seeing Styles actually standing there, flesh and blood, she felt all her former misgivings returning upon her with redoubled force. As she said herself, it was more as if two entirely distinct people were standing there.

It was at the point of her greatest indecision that Beulah knocked heavily against the side of the barn behind her.

"There's Beulah!" she cried, catching her breath, and becoming all animation. "I had dropped her out of mind completely. Don't you suppose you could harness her up and drive over in time to catch the milk train in the morning? You could stable her there for the time being."

"Just as you say," Styles answered sulkily. He had expected a different proposal, which he had screwed himself to the point of accepting.

Jen switched on the barn light and looked into Beulah's stall. Beulah was lying on her side with her four hoofs on the north side of the stall. The furniture in her apartment was simple. It consisted of a halter, a salt lick much worn down and now no larger than a man's fist, and a cement table on which her food was served. The topside boards of the stall were deeply and regularly scalloped, for Beulah liked wooden things.

"I'm afraid she's cast," Jen murmured, taking hold of her by the tail. "Come, get up like a nice horse."

Beulah began a series of strivings against the wall, but it was all in vain. She presently desisted. The stall was too narrow to allow of her regaining her feet in the usual fashion.

"Hasn't she fatted up?" inquired the sailor.

"She does seem more plumped out than usual," answered Jen, "but perhaps it's just the way she's lying. I'm afraid to have her exert herself too much for fear of bringing on the nosebleed again. We'll have to get the tackle on her and get her onto her gambles at least."

A frayed and dusty looking watch tackle was hanging near by from a wooden peg. Jen reached it down and, hooking one of the blocks into an iron ring in the barn floor, she invited Styles to overhaul it. Next she passed him a small strap and invited him to take a rolling hitch with it round the root of Beulah's tail and hook the other block into that.

"You can't pull this horse up like a radish," Styles protested.

"You do as I say!" answered Jen. "And mind you make that a rolling hitch. You know how slippery horse hair can be. Now! There really ought to be one of us at her head to encourage her, but I guess where there are only the two of us we had better confine ourselves to putting all our weight on this purchase."

"Have a heart," whispered Styles.

"If you'll say less and do a little more I think we'll get on better," said Jen, coming round and taking her place on the rope just ahead of Edward. "Now if you'll condescend to lend a hand here we'll snake her out of that stall in no time."

"Something's got to come all right," returned Styles apprehensively. "But what will it be?"

They put a gentle strain on the tackle. Beulah responded by renewed and agonized pounding on the side of the barn. Jen, who to save her life could not help giggling at the predicament they were in, gasped:

"We'll wake the old folks the first thing we know. I should just like to see the expression on my mother's countenance if she knew what we were up to."

Her voice dwindled to nothing, for Styles, taking a mean advantage, had crept his hands up on the rope until his thumb nipped the heel of her hand, and his cheek, which was smooth-shaven, melted into hers.

"Let a sleeping horse lie. Why not?" he whispered caressingly.

Jen tried to throw off the influence of the thing by stiffening and putting all her powers into a good concentrated pull.

"Now!" she cried.

Uttering a groan, Beulah heaved up, strained, pounded twice, sagged back, rolled up, curved her neck, came on again undaunted; and who can say how the day might have gone and whether morning might not have found Styles speeding for Roger's Inlet, had the tackle been equal to the tail in strength! But at the very moment when a condition of unstable equilibrium had been reached the rope parted, the broken end snapped like an adder, the horse suffered a relapse and Jen was precipitated into the arms of Styles, who was himself a good deal staggered, though he had not been putting all his weight on the rope either.

"Now I've got you!" he said, bending low.

"Oh, dear, I guess all roads lead to Rome!" Jen faltered, and lying fairly in his arms, she went limp and ceased to struggle.

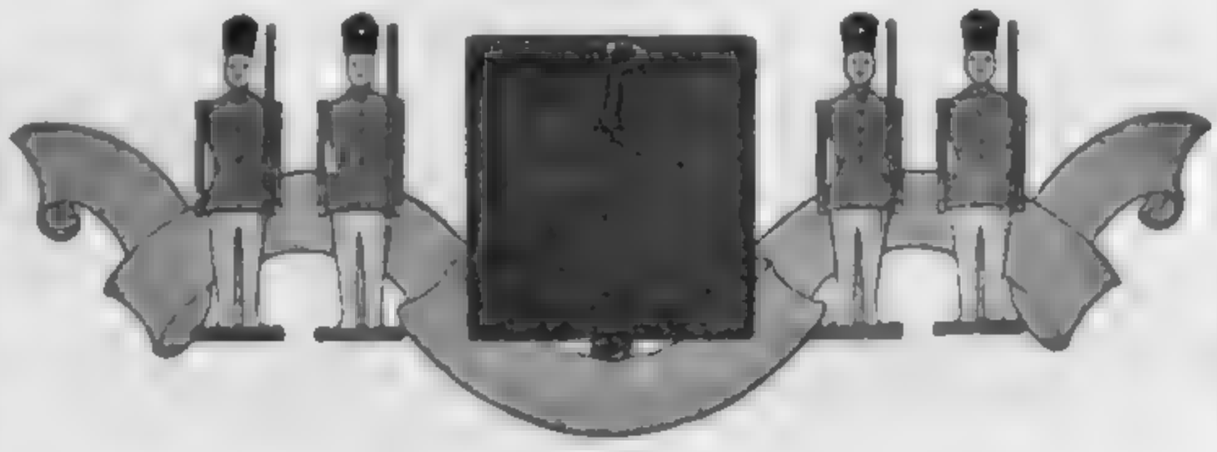
"Edward says I fell right into his arms without a murmur," Jen told Grace Foraker, the night after his extended furlough had fallen in. "It wasn't as if I hadn't been threatening to for several days. All it needed to bring us together was just some such little happen-so as that. I suppose you know that what ailed the horse that night was that it had the colic. I felt dreadfully about it at the time, because she's just like one of the family and Edward and I were really responsible, you know. We used that rope at the back of her stall for a certain purpose and in the excitement we forgot to put it back, and later the horse slipped its halter and got into the grain bin and filled up on corn. Oh, she's clever! She's just as clever as she can be. The doctor took one look at her and pronounced it tympanic colic without a moment's hesitation; and it did—it sounded just like the tympany in an orchestra, when she was hit on the flank. Edward felt so bad. By great good luck he had a flask of whisky on his person. It seems they use it in the Navy a good deal for rubbing on their legs after they have been on one of their long hikes, and he gave her a drench of about six ounces.

"The doctor said that was what saved her life in all probability. You know Edward had said all along that that horse was trying to bring us together in her way, and I remember along toward morning he said: 'Well, if she does kick the bucket, it will be the first time a swan song ever took the shape of a horse laugh.'

"Of course we had reached an understanding long before that. I had such a comfortable feeling of having solid ground under me once more. Mother said the minute she laid eyes on us she could see the great news shining in our faces. You know the noise woke them up. Beulah let all four irons go together that last time with a noise like a whole caravan, father says, and they opened the house door and looked out. Well, you can imagine—the horse down, me with just enough on to cover the law and the both of us holding onto that piece of rope for dear life. Of course as it turned out everything was all right. Edward vows and declares that horse had been trying to bring about a change of climate from the first.

"Yes, isn't it a darling? As Sade says, it's such a pretty size. I think these great canary-yellow sparklers are vulgar, don't you? Of course they're all right for a woman in middle life, but a young girl with her slim fingers looks loaded. She simply can't carry them off. And this stone is a perfect blue-white. 'I don't care how small it is,' I told Edward, 'so long as it is perfect.' A flaw in a stone seems so ill-omened, somehow, don't you think so?

"Oh, yes, I do feel so much easier in my mind, now that it's all over with! Mother says I look and act like a different woman. But Edward says those in love shouldn't be held accountable for their actions. I ask him how he happens to know so much about it anyway."



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Boys like to wear Wonseam Shoes—they look good, feel good. Made on the army last, which Government experts proved the most comfortable, the most natural last for the feet.

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Get a pair for your boy to-day. Insist on Wonseam—you'll find that name stamped on the sole of the shoe. If your dealer doesn't happen to have his stock yet, please tell us who he is—mention size shoe desired—and we will see that you are supplied immediately.

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Dubuque—E. B. Piekenbrock & Sons
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Shreveport—J. W. Jenkins Co
MAINE
Bangor—J. M. Arnold Shoe Co.
Portland—A. H. Berry Shoe Co.
MARYLAND
Baltimore—Spear Bros.
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston—Ames P. Tapley & Co.
F. H. White & Co.
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FETTERS OF HABIT

By SHIRLEY L. SEIFERT

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

He Stood Aloof in a Shrinking, Detached Way and Watched. The Impatient Customers Were as Numerous as Ever, Clamoring Audibly or in Pantomime to Be Served

BORCH! Mr. Borch! Oh, John! John Borch! Forward here!"

The store manager raised his voice in tones to be heard all the way from the wagon stand in the alley to the apple barrels in the doorway—with little success. Heads of other clerks lifted out of coffee bins, bean bins, prune bins as the whiplash of his call whistled about their ears, but buried themselves again, relieved that the summons was not for any of them.

"Right here, John Borch! Oh, Borch!"

With rapid, nervous steps the store manager paced about the Connor-Shepley Grocery, Wholesale and Retail, peering at the hustling clerks busy behind the many counters and beetling his brows with ferocious effect above his little jetty eyes. One would have surmised that in case John Borch had lurked among the canned vegetables, canned fruits, dairy products, cereals or sausages and salted meats, this canister of red pepper would have had him out in the twinkling of an eye and lopped off his head on the nearest meat block. Fortunately his search was fruitless. He had completed the circuit and returned to his starting point, facing a prosperously gowned matron customer, when a little man entered from the street, hastily wiping his mouth on the sleeve of his jumper.

"There you are, John Borch!" cried the store manager, and pounced upon the little man.

Mr. Borch quailed more from custom than actual fear. Thirty years of being bullied had made quailing a reflex action with him. Also because it was a similar habit of his to explain every delinquency, real and fancied—a habit that had given a weak, trembling movement to his lower lip—he stammered:

"Sorry, Mr. Connor. Just stepped across the street for supper. It was my time."

Mr. Connor's eyes and jaw said that they saw no reason for a mere grocer's clerk eating a meal in the rush of a Saturday evening.

"Right here, John Borch!"

He jerked his arm toward the waiting lady.

Mrs. Mahler's clear hazel eyes condescended to rest on the rusty head of the little clerk. Her soft red lips even smiled graciously on him. John Borch dived automatically into his apron pocket after his order book. He folded back the red cover, poised his pencil stub above the yellow page and raised his eyes in respectful inquiry to the level of the filet lace on the lady's collar.

"I am giving an impromptu week-end party at Glencoe," began Mrs. Mahler in her oiled voice. "I want to take out some provisions in my car. Of course I couldn't let anyone but you fill the order. You have been here so long and you know my wants so well. I think you have always waited on us, John."

John Borch did not contradict her. He had been a harassed young cub when Mrs. Mahler had been an awkward high-school miss—when her hair, now silvering fast, hung in pigtails down her back and his own pale reddish growth still amply covered his little peaked crown. He murmured an apathetic acknowledgment of her condescension and passed his hand with a weary gesture over his brow. He felt a little warm. It was the first sultry day of May and the mingled odors of the groceries affected him strangely. It took a real effort to concentrate on his order.

"I want some asparagus—canned," she said. "I think that is better for salad, don't you?"

"It is apt to be more tenderer," advised John Borch, who had never tasted choice canned goods in his life.

"I liked the brand you sent me last time. How many stalks are there to a can?"

"It runs forty to forty-five, madam."

"Put up a half dozen cans."

The sum in the right-hand margin of John's order blank exceeded the allowance he made for a week's luncheons and his Saturday night's supper at the eating house down the block. Mrs. Mahler explained that she was ordering only a few extras. The staples of course she had in store. Yet when John totaled the cost of her extras a dizzy feeling added to the discomfort in his head. This was about the nine-thousandth such order that the little clerk had taken from this family, but never before had one stirred him so.

It must have been the close atmosphere or the miserable feeling of perspiration in the small of his back or the uncomfortable consequences of bolting corned-beef hash or the burning soles of his tortured feet that made him writhe in sudden perception of the blighting contrast between himself and the lady he served. Standing on a sliding ladder, he was seized with a sudden longing to hurl armfuls of bottles and cans at the moving people below, particularly at the silk-and-satin Mrs. Mahler.

Of course John Borch did nothing of the sort. He decorously brought down his maraschino cherries, imported olive oil, canned mushrooms, pineapple, and goodness knows what, and packed them carefully in baskets. A snippy, khaki-liveried chauffeur carried the baskets out to the waiting touring car; and Mrs. Mahler graciously dismissed John and departed.

Others came, and others and others without end. With the routine movements of a tightly wound mechanical toy, John Borch filled their orders. He worked with precision and efficiency and without heart. Thirty years in that same store! Why, he could weigh coffee subconsciously! That usually left the working portion of his brain blank or asleep—but not to-night. A pesky, confused stirring and awakening held forth there. The smell of the cheeses and sausages irritated him; the store manager's voice caught on the loose ends of his nerves; and the sleek and prosperous customers—they all looked so to John Borch when they ordered him about—seemed so many imps prodding him.

The store closed at nine. By nine-thirty John Borch had slipped out of his checkered jumper and into his coat. It was a winter-weight coat. John had only one suit. His wife cleaned it carefully Sundays, making it last for years. In summer the heaviness was a bit burdensome, but perspiration was preferable to rheumatism. John had never grumbled. To-night to his confused senses everything seemed wrong. He did not know exactly what he wanted. He felt a groping, all-embracing discontent. How he would have liked to murder the store manager!

However, he walked quite in his usual way to a street many blocks off, climbed a long flight of outside wooden steps to the back entrance of his three-room flat over a pharmacy, opened the door with his key and entered a stuffy kitchen. Utterly exhausted, he slumped down on a chair by the table and dropped his head into his hands. His wife, Sophie, came into the room, but John did not look up. She stood with her hands on her hips watching him.

"It's awful hot," she ventured at last.

"It's fierce," groaned John. "Something fierce!"

"Take off your coat," soothed Sophie.

She walked up to help him remove it, as was her wont, to hang it over the back of a chair. John almost knocked her over as he flung out his arms and jerked the garment from his back. He hurled it into the farthest corner.

"Dammit!" he exploded. "Dammit!"

Sophie hurried to the corner and rescued the coat. She was a short, dumpy creature with pale-blue eyes and a heavy braided knot of taffy-colored hair. The knot of hair shook with palsied amazement as she stood dusting the coat and staring with wide, frightened eyes at this new, frenzied phase of her husband.

"John!" she protested feebly.

"It ain't the hot weather. It ain't the coat—so much," cried John, beginning to pace up and down. "It's—it's—it's ——"

"You're sick, maybe," suggested Sophie.

"Sick? Sick?" repeated John. "Yes, I'm sick, but not like you think."

He paused in his stride and leaned over the table. He pounded it now and then for emphasis. His shirt between his shoulder blades was wet and his eyes bulged.

"Why is it," he demanded, "that I've got to stand for that—that devil chasing me round and round all the time? I've got to ask him can I go eat, can I go get a drink. Maybe I should ask him can I breathe. Ain't I got a right to do like I want once in a while? What makes him the whole cheese anyhow? Don't I know more about the grocery business than he'll ever find out? I do! Of course I do! I don't know anything else—I've been selling groceries so long. And he just came there two years ago. What makes it, huh?"

Sophie shrugged her shoulders.

(Continued on Page 55)

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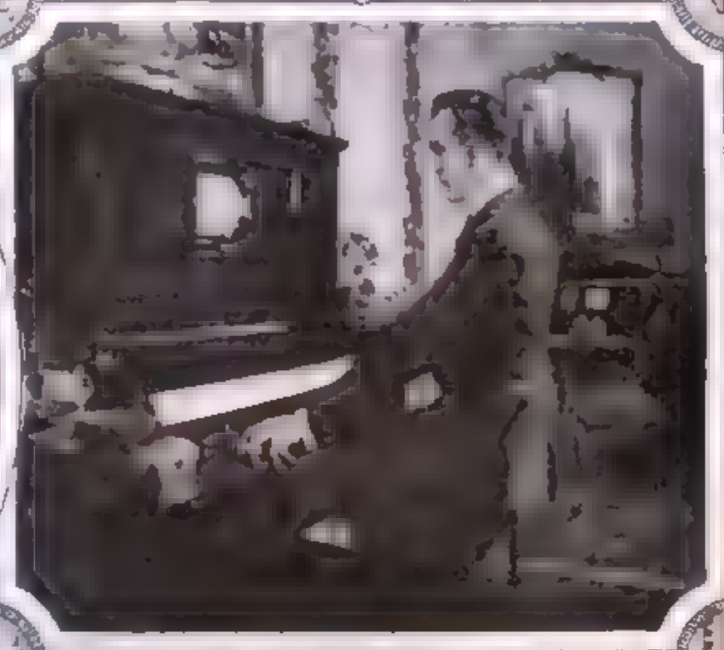

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Guiomar Novaes

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After play—after work—whenever you are hot, dusty, tired

Try bathing with Jergens Violet Transparent Soap and see how magically it refreshes you.

JERGENS VIOLET TRANSPARENT SOAP

(Continued from Page 52)

"Well," she philosophized, "some people own the grocery stores and other people have got to be their clerks."

"And then," pursued John as if she had not spoken, "fine ladies come in switching their silks round and make me climb like a monkey to get things for 'em. Why can't we eat good things, too, once in a while?

"Why can't you wear silk dresses and ride about in automobiles?"

"I don't care," said Sophie, "so much. All people can't be alike. I don't care."

"I care!" cried John. "I care! And I know what I'll do, too, no matter what happens." He snatched a broom from the corner and brandished it wildly.

"I'll kill him," he cried. "I'll kill him if they hang me for it!"

"John!" screamed Sophie.

She dropped the coat in a neglected heap. Her flaxen knot ceased trembling as she advanced upon her husband.

"John Borch," she said sternly, as a mother speaks to a fractious child, "you're sick! You're awful sick! And you talk like crazy! Give me that broom!"

John struggled feebly, then his wild, troubled eyes gave way before her firm command. His fingers relaxed their hold. His whole body sagged.

"Wringing wet, you are," scolded Sophie, "and your hands so hot too. You come to bed."

She stood guard over him until she had him tucked away. Then she bound a wet cloth about his head and sat by his side and patted his hand and fanned him gently with a palm-leaf fan. At last he dozed off, but not until her arm felt like so much jelly.

When John awoke the next morning Sophie still sat beside him in the same position, fanning him gently now and then. He might have thought she had sat there through the night, except for her Sunday black skirt and fresh-starched waist. His suit, newly pressed, hung on another chair.

"You feel better?" encouraged Sophie as he opened his eyes.

"Uh-huh," grunted John.

Sophie chuckled. She lifted a small, worn, brown bank book from the folds of her skirt and waved it before him.

"I got a secret!" she crowed. "I bet you didn't know we were rich, eh?"

"Rich?" said John with dazed eyes. "Me?"

"You and me both," said Sophie. "We got eleven thousand dollars in the bank."

John turned on his side.

"It—ain't possible," he murmured.

"Look for yourself!" jubilated Sophie. "It stands right here in the book. See?"

With much fluttering of pink blotting pages, she opened the book to a column of black figures, broken by an entry of interest money in red ink, and pointed out their fortune—eleven thousand dollars and thirty-eight cents.

"See?" repeated Sophie, thrusting the page before him.

"It—ain't—possible!" insisted John.

"How did we get it?" he added, suspicion enlivening his tone.

"I saved it," announced Sophie.

"No! No!" said John. "Not out of first sixty and then seventy-five dollars a month. Eleven thousand dollars and thirty-eight cents? It ain't possible."

Sophie closed the book and clasped it tightly in her hands. She surveyed the thin, tousled hair of her husband. She let her eyes travel up and down the ridge his spare body made under the bedspread and she sighed, not altogether unhappily.

"I said I had a secret, didn't I?" she demanded as if to squelch her peculiar embarrassment. "You see, most of the time I ain't got anything to do. After you go to work and I wash up the dishes and clean up the house I ain't got anything to do. It ain't as if I had children, maybe. So right away after I found that out I begun to sew a little bit for other people—just to keep busy—and they paid me a little."

John Borch turned back to stare at his wife.

"I knew you'd be mad about it," said Sophie hastily. "So I didn't spend a penny of the money. I took and put it all away in the savings bank. Twenty-three years we've been married, John, and it's easy eleven thousand dollars with the interest and all. And I kept saying to myself: 'Some day we quit working, John and me, and we buy us a little bungalow in the country and raise chickens maybe, and rest—just rest.' Only I got so excited I never noticed how tired you are getting, working so hard every day and with that awful man. Last night you got me so scared I thought maybe you was going to die. After you went to sleep, I said: 'Right now we quit working and buy that bungalow and loaf.' See?"

This was a terrific oration for Sophie Borch. She settled back in her chair and waited on John's comment. He said nothing for a space, only lay staring.

"It ain't my money," he fretted at last.

"Ain't it?" demanded Sophie, plunging once more into lengthy discourse. "Ain't it? Twenty-three years you give me a home and work so hard to take care of me and all, and a little money I save doing plain sewing in your house ain't part yours? That's funny! Of course it's yours! Think, John, you don't need to go back to that old store—never again. A little bungalow don't cost so much. We could easy get one, five hundred down and twenty-five a month. The husband of the lady I sew most for—he's a lawyer and he can buy me bonds with ten thousand dollars, which will bring us in six hundred every year. Five hundred we put for first payment. For five hundred we can get nice furniture and start a chicken yard and a garden. Twenty-five dollars a month, besides what we pay on the house, will be fine. Oh, John, I got books with chicken houses and gardens in 'em!"

"John Borch," She Said Sternly, "You're Sick! You're Awful Sick! And You Talk Like Crazy! Give Me That Broom!"

Sophie clasped her hands and the bank book to her breast and rolled her eyes in ecstasy to the ceiling.

It was a very one-sided dialogue throughout. John watched his wife's excited gestures and heard her bubbling speech in a daze. Still in a daze, he allowed her to coax him into his clothes and out through the freshness of the Sunday morning to a suburban car, where he and Sophie were swallowed in a motley horde of picnickers.

The mental blur clung as Sophie pulled him off the car and led him under a wrought-iron archway, proclaiming in fantastic letters a foot high a new subdivision called "Wildwood."

Hand in hand, they mounted the sloping road, Sophie refusing to be discouraged by dust and bare yellow clay, John meekly following her lead. At the end of the first block they fell easy victims to a real-estate agent.

"With the yard sodded and trees planted?" said the kind, stoutish gentleman. "Sure, I have the very thing. Just come this way."

They bought a bungalow distinguished chiefly by a profusion of hose taps, closets and splendid exposures. It was really a very ordinary little house, put up by a contractor, like hundreds of others all over the land, catching the eye with a front porch, built-in bookcases and a porcelain-fitted bathroom. But to Sophie it was a wonder. After the awe-inspiring inspection and after making an appointment to meet with the agent at a notary's office the very next day, she and John sat down on the porch to eat their luncheon.

"It's an awful long way to the store," murmured John.

"The store? The store?" Sophie fairly snorted. "Who said store? You ain't got no store now."

John's jaw dropped. Hopeless bewilderment clouded his eyes. Sophie laughed shrilly.

"Ain't you a silly?" she chided. "We are going to fix up our home and loaf—just loaf."

As the strayed look persisted in her husband's eyes she grew more thoughtful and plunged into a rather feverish cataloguing of the duties he would have fixing up the bungalow. There would be grapevines to plant and fruit trees and geraniums, to say nothing of building a chicken house and fencing off one-third of the back yard. John caught enough of her enthusiasm to measure off with Sophie's ever-present tape measure the length of poultry wire needed.

In one week the Borches had surrendered the key of their three-room flat and moved into the Wildwood bungalow. And every morning thereafter, in place of proper elation, John experienced a terrible convulsion of spirit. It had become such an ingrown habit to set off at 7:30 for the grocery store.

To rid himself of this sensation, which continually undermined his exhilaration, he threw himself vigorously into the work on his home—HOME, he told himself repeatedly with emphasis. He worked from sunrise to sunset and went to bed dog-tired every night. In fact, he toiled so feverishly that inside of a month he had finished every task that he and Sophie had been able to plan. The low chicken house stood complete in its allotted corner, fenced off with shiny poultry wire; the bit of a garden grew in perfect symmetry without a weed; three apple trees, a cherry tree and a plum tree had been planted and trimmed; he had built the trellis for Sophie's climbing roses; the place was spick and span and in perfect order from the front hedge to the alley. John Borch awoke one morning to find that he had nothing to do. He ate his breakfast, read the market report and the war news in the morning paper, made a tour of inspection of his premises and then—looking hopefully at his watch—discovered that it was half-past seven. Twelve hours or more before he could go to bed—and nothing to do! Sophie had her chickens and her cooking and her house cleaning and her sewing. She was still making rompers for the lawyer's children. But John had nothing. He offered to help Sophie in the kitchen. Sophie shooed him away in scorn.

So he took to sitting—just sitting and dozing on the porch. Every now and then Sophie would stop at the door, clasp her busy hands and say adoringly:

"Ain't it nice that you can rest?"

And John would reply: "Yes, ain't it?"

(Continued on Page 57)

Dad's "One of the Boys" Again!

YOUNGER than the youngest of them—that's dad when there's a Janesville Ball-Bearing Coaster around.

The "good old days" were nothing like this. No ball-bearing coasters, no auto-type wheels, when dad was a boy.

And speed? Dad's boyhood coaster just snailed along compared with the speed of the ball-bearing Janesville. It's the speed-king of coasters, the winner of every race, the pride of every boy who owns one.

Never before has a coaster wagon been built so well. Spokes are tenoned in rims. Heavy steel tires are set with hydraulic pressure and securely riveted just like big wagon wheels. Has perfect-fitting, nickel-plated dust caps; steel braced bolsters. Body is tough, close-grained white ash. Wheels, body and metal parts are all durably finished. A wagon fit to hold a foremost place in the ranks of America's finest-made products.

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Easy to haul big loads of kindling or sawed cord wood with this light-running coaster

Janesville BALL BEARING Coaster

It is built to stand the knocks, bumps and strains that a wagon gets in the hands of a vigorous, active outdoor boy. Your boy will get more fun out of this wagon. He will also get lots of exercise and fresh air, something every parent should encourage. And the Janesville will help him make himself useful, too, running errands and doing chores. With it he can easily haul heavy loads—wood, coal, ice, groceries, milk cans, etc. The ball-bearing wheels lighten the load. The "rake" of the tongue makes it easy to steer.

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Other Janesville products are the Jiffy Scoot and Spee Dee Hand Car—all well built, and each a real achievement. See them at your dealer's.

(Continued from Page 55)

This was bad for his liver. His face grew mottled and yellowish and his eyes clouded. Sophie discovered to her horror that his tongue was coated! She dosed him—thoroughly—and John was a very sick man. Then Sophie did what she had not done before in all their married life—she called a doctor.

"What this man wants is exercise," said the modern physician. "A five-mile walk every day."

John always obeyed orders. He walked five miles the next day. He found by his map that it was half a mile to the Wildwood car stop, and then all he needed to do was to count two white posts along the tracks. Twice two and a half was five, and there you were! Religiously he paced the distance. The month was August, but John walked his five miles for two consecutive mornings. The third day the enterprising real-estate agent and another man carried John home. They had found him in the middle of the graveled road.

"Stroke!" said the real-estate man. "Get a doctor!"

"No!" declared Sophie, stubborn in her anguish. "It's the doctor's fault, ain't it, that he's like this? I'll tend to him."

She did this in her homely way with lots of cold water; and the kindness or the blindness of Providence revived John to his miseries. In the uncomfortable days in bed that followed the real-estate man often stopped by for a chat with the little old man. He was tormented by a peculiar sense of responsibility.

"The grass needs cutting," observed John on his first afternoon on the porch.

"It does," agreed the real-estate man. "But you can't cut it, my friend, not you."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Great Scott, man, you're sick! You're lucky to be alive!"

"Oh!" wailed John in despair, "a while ago I didn't have nothing to do, and now I can't do it!"

"Exactly!" said the real-estate man, who had been wondering. "Let me think."

John watched him hopefully.

"Why don't you have some of your old friends out here to see you? You've got the prettiest place in Wildwood."

John looked a mute appeal at Sophie. She talked so much better than he.

"We ain't got so many friends," confessed Sophie. "John used to work awful hard; and he was so tired when he got home nights we didn't go no place much, except maybe the movies. We don't know nobody much we could ask."

"Hum," mused the real-estate man. "Know any of your neighbors?"

"No," said Sophie. "They're awful swell."

"Oh, I don't know! They're real nice people at heart. Jones, next door, plays fine pinochle. You and he ought to get along fine."

John's eyes brightened. Shades of his youth—pinochle!

"Now, let's see how you can get acquainted," continued the real-estate man. "I have it! Your garden is a prize winner. Why don't you pick a bunch of tomatoes or whatever is ripe now and take them over there? They don't raise stuff themselves and fresh vegetables ought to go good. Try it, anyhow."

With new hope John gathered a dozen luscious red tomatoes. Sophie put them into a basket lined with green curly lettuce and he started across the way. In the evening, the picture of desolation, he awaited the dropping by of his new friend.

"Well?" asked the real-estate man.

"Well," said John, "I picked the tomatoes like you said and Sophie fixed them up so nice."

A frenzied banging of pans in the kitchen betrayed Sophie's state of mind as well as her whereabouts.

"Then I took them over. Mrs. Jones was playing cards on the front porch with lots of other ladies—it wasn't pinochle. When she saw me she says: 'If you have anything to sell, my good man, take it to the back door, as you should.' 'I ain't got nothing to sell,' I says. 'I live next door.' She knew it too. I says: 'I brought some tomatoes for your supper.' 'Oh,' she says real sweet. 'Well, take them to Katie just the same. I have nothing to do with the kitchen.' I felt kinda mad—I get that way sometimes—and I says: 'No, ma'am, maybe I was a clerk and I ain't so swell now; but I ain't no delivery boy,' I says, and come away. I felt awful mad then, but I don't care now."

He did not look angry; just cowed and reproachful.

"The wrong combination," said the real-estate man mysteriously. "I should have warned you to go in the evening when the old man was home."

John sat in apathetic silence.

"Where did you use to work, did you say?" asked the real-estate man presently.

"At Connor-Shepley's grocery."

"Ever been back?"

"No." John spoke wistfully.

"Why don't you go then?"

"I had an awful hard time there. I ——"

"Sure! The life of a grocery clerk isn't made very easy. I know that. But you might scare up a couple of old friends to bum round with. Think of it!"

"All right," said John dutifully but without enthusiasm.

But the more he thought the more the notion grew on him. It seemed to him that one glimpse of the old store might do him good—the smell of the sausages and Mr. Connor's railing—powerless now to harm. He made up his mind to try this experiment too. He didn't say anything about it to Sophie, for he did not want an argument. He felt that for once Sophie would not understand. He said merely that he wanted to make a trip to town, and waited restlessly until his solicitous little wife gave him the word to go.

That came on a Saturday—of all days! Nevertheless, because he had waited until he could wait no longer, on a Saturday afternoon John Borch went in to visit Connor-Shepley's. He approached the front door with timid, unaccustomed steps. If he could only have come in the back way at the employees' entrance, where the clattering of the wagons in the cobbled alley and the shouts of the drivers were as music to his starved ears!

He entered. The same old hubbub, the same old running to and fro, the same delicious blend of odors! John smelled of the air with a guilty sense of taking something that did not belong to him, something that in a moment of rashness he had given away.

He stood aloof in a shrinking, detached way and watched. The impatient customers were as numerous as ever, clamoring audibly or in pantomime to be served. The clerks scarcely noticed him in his corner. They were much too busy. If they stopped a minute in their scurrying somebody would spot them; and they had never cared enough about John Borch to risk losing a job by visiting with him. A few spoke to him in passing.

"Forward here! Forward! Move a little faster, Quirk!"

Instinctively John quailed. It would not have surprised him had the store manager seized him and demanded: "Why are you standing round here, sir?"

Mr. Connor did jump at him, but not with the fierce vehemence of old. Instead, incredulous delight shone in his ugly beady eyes.

"By Jove, John Borch!" he cried, grasping the little man's hand and wringing it. "You don't happen to be looking for a job, do you? I'm about at my wit's end breaking in new men. It seems that you and I were the only ones that knew the stock at all. Any time you say the word you can come back—at eighty-five a month, John. You'll be getting weary of this vicious ease some of these days. Then remember what I say. We want you—and the Lord knows we need you!"

A queer moisture blurred John's vision.

"I'll tell Sophie," he said inanely, and bolted.

Sophie was horrified. John was right. She did not understand at all. He babbled to her happily in his efforts to make things clear, but she only shook her head and rolled her eyes in despair. She could not, to save her soul, see why a man who didn't have to do another lick of work as long as he lived should of his own say-so return to slavery. What if he had worked there thirty years? Wasn't that enough? How could anybody get homesick except for home? The idea! So John gave up talking to her and babbled on to himself. Whereupon Sophie put him to bed and scolded.

"See what you get for being in the sun? Now don't you go out again for a month."

So John said nothing more to Sophie about Connor-Shepley's store. Her outrage at the threatened undermining of her twenty-three years of planning he could not face. More than he had ever quailed before the store manager, he trembled before gentle, devoted Sophie.

On Monday morning he drew comment by putting on his street shoes before breakfast.

"I'm going to town, maybe," he explained in answer to Sophie's inquiry.

"What for?"

"Saturday I met a friend," said John. "A young man. He used to clerk at the store too. He's going to get married now and he bought himself a little farm south of the city. He wanted me to come see the place. I thought maybe ——"

"Sure!" said Sophie. "Go ahead. Only you don't need to start so early."

"I don't know," deliberated John. "It's a long trip. I got to go all the way into town from here and then out there. Two hours it must take—at least."

"All right," said Sophie. "Only," in sudden alarm, "you ain't to go to work now."

"No," John promised. "No, of course not."

He did not reach home until seven that evening. His face was flushed, but his eyes were more content than they had been.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Sophie. "Where you been?"

"At my friend's," said John. "He's got a fine place. He was unpacking some things to-day and I stayed on to help him. He wants me to come down every day for a while. He will pay me something."

"You don't need it," objected Sophie.

John shrugged his shoulders.

"Maybe not," he admitted. "But it feels kinda good to be earning something once again. Anyway, I promised him I'd come back."

"All right," said Sophie. "Only don't stay out in the sun."

"No," said John, "I won't."

Every day that week he repeated the maneuver, leaving at seven A. M. and returning twelve hours later, except on Saturday night, when he came trailing in at ten, more than a bit weary, a shade of the old harassed look in his eyes and a potted geranium for Sophie under his arm. Sophie ushered him to bed.

"I think it's a shame you let him impose on you," she scolded. "You'll be sick again, you see! If you had to work like this I wouldn't fuss."

"Aw, Sophie!" protested John. "I'm just helping him out till he gets started. He ain't had so much experience, you know."

"Well, go to sleep," said Sophie. "I got a few things you can help me with to-morrow—if you ain't too tired."

How John did work that Sunday! He whitewashed the chicken house. He cut the grass. He trimmed the hedges. No sooner did he finish one task than Sophie laid another on his meekly recipient shoulders. It seemed as if she was determined to have him succumb and say: "I'll leave this for to-morrow." John, on the other hand, seemed equally firm in his resolve to do a week's odd jobs in that one short sunny day.

He won on the final count. By four in the afternoon Sophie could not conscientiously or without conscience find one more behest. Monday morning he rose, put on his street clothes and departed—a trifle stiff in the joints after his Sabbath rest. Sophie raised no audible protest.

That evening John squirmed uneasily at the supper table. Sophie was so ominously silent and tight-lipped; and she kept her blue, kindly and stupid eyes so fixed upon her husband. John's shiftings in his chair were due to a presentiment of wrath to come, but Sophie fooled and further distressed him by preserving sphinxlike silence.

This squeamish, high-pressure atmosphere had come to stay. Never in all their married life had Sophie made her John so purely miserable. Conversation died of neglect and abuse.

"My friend got some goods from Chicago," John would begin and then stop, pierced by Sophie's stony gaze.

"Strawberry plants, eh?" she would say with bitter scorn.

The days grew colder and shorter. John's duties showed no signs of slackening.

"John," said Sophie one day, "you never lied to me once, did you?"

John gulped.

"N—no. Why, of course not, Sophie."

Sophie gave a heavy sigh.

"You wouldn't lie, either, would you?" she asked.

"No," said John hastily. "Sophie, what you packing up the spare-room furniture for?"

"We don't need to spend money heating that room," explained Sophie, "and I wrap up the furniture so it won't get dirty."

"Sophie," offered John eagerly, "I got a little money now, you know."

"Phut!" said Sophie, "keep it! You need an overcoat."

"Sophie, maybe I got more'n I need for an overcoat."

"Farmers pay better money than they used to," remarked Sophie. "But maybe Ignace Gruen is just young and don't know better. You could get me a set of furs—if you got so much."

That very night John packed home a black-fox scarf. Coming up the street, he noticed visitors on his porch—a man, a woman and a little boy. Sophie was fairly shooing them away.

"The woman I sew for," explained Sophie as John reached the door.

"What's she doing out here?" asked John.

"They come to see my bungalow what I've been bragging so much about. What you got under your arm?"

John produced the fur piece. Sophie's eyes filled as she draped the rich-black collar about her dumpy shoulders.

In fact, her eyes looked so moist and warm throughout supper that John was moved to speak.

"Sophie," he commenced tremulously.

"Well, what?" Sophie leaned toward him.

"N—n—nothing," quavered John, frightened out of his resolution.

Then Sophie was crosser than ever. After supper she pulled out an enormous account book and several legal-appearing papers and began to figure on the dining-room table. Seeing her chew off three pencil points, John offered his help.

"Go away!" snapped Sophie. "Tend to your business! When a person owns property he's got to keep his books, don't he? You go study your catalogues. Maybe nowadays you should plant potatoes in November."

John subsided, to cheep no more until Sophie took up the conversational attack.

"A man is starting up a new grocery store down near the car tracks," she said suddenly.

"I seen the place," said John.

"He's got a fine place to build up a big trade with Wildwood and other places on the line."

"Uh-huh," admitted John.

"Christmas, too, he can build up a trade if he lays in good things what people want."

"Connor-Shepley's got a fine display," began John.

"What do you know about Connor-Shepley's?" demanded Sophie fiercely. "I been in there lately and that store manager—he's worse'n ever. He ——"

John went to bed. In the night he heard Sophie crying—or thought he did. He raised himself on his elbow. A long, comfortable snore reassured him. Still, he thought in the morning he might ——

But in the morning he could scarcely speak. His throat had swollen and the blood in his temples pounded.

"Now, you're sick again," scolded Sophie.

"I'll be all right," croaked John.

"Lay down!" snapped Sophie. "You ain't going to work to-day."

"I got to, Sophie."

"Lay down or I'll set on you! I'll telephone by and by. You stay in bed."

About 8:30 John, from his bed, heard her call Connor-Shepley's number. He heard her ask for the store manager. He heard ——

"John Borch is sick. He can't come down. He won't come down no more. Why? Because he can't stand it. Nobody can. You're a regular devil. You make him come so early and stay so late and you don't care if he never eats, just so he does all your work. You're a devil and I don't care if he don't. Hello! Hello! Oh, all right, I said it anyhow!"

John buried his head.

"I got to be gone all day," said Sophie presently at his bedside. "I got your clothes with me, so you can't get up. Swallow this!"

Meekly, miserably and with cruel effort John swallowed and went to sleep. In the evening Sophie found him better, but pulling at the bed clothes. Tears were running down his cheeks.

"All day you go out and work and earn a living and here I lay," he moaned.

"No, I ain't," said Sophie in kinder tones than John had heard for some time past.

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"It wasn't right to lie to you about the store," continued John. "Only I had to do something. I—I just can't lay round, Sophie."

"Sure," soothed Sophie. "I'll find something. I got a plan."

She was very busy those days—gone most of the time and entertaining visitors when she was at h me. Once John thought he heard the real-estate man. That evening he was picking out nuts for Sophie's baking.

"Saturday we go to the new grocery," said Sophie, "and get some stuff I need. That man is going to open up Saturday."

"Maybe he'll need extra help," suggested John.

"Maybe," said Sophie.

"I got to do something," insisted John. "I read about a home the other day where they teach older people easy trades."

"I've heard of them places," said Sophie.

Saturday morning she dragged John out at a very early hour. She hustled him through his breakfast and hustled him out of the house. A moving van was turning the corner.

"Do you know who's moving?" asked John.

"We ain't got time to stop," said Sophie. "I want to get through. I got lots to do yet."

The new store was empty when Sophie and John arrived. As they entered John caught a glimpse of a clerk slipping out of the back way. His fleeting figure struck John with its resemblance to Ignace. Ignace Gruen, doing fall planting on a farm south of the city!

"Well!" demanded Sophie sharply. "You lost your tongue? Ain't it a fine store?"

"It's grand!" replied John. "Sophie, where did the clerk go?"

"Somewheres," said Sophie. "What's the difference? See, John, how cute they got the fruit stand here. Apples, oranges, grapefruit, lemons, bananas."

The arrangement was attractive. Separate bins radiated from a central pillar. The bright yellows and reds of the neatly piled fruit reflected an appreciative light in John's eye.

"It sells good, fixed so," he commented, picking up an orange. "I bet I know what kind of oranges. You pay a little more, but you get all good solid fruit and it looks good. Sophie, do you know that clerk's name?"

"Sure!" said Sophie. "I been here a lot. But what's the difference about the clerk? It's early. He's looking after his automobile, maybe. Such a nice automobile delivery wagon they got here!"

"It must be nice to own a store like this and—a automobile delivery," said John wistfully.

"Yes," gloated Sophie. "Come, let's look round. They got things all fixed up here for the Christmas trade. See—all the fancy things?"

She dragged her husband to a glass case that flanked the door on the left. She pointed proudly to the array of fancy dried fruits within—figs in jars, in baskets and on strings; raisins in bunches or in gaudy eye-luring boxes; dates equally tempting; shelled nuts in tall jars; white grapes in sawdust. John rubbed his hands lovingly.

Across the way he yearned equally over a similar case displaying cartons of fancy cakes with jars and waxed-paper packages of bright candies between. John's eyes protruded as he made inventory of the outlay.

"To-day," spoke Sophie, "he's going to fix his windows."

"Who is?" asked John.

"The man that owns the store. He ain't had time yet. In this one he will put nuts and fruit and things. In the other one he will put fancy canned stuff. John, you ain't looked at his nice shelves and the counters!"

The counters were new and highly polished. John slipped his hand lightly over the surface of one.

"Stand behind it once," coaxed Sophie. "See how you look."

John started eagerly, then stopped.

"Go on," bade Sophie; "nobody ain't looking but me."

With a sheepish laugh John took his stand. He rested his palms on the shiny counter and peered over at Sophie.

"Go on," cheered Sophie; "sell me something!"

"We got first-grade peas and corn," began John, studying the shelves.

In the alley an automobile honked and he fled in panic.

"If somebody should come and see me acting like a monkey," he apologized to Sophie.

"You ain't acting like a monkey; you're acting natural," Sophie informed him. "Anyhow, nobody's here."

"They should be here," John told her with grave concern. "A man starting up a fine new place like this should have to work awful hard not to lose money on the proposition."

"You think he will lose on it?" asked Sophie anxiously.

"Not if he works real hard from early in the morning until late at night."

The vision of unceasing, purposeful effort brought more wistfulness into John's eyes than all the fancy fruits and groceries.

"He ain't even got his name on the windows yet," he said accusingly, as if the lovely store had gone to waste on a loafer.

"No, he ain't," admitted Sophie. "But it's on his automobile delivery."

She gave John's arm a fierce, spasmodic squeeze and dragged him toward the door. Her eyes snapped. Her flaxen hair shook.

"Look!" she cried. "Oh, John, look and see once!"

"Sophie," declared John solemnly, closing both his eyes, "I won't look! I don't want to see. Why should I always have to stand and look at what other people got and I can't have? I won't look!"

"All right," crowed Sophie, and laughed and laughed. "If you won't look I'll read it out to you."

She dropped his arm. She flung the doors wide and the keen, frosty air rushed into the store.

"All red it is—the automobile," she said rapturously. "All red, and in gold letters on the side it says ——"

She paused to gloat over the willfully blind eyes of her suffering John.

"'John Borch, Dealer in Fancy and Staple Groceries.' John!" she cried. "John, for goodness' sake don't make such faces. John!"

John Borch's eyes flew open and shut. He put up his hands before his pallid face as if to ward off a spell. His lips mumbled futilely.

"John!" cried Sophie in real alarm. "You got a fit?"

"S—Sophie," begged John, "I don't see so good. Don't play a joke on me. Does it really say that on—on the automobile?"

"Sure!" said Sophie. "Sure!"

"It is my automobile?"

"Your automobile and your store! I make it a Christmas gift to you. Don't you like it?"

"Like ——" John stumbled forward. His legs gave way and he dropped to his knees, burying his head and a torrent of overwrought sobs in Sophie's ample skirt.

"Pish!" sputtered Sophie and slammed the doors to. "What a way is that to act? Right on the street too, where everybody and Ignace can see you! I think you are going to be so tickled—and you bawl like a baby!"

As John continued to sob she lifted up her voice and wailed in unison.

"I find you working in that awful store again and lying to me about it too; and I think and think what I can do to please you—and see! I even sell the bungalow to buy you a store and a delivery automobile with gold letters! Oh—oh!"

She wrung her hands. John's convulsions ceased instantaneously. He lifted his face and beheld Sophie's misery. Then he rose to his feet.

"Sophie!" he said. "You didn't sell your bungalow?"

"Yes! yes!" wept Sophie. "It ain't so much and you can't make money on it, nohow."

The spasms of John's features indicated deep, strenuous thinking now.

"You sell your bungalow to buy me a store?" he said at length. "Where are we going to live then?"

"Three rooms overhead," Sophie informed him, wiping her eyes.

"Three rooms! You sell your bungalow to buy me a store and—Sophie!"

The ring of John's call made Sophie jump. He struck a heroic pose, with one hand clenched on the orange bin.

"Sophie," he said, "I ain't never been much of a man. No, I ain't. But you put up with me a long time. And you try everything to help me out and you never give me up for a bad job like I am. Now, Sophie, you sell that fine bungalow what you worked for so long and what you like so much, and you buy me a grocery store so I can work at what I like and try once more to be a man. Start all over again, you might say.

"Sophie, I tell you what I am going to do now. You give me this store for a Christmas present this year. Next year I buy you the finest bungalow—the finest—oh, lots nicer than the one you ain't got any more. I'll show you for once!"

He smote his hands together.

"But, my goodness, how I got to work now! Sophie, you go home."

"I want to help," begged Sophie.

John opened the door for her.

"You go home and tend to whatever you got to do. Go home! Later on you can help, maybe. Ignace! Ignace! I knew it was you! Come inside. Don't set there all day making love to that automobile! It won't be any good if we can't sell some goods to send round in it. We got work to do. Work, work, work!"

He seized a broom and gave ferocious dabs at the floor.

"Ignace," he jubilated when Sophie had gone, "we got to work like the devil. No loafing, understand!"

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The Lobby of Hotel Pennsylvania is unique.

Being the largest room of its kind, its mere size and spaciousness make for comfort. There is elbow-room, breathing space, even at the busiest hours.

The Pennsylvania's special equipment-features include two complete Turkish bath establishments (one for men, one for women), each with a large swimming pool; a modish Roof Garden, with Conservatory adjacent; and extra conveniences throughout.

Every bedroom has private bath, circulating ice water, "Servidor" (an ingenious device which eliminates contact with servants at your bedroom door), full-length mirror, reading-lamp on head of bed, and many other unusual conveniences. A morning paper is delivered free to every guest-room. Subway station (local and express) in the building.

Rooms for one person are $3.50, $4, $5, and $6; for two, $5, $6, and $7 (with twin beds, $6, $7, and $8); parlor suits are $12 and up.

In Pennsylvania Station give your bag to a Red-Cap and take elevator (from same level as train-platform) to hotel Lobby.

The Largest Hotel in the World

2200 rooms 2200 baths

STATLER-OPERATED in connection with HOTELS STATLER

Buffalo Cleveland Detroit St. Louis

Hotel PENNSYLVANIA

Opposite Pennsylvania Terminal New York

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

W. R. Hoefer (In Uniform)

An Autobiography

STRICT adherence to truth compels me to admit that I did not become a fiction writer with malice aforethought. This confession is made despite the fact that my grandfather, who was associated with Carl Schurz on the Westliche Post in St. Louis shortly after the Civil War, was a writer.

I started to be an artist. A distaste for regular working hours rather than inspiration was the motive. I went through high school in Milwaukee, had some newspaper experience writing sports for a local daily paper of which Tom Andrews, the boxing authority and promoter, was sporting editor, and then encumbered an insurance broker's office as a clerk. I was soon convinced that I would never be obliged to pay an income tax as a business man, and went to New York to study art. After an all-too-brief attendance at the National Academy of Design I attempted to pry a livelihood from the big village at free lancing and very quickly discovered that a free lance is a perpetually hungry person who has no regular boss, regular remuneration or regular meals.

Art was calling but necessity was frequently howling, so I forsook the former and paid heed to

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Albert Payson Terhune

(With His Dogs)

An Autobiography

MY PARENTS were poor but honest. I inherited much of their honesty and early acquired all their poverty. The latter trait I have preserved through life as a precious and unlosable heirloom. My father—the greatest man I have known—wanted me to be a clergyman. My mother wanted me to be a lawyer. My own youthful tastes vibrated rhythmically between the captaining of a pirate ship and the supreme command of a livery stable. My parents and I compromised at last on a true blend of all these careers—and I became a newspaper man.

For twenty-odd years I pottered away at an office desk for ten hours a day. Then in the evenings I worked at home for another five hours or more trying to learn how to write. There seems to be some kind of a knack about learning to write. But I am calmly confident that I shall some day get the hang of the thing. The remaining hours of the twenty-four I had to myself. I could loaf or eat or sleep or do anything I might choose to.

By dint of native talent and unremitting energy and winsome charm of personality I rose so rapidly in the newspaper profession that at the end of twenty years I was told by my admiring office chiefs that I'd better quit the game while I was still young enough to learn something else. Our long association had given them such simple faith in my abilities that they were unanimous in saying they were sure there must be something I could do well. And they urged me to lose no further time in finding what it was. Accordingly I came out to the country to while away what remained of my old age. Here in the placid late sunset of life I breed prize collies, write stories of a sort, do a good bit of fishing and cross-country tramping and go to bed at nine. Which

PHOTO. BY LACY VAN WAGENEN

brings this subtly fascinating narrative up to my present and forty-sixth year.

But no autobiography is complete, without a word or two of familiar chat about the great men one has known. So here goes: I once boxed four rounds with Jim Jeffries. The audience seemed to relish the bout. But it held scant lure for me. Once, too, I lent Irvin Cobb three two-cent stamps. And I used to edit his copy. Indeed I am the only newspaper or ex-newspaper man extant who cannot prove sole credit for discovering Cobb. Then I lived for a time as guest of a Bedouin outlaw in the Syrian Desert. I couldn't spell his whole name, even if I could remember it. And when I was a cub reporter I interviewed Richard Croker. I asked Croker if it were true that Tammany was about to oust him from leadership. Though he was a taciturn man, his policy of perpetual silence was not proof against my magnetic personality. And he so far unbent as to tell me to go to hell. Yes, and once I saw and shook hands with a man who said he used to work for Doctor Munyon.

So though Fame has doomed me to the rôle of Obscure-But-Handsome Stranger and of Confused-Noise-Without, in the cosmic drama I have been privileged beyond my merits in the matter of association with the great.

Explanatory Note: In the photograph which goes with this sketch there are four living figures. I am the one with the cigar and the flannel shirt and the prematurely gray eyes. The three others are thoroughbreds.

Elizabeth Jordan

An Autobiography

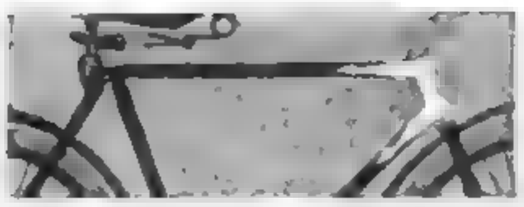
I WAS born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, more years ago than I intend to admit. The Who's Who publications, however, freely give my birth date, because I unwisely confided it to their columns in my days as a girl Napoleon of journalism. In my early twenties I was for three years assistant editor of the New York Sunday World, working with Arthur Brisbane, then Sunday editor. He was young, too, though not so young as I was—and much less trusting. However, together we gave the reading public the best Sunday World ever published—a fact we fully realized at the time and which later on Mr. Joseph Pulitzer lingeringly admitted.

In my childhood I spent several summers in a small town that had an especially active volunteer fire department. The motto of the department, painted in large letters on the side of its one chemical engine, read thus: OUR DUTY IS OUR DELIGHT.

From my first glimpse of it this motto fascinated me. Since life must hold duty—and even at the tender age of seven I had regretfully discovered that it did—how wise, how necessary to combine it with delight! I observed that the fire department lived up to its motto. The men loved fire fighting, and their chemical engine, called to extinguish one fire, invariably started two or three more. The conflagrations usually gave a ten-hour holiday to the community, which assembled to watch the happy volunteers and to make bets as to whose house would be the next set on fire by sparks from the chemical engine. In short the motto worked so well that I decided to make it the inspiration of my own life. With my hand upon my heart I can say that I have done so. If there was any delight in any duty I could be depended upon to find the delight first and to enjoy it to the utmost before I allowed my attention to be distracted by the duty.

To this habit I attribute my remarkably good health and persistent optimism. It carried me through ten years of New York newspaper work on The World and an even longer stretch of service with Harper and Brothers, as editor of Harper's Bazar and as literary adviser to the firm. It supported me in the writing of eight books of short stories, two novels, and two autobiographies—neither of the autobiographies my own!

(Concluded on Page 62)



For Greatest Riding Ease

An American, Crown, or Adlake Bicycle—with the genuine, patented one-piece Fauber Crank Hanger—trouble-proof, sweet running, always efficient.

A pure *white head* with patent dart finish identifies these bicycles beautiful.

Visit the America, Crown, or Adlake dealer in your town. They are good men to know. Look for the trade symbols shown below.

GREAT WESTERN MANUFACTURING CO.
La Porte, Indiana
World's Largest Makers of Bicycles

W. R. Hoefer

(Concluded from Page 61)

the latter by selling advertising for the New York Times. Regular weekly pay checks made life seem too certain and tame, however. I became restive and finally the Times and I parted by mutual consent by firing each other. Shortly after this I drifted away from New York and began touring about the country, committing any kind of toil that chanced my way, as I was not a regular moneyed tourist, and getting my railroad passage gratis via the blind baggage, deck and bumpers of passenger and freight trains. The jobs I accepted during this period were varied and educating, though I don't recall that I cared particularly for any of them and always ceased work the minute I had gathered a slight bank roll.

I have accumulated stakes as a coal passer, sawmill hand, practical antiprohibitionist in the bottling department of a brewery, hash-house K. P., commercial artist, powdermill worker, art director of an engraving and advertising concern, sleeper and runner for a burglar-protection company and once for a brief and painful period as a farm hand in Kansas. The company I met by the way was generally quite interesting, though not always choice. For example, I rode into Kansas City one time on the blind of a limited train from Lawrence, Kansas, with a wise hard-looking young man who darkly intimated that he was a stick-up artist and packed a gun to prove it; and another time spent the night in a cheap lodging house in Buffalo, where—so a companion informed me—a neighbor was also temporarily residing who was wanted for a stabbing affray that was being featured in the Cleveland morning papers.

Variety in jobs has been the spice of my life. I have even supported Caruso in grand opera, though he was unaware of it at the time. I did this by suping in Aida at the Metropolitan Opera House in order to get a free earful of good music and fifty cents. Also I appeared as a Roman senator in Pain's Pompeii when that spectacle was showing at a baseball park, but was discharged from this engagement as a bad actor when—arriving late one night—I discovered that some guy had swiped my toga; and an ancient senator being no good without his toga, I attempted to see the spectacle from the bleachers and later collect my money for acting. The plan didn't work—and neither did I at that job thereafter.

One assignment I can recall was that of doing some nursery jingles and drawings to be used against defenseless kindergarten youngsters; and another job I can never forget was helping the late Mr. Flagler build his famous Florida East Coast Extension out over the ocean bed from key to key into Key West as a day laborer. For the kindergarten job I received seventy-five cents for each drawing, which took about an hour to complete. This work was done in the cool of a Northern morning, the money being paid me by a charming lady, who said my work was wonderful. For the railroad job I received a dollar per diem, which took ten hours to complete in the heat of a tropical sun. This money was paid me by a hard-boiled railroad paymaster, who swore quite beautifully and declared we were a flock of lazy bums who would be fired without remorse if it weren't so dog-goned blankety-blank hard to get labor down to the Keys at the low scale of a buck a day with flop and chuck tossed in gratis. I shipped to this job out of a labor agency in Philadelphia after being on a forced diet, during which period I learned the full force of that slogan, "No work, no eats."

After spending two or three days and nights traveling and a subsequent four months working with the crew that shipped South I must disagree with the writer who called the famous F. E. C. Extension a monument to American engineering skill, and insist that it is a monument to the hitherto unsuspected working ability of the American bo. I here discovered, to my great surprise, that real work agreed with me, for I gathered some money and twenty-five additional pounds in weight.

Nevertheless back to New York I rambled after about four months as a laborer and about two years as many other things to learn what Gotham held in store for me after having left her flat. I turned to advertising and succeeded in selling a number of ideas, sketches and pieces of copy, and was gradually working up a clientele when a friend inveigled me into launching a display-advertising agency of our very own. We located in an office building in Thirty-second street near Fifth Avenue. About the only thing we displayed for some time was an amazing ability to accumulate experience and debts.

We had probably the tiniest office and studio in the world. It was a small room we subleased from a friend of my partner, who was in the interior decorating and fixture business. Our clients, when we finally got them, however, didn't know this, for we led them to think we owned the entire establishment and office space by instructing the office girl, whose services we hired pro rata, to lead all visitors to our room through the fixture concern instead of into our place directly from the hallway. As we did considerable art work in our business and the fixture people employed artists for their plans, the scheme worked out all right. Our clients got the impression that the fixture people were working for us.

We did finally build up a pretty good business and one day received more money than either of us had even seen in a long time, when a large nationally known concern settled with us for a window-display job we had planned and executed for them. My partner went to Europe with part of the proceeds, while I paid my back room rent and posed as a wealthy New Yorker. Later our business became null and void and another friend, a sales manager for a book-publishing concern, who owned an automobile, had money in the bank and everything, suggested that I sell books.

This was the most unkind wallop of all. I had been called a hobo by a justice of the peace in Altoona, Pennsylvania, when a railroad bull presented me to his honor after finding me on the trucks of a coal drag as it pulled into the yards. An overcomplimentary young lady in Back Bay, Boston, had accused me of being a poet; and with my whilom advertising partner I had quailed before the haughty eye of a Fifth Avenue bank cashier as he coldly asked when we intended to bolster up our disappearing bank account. But a book agent! Ye gods! Had it come to this?

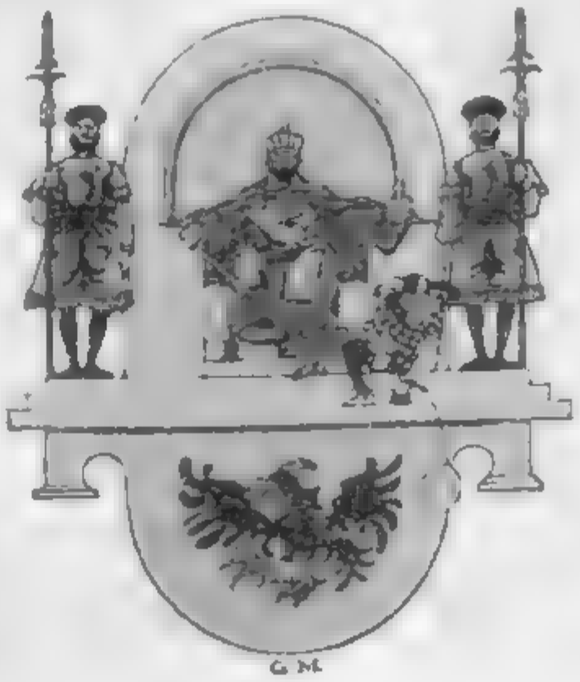
"I'm an artist," I declared indignantly, "and I can prove it. I've sold some of my stuff."

My friend looked at some of my stuff and became even more positive.

"You're a salesman," he insisted. "If you can sell that stuff you can sell anything."

Accordingly I went out packing a pros over my hip—under my coat so that my intended victims should not discover my fell design, and roamed from the Battery to the Bronx and sold books to an unprotected public. I made twenty-two dollars the first day at it and for a while thereafter had no trouble in paying my room rent. But a book agent's reputation galled my sensitive soul and pretty soon I allowed my selling reputation to peter out.

I got into my first magazine about four years ago. I didn't really break in as a writer, but rather sneaked in disguised as an artist. Calling on the editor of a sport magazine one day at noon, when I knew he was in and the stenographers and other office guardians were out, I thrust a drawing of Christy Mathewson before his weary eyes and talked so fast and furiously that at the end of five minutes Mr. Lane had the drawing and I had a check for five dollars. I later agreed with him that perhaps after all I might be a writer instead of an artist and at his suggestion conducted a page of baseball verse and comment for the magazine monthly.



Then I was assigned to doing biographies of leading major-league ball players for the magazine. This necessitated my interviewing the ball tossers to learn why one batter can kill a fast one, high and a little outside, and another could kill an umpire anywhere if it wasn't for the law; why one player likes southpaws and another crab-meat salad and jazz racket, and other like information demanded by the ball-yard fanatic.

A newspaper syndicate next syndicated some of my stuff and then a newspaper publisher began running a feature of mine in the magazine section of his Sunday papers.

It wasn't until my discharge from the Army about the first of the year that I was really bitten by the fiction bug and decided to go in for it seriously. I then wrote Vive la Bull Pen, a baseball yarn with a camp setting, sent it to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and within a short time received a little note of acceptance and then a good-sized check in payment. Other stories were accepted by THE POST, Bob Davis of Munsey's, and The Popular Magazine, and then I was asked if I didn't want to tell how I got that way.

Regarding my personal peculiarities: I voted for woman suffrage, believing that the ladies ought to be made legally to assume some of the blame for some of the legislation we get; would vote against bone-dry prohibition if accorded the privilege; believe you can depend on the Bolsheviki and the squeeze play to work only occasionally; enjoy Joseph Conrad, pay day, Nick Altrock and poker; cannot see how the jazz-music guys, interpretive dancers or vers-libre birds get away with it; though both theoretically can be beaten, would back four aces and Jack Dempsey to the limit of financial endurance, and hope to live long enough to see the New York Yankees justify my frenzied rooting for them each year and cop a pennant.

Elizabeth Jordan

(Concluded from Page 61)

It enabled me to survive the experience of writing a play, of having it produced for three seasons by three different companies and of acting as chief mourner at its dramatic funeral each season. It sustained me on the amateur concert stage and as a public speaker.

Through it all one fact impressed me, though my family first spoke of it. My real work was to write and to edit the work of others. My home circle discovered that when I was off in a corner reading—with a face radiant with interest and an absorption that put a wall between me and the world—the literature I was bent over was invariably something of my own. Charged with this preference, I freely admitted it. Also I began to speculate about it.

Why continue to lead others through the daisied field of literature, watch their first toddling steps and fill their little hands with flowers? I had led hundreds—perhaps thousands. I began to feel a sense of pressure from the increasing crowd. I lost the illusion that there was a possible daisy in every literary shoot I found. I even suspected that duty might not always be a delight unless I could pursue it in my own individual field. Therefore why continue to be an editor? Why not give all my time to my own writing?

While I was indulging these reflections two years ago a cave opened before me—the treasure cave of the moving-picture world. From the entrance it seemed to hold wonderful things.

"Come on in," yelped a genie at its far end. "You can pick up enough gems here to make a tiara. You'll have a lot of fun too. It's all so different."

The expedition with which I entered that cave was equaled only by the haste with which I left it. The horror of the brief visit, however, was forgotten in the rapture of ending it. For the first time in all my professional life I had found one job in which duty was not a delight.

But the episode ended happily. It had pulled me out of the editorial groove. Its finish swept me into the splendid open field of the literary free lance for which I had longed for years. It started me at the exclusive writing of my own work in my own time and my own way, and it relieved me of obligation to read the work of anyone else, save that of the masters at whose feet I sit. In short it had infinitely stimulated a life quest for those delights which—for me at least—must take the *du* from duty!

It's a Joy To Clean Your Teeth with Klenzo

EVEN the children find that cool, clean Klenzo feeling as refreshing as grown-ups.

And the reason is that Klenzo Dental Creme frees, in a natural way, the teeth, gums and mouth of those secretions which foster germs, acidity and decay.

For Klenzo is designed to maintain normal, healthy mouth conditions. That is why you can safely give it to your children, knowing that it will whiten their teeth and stimulate without injuring the growing gum tissue.

Klenzo Dental Creme is made to conform to a scientific standard, with all the technical skill that the resources of a great institution can supply. You run no risk in using Klenzo. You take no unnecessary chances that may work irreparable damage to your teeth or gums.

8,000 druggists, constituting the Rexall system throughout the United States and Canada, will tell you that the dentifrice of their first choice is Klenzo.

Be guided by their recommendation. Learn at first hand how to have white teeth, healthy gums and a clean mouth. Any one of them will refund your money without quibble or question if Klenzo fails to do this.

It is your privilege to return it and receive your money if it does not produce these results.

25¢ at The 8000 Rexall Stores Only

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Two Weeks from Today

You will be wearing Your FALL HAT

Where will you buy it? How will you buy it?

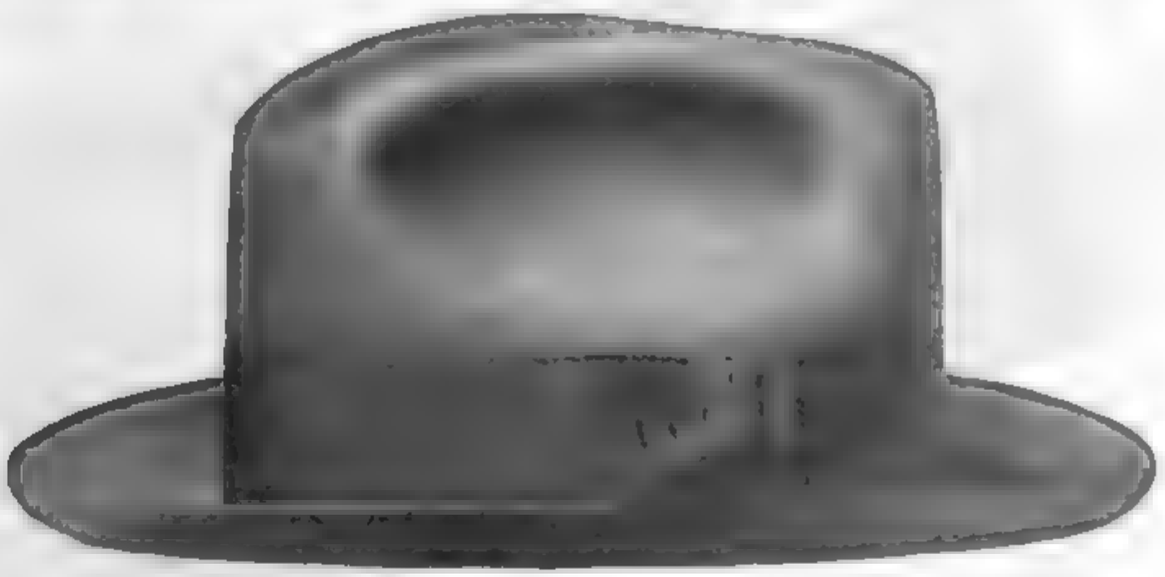
If we could make every man who reads this advertisement think twice about hats in general, before he goes into a store and buys one particular hat, we would be rendering a great service.

For men aren't nearly "hat-conscious" enough.

They'll spend hours selecting a suit; they'll concentrate on neckties until they have the whole stock on the counter.

But when it comes to buying a hat, a man looks at the calendar, says, "H-m, time for a new hat—" and takes ten minutes out of his lunch hour to buy it.

MALLORY



Can you wonder that eight men out of ten wear unbecoming hats? (They do—you can prove it yourself, by looking.) Or that you see so many shabby hats? (How can quality be bought, that way?)

Give a little thought to the buying of your Fall hat.

Try on a number of hats; compare values; give the hatter a chance to really "fit" you. The shape of your face, the color of your hair, count when it comes to getting a becoming hat.

And remember, this Fall, there's a great deal of cheap hat-quality masquerading around. So take the trouble to buy a *good* hat—you'll be glad later on.

Buy a Mallory Hat—if you want to be perfectly sure of hat-goodness. Look for the Mallory mark in the sweatband—and remember that this mark has stood for Quality and Style since 1823.

Any Mallory Dealer will be glad to show you the new styles. They're well worth looking at—priced at $5, $6, and upward. Mallory Mello-Ease (extra light weight)—$7 and $8. Mallory Velours, $12 and upward.

The Cravenette Finish—found only on Mallory Hats—affords an extra protection against weather.

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, INC., 234 Fifth Ave., New York
Factory at Danbury, Conn.

This is a reproduction of James Montgomery Flagg's New Mallory Hat Poster. Hatters will display it during Mallory Hat Weeks, Sept. 6 to 20

"The Hat that Goes with Good Clothes"

WHERE THE BESSEMER BLOWS

(Continued from Page 9)

undone! The impulse of a moment, a crazy, devilish impulse, and I give way to it! And as a result, here I am—a sneak! And I'll be sneaking the rest of my life—if I don't clear myself! Kurtz may not have meant anything, that day back there, but suppose he did—suppose he did laugh at me, would that have justified me in my contemptible deed?"

He recalled a certain day, soon after his coming to Oldtown, when he had sat in the master mechanic's office telling—rather boastfully, too, he well knew—of a clever piece of work he had done in patching up and getting started a broken-down blast-furnace blowing engine. A half dozen department superintendents had listened to him. One of them was Kurtz, and at the finish of his story Kurtz had laughed, had raised his hands with fingers outspread, as though trying to encircle a sphere twice the size of his head, and had left the room.

The laugh, the ridiculous gesture, had angered him, had humiliated him. He could not forget. With startling clearness he beheld again the scene in the master mechanic's office, that morning when he stood before the broken casting, when a voice—it seemed to him a voice—whispered, "Loosen the nuts and smash the trunnion casting! It will put a vessel out of commission! Kurtz is running for a big record this month! It will hurt him to lose it!"

He had been pacing the floor. His bandaged hand hurt him, his knee pained him. "Well, I've paid partially—he left his mark on me," he said. He crossed to a mirror hanging above a washbasin and stood looking at the red tight skin on his face. He rubbed his hand over the scar and flinched from the touch.

"You certainly marked me, Kurtz—you did a good job of it."

A telephone rang near by. He took down the receiver. It was Lendrick.

"Back on the job, eh, Bennet? That's good. Glad to know you're all right again. I've been wanting you back. I'm going to give you the Bessemer. I've told ——"

"You—you are going to do what?" stammered Bennet.

"I'm making you superintendent of the Bessemer. Do you get me now? It's your chance, Bennet—go to it. Success to you. I've told Blagood to turn over the work to you and to explain things. I'll see you later."

Bennet hung up the receiver and sat down heavily on a tool chest. "Superintendent!" he whispered. "Promoted! And I ought to be discharged—I ought to be kicked out bodily! Kurtz discharged, and I get his place! Good heavens, the dirtiness of that trick of mine!" He got up and paced the floor, mopping his face! "But I won't take it!" he declared. "I won't! I can't! I'll go over and tell Lendrick the whole rotten story!"

"Good mornin', Mr. Bennet. I hear as how we've got a new Bessemer super with us all to once. He, he, he!"

Bennet whirled about. He saw old Quintin Dick standing in the doorway. A toothless smile lighted up a lean lined face; worn eyes looked out from behind long shaggy eyebrows; scattered strings of dirty-white hair hung down from beneath a crumpled and torn black cap; two bony and twisted hands, unsteady with the trembling of age, rested on the door casings. Old Quintin Dick, the oldest employee of the plant, too old to work but refusing to quit; too helpless to hold a real job but demanding that he be permitted to potter about the mill and do what he could; welcome to a pension from the company any day he might ask for it, but putting it aside as often as it was proffered him.

"I've just nacherally got to be roun' the ol' dump where the Bessemer blows, where the big noise and racket is, and where the boys is, or I just nacherally couldn't live," he would say.

"Why, hello there, Quintin!" cried Bennet, advancing to greet the old man with outstretched hand. "How is everything, Quintin?"

"Dandy and fine, sir, dandy and fine, fer an ol' feller like me!" The old eyes scanned the face of the young man before him. "Scarred ye up quite a leetle, didn't it? And I see yer han' is still done up in a rag. That were a smash, wasn't it? I mean when that there castin' let go—I don't mean that other, Mr. Bennet, no, no! Too bad about Kurtz, wasn't it? But if Kurtz had to go I'd rather you'd got the job than any feller I know of. But it kind o' s'prised me—they hardly ever take a man from your department and give him a good job in the operatin', do they, hey? Blagood's all right—nice boy and all that—but the job's too big fer him. Jever figger out how them cables got loose on that castin', that caused the smash-up?"

Bennet looked hard at the old man. Did he know something? Had he, in his prowling about the mill, seen him at the bolts that morning? Or had he asked the question just to make conversation?

"Did you want something, Quintin?" he asked, ignoring the question asked.

"Why, I heared Blagood sayin' as how you'd got the job, so I thought I'd come along down and see if you wanted me to move yer things over to the super's office."

"No hurry, Quintin—I'll let you know," said Bennet.

"All right, sir—any time you're ready I'm ready. I'm always ready. He, he, he!" And the old man stumbled away.

Bennet watched him going. "Poor, old, gabby Quintin, he's almost through. He ought not to be allowed here—he'll get hurt some day. But he'll stick here until we carry him out."

He knew Quintin Dick stayed on at the mills, and did as he pleased about them, because a certain man in New York said he could stay, a man who wore gold-rimmed glasses, whose eyes were steely-gray, whose hair was as white as Quintin Dick's, whose hands were as soft as Quintin Dick's were hard; a man who sat in the seats of the mighty and whose word was hearkened to. At one time this man had worked shoulder to shoulder with Quintin Dick, sweat with him in grimy overalls, lunched with him from a tin pail—Harrison Z. Danvers, president of The Inter-Union Steel Corporation.

Soon after his coming to the Oldtown plant Lendrick had run across Quintin Dick in the mill. The old man had started to make conversation with the new general manager. Lendrick had called him a doddering old fool, told him to clear out, to go home and stay home, and had ordered the paymaster to pay him off and put him on the pension list. Quintin Dick stayed home a week. Then Lendrick sent for him to come back. And a letter to Lendrick, bearing the New York post mark, did not go into Lendrick's file—it went into his wastebasket, torn to small pieces. Lendrick never saw Quintin Dick after that. The old man sometimes stopped in his path, smiled his toothless smile, and invited an exchange of greetings, but the general manager would look the other way.

Bennet recalled how the mill had laughed at Lendrick when Quintin Dick had come back. Lendrick had made a bad impression on the mill at his first appearance in Oldtown, and his sending old Quintin Dick home had not improved the Bessemer crews' opinion of him. For the mill loved old Quintin Dick. The Bessemer wouldn't be the Bessemer without old Quintin Dick poking about it. The old man was chore boy for everybody—ready to go to the gate for a foreman to get a man; ready to fetch from his home the dinner pail of some late-sleeping workman who had been hurried away from his breakfast by the whistle call; ready to spell—or to try to spell—a tired and played-out worker; ready to put his shoulder to the stalled wheel, to assist in righting a buggy, to pitch in and assist in cleaning up a mess; ready to give every ounce of his old strength every minute of the day, from six until six, that the Bessemer might be kept going full.

He recovered lost and thrown-away tools and restored them to their right places; he carried broken chisels and sets and hammers and sledges to the blacksmith's shop and saw that they were repaired; he kept a watchful eye on the stock piles and the stores; he tended the salamanders in winter and looked after the ice boxes in summer; he swept out the foremen's offices and straightened up their desks. Everybody's servant, Quintin Dick was. And back in an old abandoned annealing oven he kept a small supply of tobacco and pipes and cigarettes, which he sold to the men at cost. "The boys is always fergittin'," he would say, "and when a lad has to have his tobaccy he has to have it or he can't do good work." No other man about the Bessemer had quite so many friends as did Quintin Dick.

"Look out there, Quintin! Look out, Quintin!"

It was Bennet shouting. Down a runway came a huge electric crane, wheels rumbling and gears grinding. Dropping down from the hoist were two chains holding a great pair of tongs which in turn gripped a massive red ingot of steel. Quintin Dick, with his eyes on the ground, was walking directly in the path of the onflying ingot. A cloud of smoke blowing through the mill had enveloped the crane cab, and the crane man could not see below.

"Quintin!" screamed Bennet, rushing from the doorway where he was standing toward the old man. Climbing over a pile of scrap iron, crawling beneath a girder, leaping a slag ditch, he threw himself upon the stooping figure. The two men went down together and the swinging red ingot shot over them.

"What's matter?" gasped Quintin Dick. He pulled himself to his knees and saw the red ingot flying through the air beyond them. "Well, wouldn't that jar you?" he mumbled. "Why, I never seen that blamed thing a-comin'! He, he, he! Wouldn't it rattle you? You hurt, Mr. Bennet?"

"No, not much, I guess," said Bennet, getting to his feet and gritting his teeth from the pain in his injured hand, upon which he had fallen. "Say, Quintin, you're going to get killed in here some day if you're not more careful!"

"Ho! That wasn't nothin'. I've been closer to bein' bumped off fifty times—yes, a hundred times—than that time. Why, once I was jammed by a ladle of hot metal ——"

Bennet limped away and returned to the tool room. "That old boy will give me nerves if I stay about here. If I'm to be superintendent of this mill I'll have my worries, no doubt, but the chief will be Quintin. But—I'm not going to be superintendent! I must go over and see Lendrick now."

He picked up his coat and was starting to work his injured hand through a sleeve when there came three long blasts of a whistle. He dropped the garment and went to the door. He could see a number who were gazing toward the farther end of the building. Just then his helper came hurrying into the room and began searching for something in a tool chest.

"What's the matter at the cupolas?" he asked the young man.

"Ladle of pig off and twisted across the track, and Raglan and Tout are scrapping about the best way to get it back without spilling it," replied the helper.

Bennet stepped outside. He saw Blagood coming toward him.

"Hello, Bennet! Glad to see you back again!" Blagood extended his hand. "You're looking good. Well, has the boss man told you?"

"Yes, he told me."

"Well, the job is yours, right away quick! And there's your first call. Hear it? A nice mess for you to start in on, up there at the cupolas!"

"But I've not accepted, Blagood. I think you'd best keep hold of things for a while yet. I want to see Lendrick ——"

Blagood threw up his hands. "Nix! Not! No!" he shouted. "I'm off this job for keeps! I'm through! Done is my middle name! Not again for a thousand bucks a week! Look at these gray hairs! Take a slant at these caved-in cheeks! Behold this shaking hand! No more for mine! You're it, Bennet—go after it! And luck to you! Say, if you'll come to the office when you've finished up there I'll go over things with you. Then I'm off for a rest." Blagood strolled away.

The whistle at the cupolas was shrilling again for a boss—a big boss.

"I'll go up and see what I can do," said Bennet. "I can talk to Lendrick later."

At the cupolas he found a ladle of iron off the tracks and almost spilling. Two of the men there were in hot dispute over the means to be used to right the ladle. While they had argued laborers had been working without a guiding hand, making matters worse, accomplishing nothing. Bennet took charge. Word of his new appointment had already been passed to every workman in the plant and his orders were taken without question. But replacing the derailed truck and ladle proved to be a difficult job, and two hours had passed before he could get away.

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At the foot of the stairs, as he went down, a vessel liner met him and insisted that he go with him to inspect a carload of bricks, which were, the vessel liner declared, unfit for use and should be rejected. Then a breakdown at a mold stripper called him there. Men came to him asking for a ruling on this question and on that; men came with orders for stores and stocks, to get his signature; they came demanding their pay; they came complaining their foremen were not treating them right. Bennet's head began to buzz.

It was long past the noon hour before he found opportunity to slip over to the tool room. There he discovered a basket filled with food awaiting him. Quintin Dick had been to the superintendents' lunch room and brought him his lunch. He was tired and ravenously hungry, and he felt grateful to Quintin Dick. He began unpacking the basket.

A piece of paper lying on the bench before him, weighted down by a bolt, caught his eye. It was a note from Blagood:

"I've gone. Couldn't wait for you. Off for a vacash. Need it. You'll find all the papers, orders, letters, schedules, etc., etc., that belong to you stacked up on your desk. Good luck. BLAGOOD."

"My desk! Not my desk!" said Bennet. "I must see Lendrick!"

He looked at his watch. Lendrick would be in his office now, smoking an after-dinner cigar. Bennet rose, reached for his coat and then sat down again. It wouldn't be so easy—telling Lendrick. He didn't like Lendrick—nobody about the mills liked Lendrick. Lendrick was hard, he was coarse, he was sarcastic, he was brutal. A huge bulk of a man, bull-necked, thick-lipped, heavy-jowled, he repelled, he intimidated, he frightened by his very presence. Nepotism, not ability, was the secret of his securing and his holding the important position he was filling, for Lendrick was a relative of the vice president of the corporation. The man in the mill gauges pretty accurately the capacities of his superiors, from straw boss to main gaffer, and from his first appearance Oldtown had marked Lendrick low. Gabe Gavin, the old cinder monkey, when asked for his opinion of the new manager, had said: "I would say, sir, he is a frind o' the fambly; a coosin maybe, or a neffy; or somethin' like thot." Homan, Lendrick's assistant, was the man that kept costs down and tonnages up at Oldtown, and made it one of the best of the corporation's many plants.

Bennet shrugged his shoulders as he envisaged himself walking into Lendrick's office, standing before his desk, and telling him of the part he had had in the smash-up of three months ago.

"Well, it's got to be done, and I might as well have it over with! Here goes!"

His hunger had left him, but he still felt very tired. He closed the lid of the lunch basket and pushed it away. He went out of the tool room and walked rapidly down through the mill.

One of the converters was blowing; the other was pointed nose down, and a crew of men were patching a hole in the lining wall. He stopped to watch them. The actions of one of the workmen—a foreigner evidently—attracted his attention. The man was drunk; he had gone over the fence and visited a saloon near the mills. Once the fellow dropped a heavy bar he was holding, barely missing crushing a man's foot. Then he stumbled and fell.

"Whose man is that?" Bennet demanded.

"Brown's," replied a workman.

"Where is Brown?"

"He went away somewheres—I think to the time office."

"Here—you!" Bennet called to the drunken man, who had scrambled to his feet and was swaying back and forth. "Get your coat and pail and get out of here! Go home!"

The fellow leered at Bennet. "You boss here? I guess no!"

"And I guess yes!" shouted Bennet, advancing upon the man. "You bet, I'm boss here! Boss! Do you get that? Go get your coat and dinner pail and come over to that office yonder, and I'll give you something that's coming to you!"

The man hesitated, glaring angrily, until a big hand gave him a shove forward and a hoarse voice bellowed: "Gwan, ye bone-headed bohunk! Can't ye tell the sound ov the voice ov the big boss yet? Gwan!" The man walked away, mumbling.

Bennet went to the superintendent's office, the little tin building that had been Kurtz's headquarters. The desk was open and he sat down before it. He saw a great stack of papers, the papers Blagood had left for him. He searched in the desk until he found a block of yellow forms—the discharge slips. He filled one out and signed his name to it, signed as superintendent. When the foreigner came to the door of the office a few minutes later he thrust the slip at the man.

"Here, take that to the time office and get your pay!" he said.

The man gazed at the yellow slip. "You fire me?" he asked. "What for?"

"Drunk. Get out!"

The fellow turned to go. "I get you some day!"

Bennet laughed. "Don't wait too long!"

He picked up the topmost paper of the pile. It was the tonnage schedule for the week, a list of the kinds of steel he must make and the amounts, so many hundred tons of this grade, so many hundred tons of that. He studied it carefully and made some notes, which he put into his pocket. He found letters of complaint from customers, with Lendrick's and Homan's notations in the margins: "What about this?" "Explain"; "This looks bad"; "Let me know about this." He found analysis sheets from the laboratory; he found reports from the chief clerk; cost sheets; lists of stores received for his department; blue prints from the engineer's office; overtime cards from the time office—awaiting his approval. He spent more than an hour going through the papers, and was far from the bottom of the stack when an order clerk came in to get promises on certain shipments of steel, followed by a shipping clerk asking for information on certain shipments he was to make. The boss of the bricklayers came to find out about what work he would have to do on the cupolas the following Sunday. Then the master mechanic drifted in to tell him one of the blowing engines would have to be shut down for repairs.

Once he went out and climbed the stairs to the mixers to speak to the foreman there regarding three ladles of high-sulphur iron which were coming in from the blast furnaces. It had been reported to him, as superintendent, over the telephone. From a high window in the mixer building he saw Lendrick crossing the mill yards toward the superintendent's garage. He couldn't tell his story to Lendrick that day.

"To-morrow morning, the first thing!" he declared, and he hurried back to the little office.

But he did not see Lendrick the next day, nor the next—Lendrick was out of town. Homan came into the mill two or three times, and spoke to him briefly about some phase of the work, but Homan was busy at the blast-furnace group, where a new furnace was being blown in. He had little time for other matters.

Early on the third morning Lendrick called Bennet on the phone. "The directors will be here to-morrow, Bennet. I'm going down to Littlefield this morning, and will be with them there to-day. I want you to have the mill cleaned up for inspection. Get everything in its place, have all that scrap and junk picked up, and don't forget the whitewash, Bennet—all the pillars and walls, you know. They will be out here some time Friday morning."

"I've got to see you, Mr. Lendrick," called Bennet hastily. "I've got something to tell you ——"

"Can't see you now, Bennet," interrupted Lendrick. "I am leaving at once. I'll see you later. Whatever it is you've got to tell me will keep. Homan says you're getting a grip on the place. You pulled out a good tonnage yesterday. Good-by."

Bennet put a gang of men at work at once cleaning up the mill. Quintin Dick came hunting him.

"Is the big fellers comin'?" asked the old man.

"Yes—Friday."

"Then I'll get me whitewash brush out and touch up some of the rough spots. I wonder if Lippy'll be with 'em this time."

"Lippy? Who is Lippy?"

"Who's Lippy? Why, Lippy Danvers, of course! You've heard of Lippy Danvers, ain't ye?"

"Oh—Harrison Z. Danvers?"

"That's him, but I call him Lippy."

"You knew him when you were a young fellow, didn't you?"

"I did that. Why, me and Lippy has muled and rawhided many a day together, out there on that pig dock. A right smart spell ago that was, it was."

"He'll be here, no doubt."

Another day to wait before he could see Lendrick. The burden of his secret was growing heavier and heavier. Had he had more time for introspection he would have found unbearable that waiting for an opportunity to make his confession. But every minute of his time was employed. There was much to do and he did much, coming to work early in the morning, leaving late at night. He was whipping the mill back into shape—it had run down sadly since Kurtz had left—and in the few days he had been in charge the results of his efforts had made themselves apparent.

Bennet had been millwright for two years. In that time he had not confined his attention to mechanical matters, but had been constantly watching, listening, talking, asking questions, studying—searching for knowledge of the art of steel making. Making steel was not in his line of work—he was employed in the mechanical department, and rarely indeed was a man transferred from the mechanical to the operating department. But he had hoped—though he felt that he was hoping against hope—that some day he might be transferred. He wanted to make steel. And when the opportunity came, when Lendrick had suddenly and unexpectedly advanced him to the position of superintendent of the Bessemer—an unheard-of promotion in Oldtown—he was far from being unprepared to take hold of the work. Few men at Oldtown would have considered him capable. Lendrick knew he was capable—Homan had told him.

On Friday morning he gave a final inspection to the mill. There were an orderliness and neatness about the place that he had never observed before. Piles of scrap iron and junk that had been accumulating for months had disappeared; old and broken pieces of machinery lying about had been carted away; fallen molds had been picked up; ingot stacks had been straightened; posts and pillars and walls and bins had been double-coated with whitewash. The Bessemer was ready for the directors.

Going along the overhead track, over which the hot metal was delivered from the mixers to the converters, he noticed a rail slightly out of line, making a lip at a joint. It might cause an accident—a flange of a ladle truck might strike the lip; there would be a derailment, there might be a spill. He called to a mechanic, whom he saw on the floor below, to come up, pointed out the joint, and told him to see that it was fixed at once.

As he left the spot and went on toward the mixers Quintin Dick passed under the elevated track, thirty feet below Bennet. Bennet did not notice him. The old man carried a whitewash brush in one hand, a broom in the other. Coming from a trip to a water tap was Sandy Nolan, another old employee of Oldtown, almost as old as Quintin Dick. The two men stopped and grinned at each other.

"Well, Sandy," said Quintin Dick, "we're to entertain the big squeezes fer a few minutes to-day, and I've been whitewashin' and dustin' and manicurin' the ol' dump till me arms fairly ache."

"It looks nice," returned Sandy.

"It never looked nicer, Sandy. I'm thinkin' we'll see Lippy to-day with the bunch."

"I'd like fine to, Quintin. He ain't been with 'em the last times, has he?"

"No, but I think he'll be along to-day. Remember, Sandy, how Lippy used to hate to help doll up the place? Remember that time, Sandy, when me and you and Lippy was ordered to move that pile of cupola brick, and Lippy said he'd be ——"

"Aw, I can't stand here listenin' to ye and yer gab, Quintin!" broke in Sandy. "I'm busy—I got a box of clay to work up. Good-by."

And he started off.

"Gwan then, ye crazy, work-lovin' slave!" shouted Quintin Dick. "Run! Run, ye hater of rest! Why don't ye run so's ye can get more work did?"

Sandy glanced back, grinned and walked on.

As Bennet neared the mixer a ladle of molten metal came rushing down the track toward him. He stepped aside and behind a column to allow it to pass. As it rumbled by him he noticed a guard chain dangling from the truck, a device for preventing the ladle from tipping. He hurried

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Round Oak Dealers Announce

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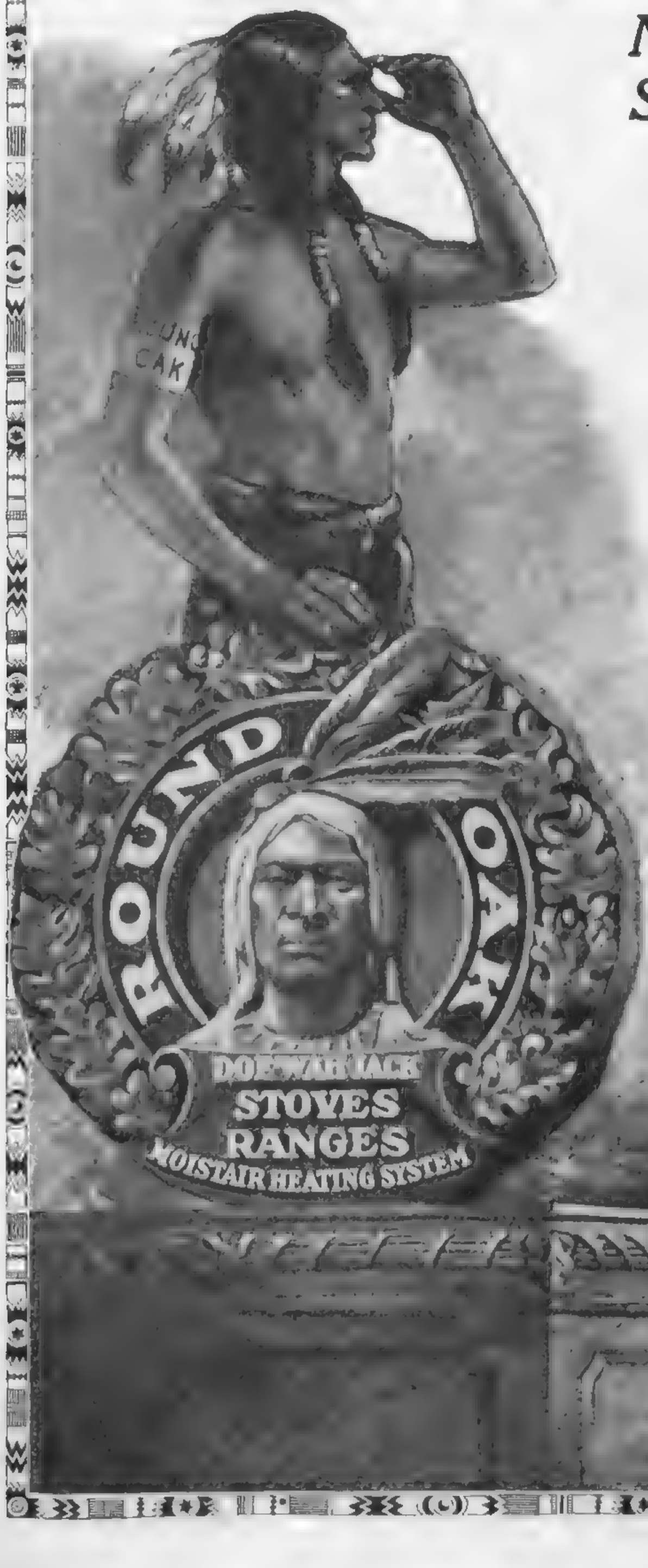

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- ☐ Genuine Round Oak Square Base Heater

(Continued from Page 66)

up to the man at the mixer, who had started the ladle on its trip.

"Didn't you see that the guard chain on that ladle was loose?" he demanded hotly. "Why wasn't it hooked as it should be?"

"Oh, they get loose sometimes and I don't notice 'em. Can't see everything," replied the man carelessly.

"Well, that's one thing you've got to see! You watch those guard chains! If I learn of another ladle leaving here with a chain unhooked I'll send for you!"

He stepped back to the track and stood watching the ladle rolling along through the smoke and dust toward the waiting converter. The huge steel beams and girders far up in the dark building showed in a weird strange light as the ladle passed beneath them and the glare from the red metal in the big bowl fell upon them.

"The joint isn't particularly bad yet, but I'm glad I noticed it as soon as I did," thought Bennet. "There comes Briggs now, to fix it."

He saw the mechanic with some tools in his hands, coming down the track. The ladle was nearing the spot where he knew the defective joint was. Suddenly the truck gave a jump, then another, and the ladle began to swing on its trunnions. Bennet gasped—he knew the flange of the truck wheel had struck the lip. Another crash, then a grinding and a cracking noise—a track girder had broken. Part of the heavy steel truck settled down through the opening, and the ladle, with its guard chain unhooked, tilted, tilted more, and—went over.

"Good heavens, it's tipping—it's over!" groaned Bennet. "Whoever was below—God help him!" He ran for the stairs.

Quintin Dick stood leaning on his broom gazing after the hurrying figure of Sandy Nolan, smiling his toothless smile. "Sandy's a nice ol' man," he murmured, and he turned to go.

Up above him there came a crash, a jar and the noise of breaking steel. He looked up. A wave of awful red was pouring down upon him. A scream of fear, a cry of helplessness, and he disappeared in a smother of fiery spray and a cloud of dust and scobs and ashes of graphite.

In the depression in the ground beneath the elevated track where he had been standing a red lake suddenly came into existence—a lake of fire, a lake that burned and smoked and crackled and quivered. And out in the lake was something that flopped about, twisted and turned and writhed—just for a mere moment or two—and gave off queer-colored little tongues of flame. Men came running to the edge of the red lake, some shouting, some whispering, some cursing, some crying, some talking excitedly, some strangely silent, all staring, staring, staring at that something in the middle of the pool, staring at those queer-colored little tongues of flame.

"Fetch a timber!" someone shouted, and a great squared log of oak was brought and heaved out into the glowing pool. In an instant it was aflame in every sliver. Yet did a man venture out upon it, hurrying, reaching with a hooked bar for that something in the middle of the lake. The flames licked his shoe; stifling gases rose up about him and choked him; the bar fell and splashed out of sight. He put his hands before his face, reeled and tottered, lost his balance and stepped into the red flood. A scream of agony came from his lips. He waded until strong hands seized him and carried him away.

"Bring a girder! Get it outside!" A score of men rushed away from the pool's edge, and another score came running up.

"What's the matter here? Get out of the way and let me through!" It was Lendrick, and he came pushing his vast bulk through the throng of staring shuddering men. "What's this? What's happened?"

"Ladle of iron spilled," said Sandy Nolan, who stood near by. "Quintin Dick's in there! Quintin Dick—oh, dear!" The old man began to sob.

Lendrick whirled on the crowd. "Get back to your work, you men!" he ordered in a loud harsh voice. "Get out of here! You don't have to shut this mill down just because a man gets killed! Get back to your work!"

Some of the men turned and started away, some of them paid no heed to the order. One of those who made no motion to go was Sandy Nolan. He was standing very close to Lendrick. His hands, wet with the clay with which he had been working, were clasping and unclasping, and queer sounds were coming from his throat.

"It's a damn shame to have so much good metal wasted!"

Lendrick spoke the words. It was a shocking cold-blooded thing for a man to say at such a time. Oldtown Bessemer was fifty years and more old, and it had heard wicked talk, much evil, ugly, vile and vulgar talk, but words more brutal than those of Lendrick's Oldtown Bessemer had never heard.

In an instant two score pairs of eyes were staring hatred and loathing at the man. Old Sandy Nolan suddenly straightened up, his hands unclasped and fell apart, his fists clenched and a savage light broke out in his old eyes. He took a single step toward Lendrick, a clay-stained fist shot out and struck the coarse red face before him. The huge bulk of a man staggered back, caught his foot in a curled piece of slag and went down.

"You devil! You devil!" screamed Sandy in a voice terrible in its anger.

A yell of approval went up from the men gathered about the spilled iron. "Good, Sandy! Beat the brute up! Hit him again, Sandy! Kick his face off!"

Lendrick climbed to his feet, foaming with rage. A foreman had gone to assist him to rise; another foreman had taken Sandy Nolan by the arm and led him away. The muttering and the cursing of the men grew louder and louder, and Lendrick moved quickly away.

He met Bennet running toward the crowd. Bennet had found the stairway by which he had intended to descend from the upper floor blocked by scaffolding, and had been compelled to return to another stairway at the farther end of the building. He had witnessed nothing of the happenings at the iron pool. Lendrick stopped him and poured out his wrath into his ears. He would discharge and blacklist every man in the mill! He would send to Pittsburgh for a complete new crew! He would shut the plant down, but he would be rid of those dogs there!

But even as he raged, and while Bennet listened to him, the two men became aware that something strange and unusual was taking place about them. The noises of the mill were dying down wheels were ceasing their rumbling and gears their grinding; the ringing of hammers was stopping; men were dropping their tools and gathering about in little groups; a crane that was rushing down its runway, its motors humming under its heavy load of steel ingots, stopped, and the crane man leaned far out from his cab and talked with a man below.

"He said that?" he cried, and came climbing down his iron ladder.

One of the converters was blowing, but the blast was suddenly cut off, and the great vessel slowly rolled over and poured its fifteen tons of half-blown steel into the pit below.

The steel blower locked his levers and signaled for the blowing engines to shut down; the steel pourer and his helpers came down from the pouring platform; the test boy dropped his load of tests and ran to join a group of men. There was the silence of Sunday in the mill.

"What is it? What is the matter?" gasped Lendrick.

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Bennet. "I'll find out." He hurried over to a knot of men and talked to them a minute or two. Then he came slowly back.

"If I were you I'd get out of the mill," he said to Lendrick. "The men are in an ugly mood. Something you said ——"

"Good heavens, Bennet, I meant nothing by that! Tell the men I meant nothing at all it was just a remark! Get them back to work, get the mill started! The directors will be here in a half hour! Tell them I apologize!"

"I think you'd best go," said Bennet.

Lendrick went, skirting the engine room, turning behind the condenser house, passing between long lines of ingot molds and cars and out into the open yard. There he started, muttering an oath, for he saw a locomotive entering one of the yard gates drawing a Pullman coach. The directors had arrived ahead of time.

He quickened his pace and reached the car just as the ten men it had brought to Oldtown came down the coach steps

"I suppose, gentlemen," he said after a few words had been exchanged, "that we will inspect the rod mill first, then the bar mills and bloomers, the open hearth and blast furnaces, and finish at the Bessemer"

"No, we'll start in at the Bessemer," said a white-haired man who wore gold-rimmed glasses, behind which glittered a pair of steel-gray eyes. "The Bessemer is my old stamping ground. I want to see Quintin Dick." He laughed, and he led the party down the yard.

Bennet made no effort to get the men back to work and the mill started after Lendrick left. He went to his office, telephoned to the company surgeon, talked with the emergency hospital about a litter, and then went over and sat down in the tool room. His helper—his former helper—came in.

"Hello!" said the helper.

"Hello!" returned Bennet.

"What do you think of that skunk's saying a thing like that?"

"The worst I ever heard of."

"You said it! And they're not going back to work while that hyena is on the job!"

"I don't blame them!" And Bennet left the room.

The helper scratched his head. "Now, if he wasn't straight he'd be sticking with Lendrick in this affair, wouldn't he? He'd be out there bullyragging the gang, trying to club them back on the job. I always thought he was straight. Still—he loosened those nuts! I saw him! He must be crooked!" He continued to scratch his head.

As the white-haired man wearing gold-rimmed glasses led the party of directors into the Bessemer building he stopped and looked about him in surprise. Not a wheel was turning; the converters hung, noses down, empty; not a man was at work, but groups of workmen stood about talking in low tones. He caught a glimpse of four men hurrying from the building, carrying a covered litter.

"Why, what's this? What does this mean, Lendrick?" he demanded, whirling about. But Lendrick had dropped behind, and was not within reach of his voice. Sandy Nolan came shuffling up.

"Lippy!"

"Why, Sandy, how are you?" Harrison Z. Danvers caught the hand of the old clay worker and shook it warmly. "You're looking fine, Sandy. What's going on here? What's the matter with the mill, Sandy? And where is Quintin Dick? I expected to find him waiting for me."

"Come with me and I'll tell you," said Sandy.

The idle workmen saw old Sandy Nolan leading the great man of the steel world across the m... to the red lake it was turning gray-black now, getting cold. They saw old Sandy talking to Danvers, clasping and unclasping his clay-stained hands, now and then clutching at his throat as though it pained him. They saw Danvers listening, his body rigid; and then they saw him wheel about and hurry back and past the group of directors to where Lendrick skulked.

They saw the white-haired Danvers stop in front of the hulking figure of the general manager, and they saw Lendrick shrink back as Danvers poured out his wrath and his disgust upon him. They saw Lendrick turn away and walk out of the mill and into the open yard beyond, looking neither to the right nor to the left. And a workman who had sat behind a column near where the two men met said afterward: "Boys, it was awful, something awful! I never heard such a soul-blistering job as that old man made of it. I didn't know it could be did as he done it!"

Danvers came back to the directors' group. "Warner," he said, addressing one of his companions and his voice trembled with anger as he spoke—"your precious wife's aunt's cousin, or whatever he is, is through here! He is through everywhere in this corporation! Homan"—he turned to Homan, who had just then joined the party—"tell the men it is all right; tell them I have bounced Lendrick. Have your superintendent get the mill going again."

Homan walked off and began speaking to the men about the mill.

"We'll have to find a new manager for Oldtown, Warner," said Danvers.

"Perhaps Homan ——"

"Homan goes to Black Bay We promised him that plant. We'll bring Newbold up from Lake City. Newbold was formerly located here he ought to fit in. Get a wire to him at once to come on. And you'd better have Homan take the party through the plant. I'm sick; I can't go"

Danvers left the building and crossing to the bottom house followed the stooping figure of Sandy Nolan, who was just then entering a little side door, going back to his boxes of clay.

By noon Bennet had the mill running full again; the directors and Harrison Z. Danvers had departed, and Sandy Nolan had gone in the Pullman with them. Someone said he and Danvers were going to arrange for Quintin Dick's funeral. And the frozen pool of pig iron beneath the elevated track had been dragged out and hauled away to a skull cracker.

Late in the afternoon Homan came into the Bessemer. "I am to leave for Black Bay in a few days," he said. "Newbold will be here to-morrow. I shall be tied up with him until I leave. You will have to run this place yourself—but you have been doing that anyway. I may not get a chance to see you again. If I don't—good-by, and success to you!"

Newbold came and Homan left. Bennet was now in undisturbed charge of the Bessemer; he was superintendent in fact. The new manager seldom showed himself in Bennet's department, but spent his time about the bar mills and the open hearth.

Bennet was making good every day, but he was far from happy. His secret, his sense of great guilt, still weighed heavily on him. And who was there now to whom he could unburden himself? No one. Lendrick was gone, Homan was gone, Kurtz was gone. It was no affair of Newbold's—Newbold wouldn't be interested. If he only knew where Kurtz was—but he didn't. None of those first rumors of the former superintendent's whereabouts had been verified.

"It is to remain my secret, I suppose; mine alone," he told himself. "Nobody knows. I wish somebody did know—anybody! I'd surrender everything I've gained and start at the very bottom of things, to be rid of this incubus!"

One day he met the helper on the upper floor, near the vessels.

"You haven't noticed any signs of a crack in that new trunnion casting, have you?" he asked.

The helper started. "No, not a thing wrong," he replied; and he thought, "I wonder if he's coming up to it now."

"Strange about that old casting, wasn't it? The only one I ever knew to crack. It must have come from a foundry flaw."

The helper said nothing, and Bennet looking up at him saw that same queer stare in his eyes that he had once before seen there. He became uneasy, and walked away. But a few steps distant he stopped.

"Oh, say," he called, walking back, "I've asked Newbold to let me take on a clerk, a kind of assistant, you know, and he has given permission. I'd like for you to take the place. It will be a good job to start with, and I am sure it will develop into something worth while. What do you say?"

The helper grew red in the face. "Much obliged, but I don't think I care to accept."

"What!" exclaimed Bennet. "You don't? Why not? What's the objection?"

"Oh, I don't think I'd do. Besides, I'm thinking of quitting here."

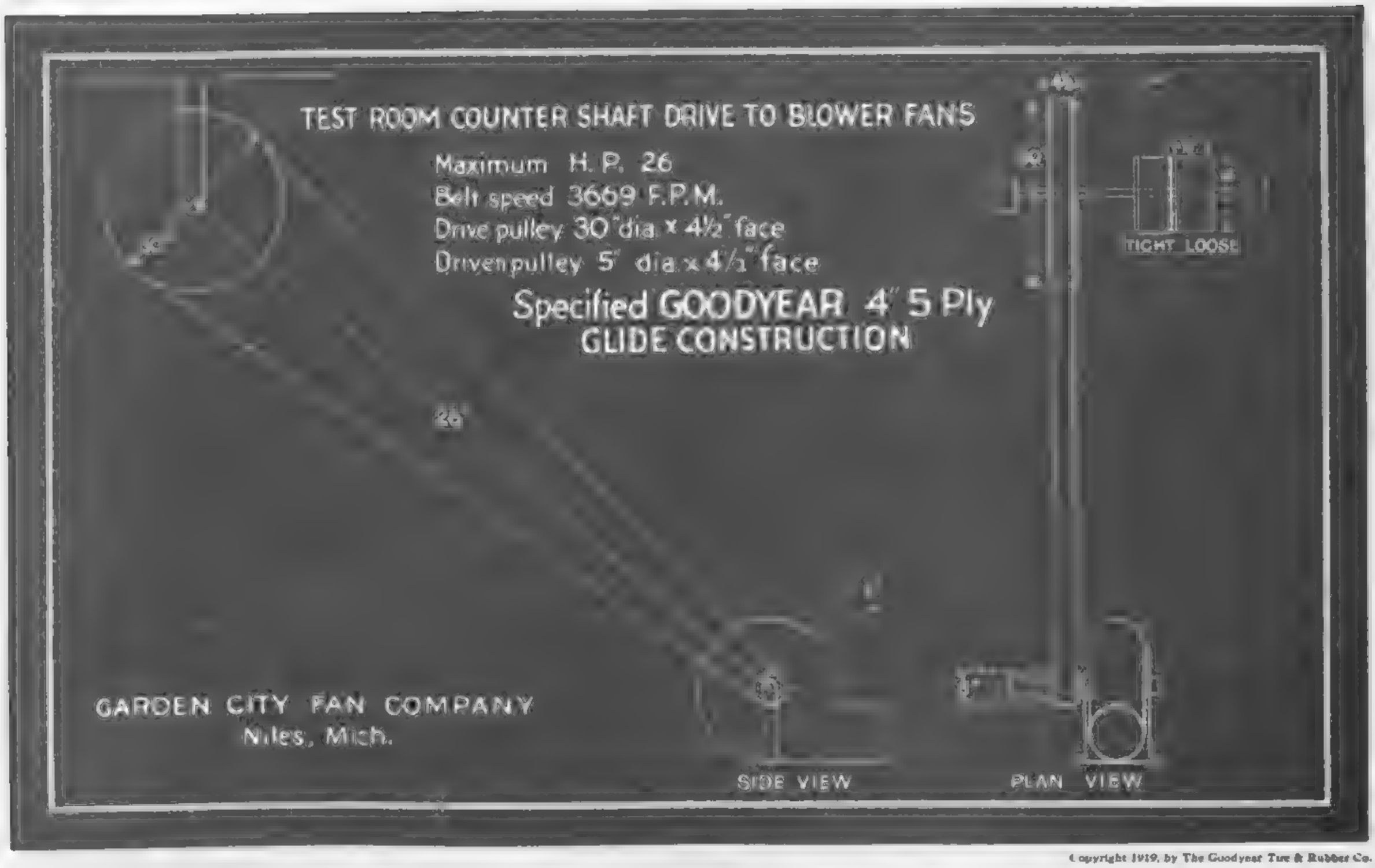
"Better not better take this job. You'll like it, and it will be your chance. Think it over I'll see you again about it."

The helper watched him going down the floor. "Sure, he's crooked!" he muttered. "Crooked as a crimped wire! I believe he knows I know, and now he's trying to seal me up with a bribe of a nice soft job! No!"

The months ran past rapidly. Oldtown Bessemer was making an enviable reputation for itself among the corporation plants. Head officials were watching with interest the Bessemer production records and cost sheets that Newbold was sending in. In the list of corporation Bessemers it stood next to Black Bay, the new plant to which Homan had gone. Bennet was making a better record than Kurtz had had; he was as popular as a superintendent as Kurtz had been. His men liked him, they worked with him to get results, they did their level best under him. He had no disgruntled hands, there were no strikes, there was no throat cutting. Oldtown was making steel as it had never before made steel.

The helper watched Bennet's success and his growing popularity with wonder. "It gets me!" he would say over and over. "He treats everybody right and there never was a squarer superintendent with his men—he's got a friend in every one of them. Would this be true if he wasn't straight? But—I—saw—him—loosen—those—nuts!

(Concluded on Page 71)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SIDE VIEW
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Halving Price and Doubling Service—with the G. T. M.

They used to pay $25.00 for expensive belts that gave about a year of questionable service on a test block drive, off a countershaft, in the Garden City Fan Company's testing room. In June, 1917, they put on a Goodyear Belt specified by a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man—for which they paid $12.50. It has already lasted two years, and is still in good condition. For half the price, they have had twice the service, and better service at that.

Mr. H. C. Richards, the superintendent, had tried about every kind of belt on that drive. None of them had been satisfactory, mainly because the test block was not stationary and whenever a new fan was put on it to be tested out the workmen lined up the belt "by eye." The costly belts they used to use warped and curved because of this misalignment—and they slipped a lot, too. The cheap belts that he tried lasted about two months.

When a G. T. M. called, Mr. Richards was very skeptical. He didn't think that much could be done toward reducing belt costs and troubles. But he thought he couldn't lose by trying—and he didn't.

The 4-inch 5-ply Goodyear Belt of Glide construction, recommended by the G. T. M., has served for two years at a cost of $6.25 per year. The best costs obtained before were $25.00 a year. And there isn't any trouble at all. In spite of the frequent misalignment the Goodyear Belt still runs straight and true.

After it had run only about six months, they were so pleased with the freedom from trouble it gave them, that they ordered another for a second testing drive just like it. And since then they have had a G. T. M. specify many other belts for them—ranging all the way from one and three-quarter inches to eight inches wide.

If you have a belt-devouring drive—no matter how small or how large—ask a G. T. M. to call. He'll do it without charge when next he is in your vicinity. There are many G. T. M.'s—all with experience in many plants—all trained in the Goodyear Technical School—all experienced in selling belts to meet conditions and not as a grocer sells sugar. The G. T. M.'s services are free simply because the savings they effect for belt-users are so considerable that a gratifying volume of business is certain to come to us within a few years from the plant served—just as it has in the case of the Garden City Fan Company.

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GOODYEAR

AKRON

"Honest, Man,
don't you just hanker
for a piping hot plateful?"

There's a sparkle in your eye as you put fragrant, golden-brown Aunt Jemima Pancakes on your plate! Spread a lump of yellow butter on each one and swim them in maple syrup—when your knife cuts the rich, tender morsel—and get a mouthful, um-m-m! What a flavor!

And this breakfast is easiest for "the wife" to prepare. Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour is complete—with even the sweet milk mixed in and so rich it needs no eggs. There's no pantry searching for ingredients, no measuring and testing—the simple addition of water makes perfect pancakes every time.

Order today a red package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and enjoy this satisfying breakfast—learn why it is America's favorite breakfast. Learn what jim-dandy muffins, waffles and breadsticks it makes, too.

"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

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(Concluded from Page 68)

And Kurtz was fired! He got Kurtz's job! It was a dirty trick!"

He often from a distance watched the young man who had taken the position he had refused. He saw him sauntering about the mills, giving orders to the workmen, working in Bennet's office, running here and there on errands.

"Pretty soft!" he would say to himself. "That boy will be bossing Bennet himself in a year's time; he'll be firing Newbold some of these days. And I could have had that job! But I'm glad I refused—I wouldn't have felt right. I wish I could get another mechanical job somewhere."

One day in early fall Newbold came into Bennet's office. There was a smile on his face as he laid down a sheet of paper.

"Run your eye over those figures," he said. "We're making steel, Bennet! Little old antiquated Oldtown is hustling Black Bay! What do you say that we go in for a big record month and try to down Black Bay?"

Bennet shook his head. "I'd say that we are at the limit of our capacity right now; we can hardly expect to beat last month's tonnage. I don't see how we can squeeze another thousand tons out of the place. Black Bay has us handicapped a hundred ways—modern converters, larger blowing engines, more powerful ——"

"I know, I know," broke in Newbold; "but look at your tonnages, Bennet, and then look at Black Bay's. They're not so far apart. And I rather think Black Bay is up to the limit of capacity too. I believe you can do it. Try it."

Bennet took a piece of paper and figured for a few moments. "Our having the new blast furnace will help us. We might possibly make it—I mean sixty thousand. We can try it, to be sure. Nothing lost if we fail."

"October, then; the long month, the cool month, and generally the good weather month. Get ready for it, Bennet; get good and ready. Order anything you may need and stock it away; don't be caught short on anything. Overhaul your crews and if you've got any idlers, sleepers or boozers get rid of them now. I'll have the mechanical department go over every screw and bolt in the mill before the first. If you take Oldtown Bessemer over the top, Bennet, it will mean a feather in your cap that won't fade quickly."

Newbold was leaving the office when he stopped. "By the way, I noticed an item in the Steel Review to-day that said Kurtz is back from Japan, bringing a contract for a steel plant from the Japanese Government. I always understood Kurtz was a good man. He must have struck oil after leaving here. I knew him slightly. I have often wondered why Lendrick dropped him." He paused a moment, but as Bennet made no remark he went on out.

Bennet experienced a chilly sensation along his spine. Kurtz was back! Would Kurtz come to Oldtown? But suppose he did—Kurtz didn't know he had loosened those nuts.

Nobody knew. Kurtz had suspected him, perhaps, but Kurtz didn't know. But if Kurtz should come back should he tell him—now, after this long while? Kurtz hadn't lost anything, and had nothing further to lose, while he —— He grew sick at heart as he considered what a confession would mean to him: Shame, disgrace, humiliation, a blasted future. Ah, if he could only put Oldtown ahead of Black Bay! Newbold's words about the unfading feather in his cap had rung pleasantly in his ears.

He rose, threw up his hands and began to pace up and down his office. Before a mirror hanging on the wall he paused and looked at the scar on his face, still red and ugly.

"I deserved it!" he whispered. "I deserved it and more! And I'll get more—I'll get all that is due me! Some day that trick of mine will hang me!"

October came, and the run for the big record began with confidence in the heart of every workman in Oldtown Bessemer. They had cheered Bennet's proposal to them. Sure, they could do it! They not only could, they would! Give them a chance! And as though hinting at what they could accomplish before October had ended they tipped the converters so frequently that first turn of the month, those first twelve hours, that twelve hundred tons of steel poured from the vessels' mouths.

Bennet had brought his monthly ingot production from forty-five thousand tons—Blagood's figure—to fifty thousand tons; he had raised it to fifty-two, to fifty-four, to fifty-six thousand tons. Black Bay had a record of fifty-nine thousand three hundred tons, made the preceding October. Black Bay had not gone so high in any other month in the past year. Oldtown must run for a good margin over sixty thousand to be sure of the victory.

Honor rules were established by the workmen: No booze, no fighting, no kicking and crabbing, no laying off, every man on the job at the whistle's call, every man doing his level best from six in the morning till six in the evening, from six in the evening till six in the morning, day crew and night crew. "On the job! On the job!" was the slogan on every man's lips.

"Have the iron broom ready to nail up the first day of November!" they told Bennet, and the first thirty turns had so exceeded the running schedule he had worked for the mill that on the sixteenth of the month he informed them that he was having the great wire broom made—they were going to sweep Black Bay into the scrap pile!

"For a crook," the helper remarked to himself one day as he stood looking at the daily production reports that were tacked up in the mill—"for a crook he is some superintendent, I'll say!"

Half the month gone and more than half the required tonnage made. And then—something went wrong. What the trouble was Bennet could not discover, nor his steel makers. Newbold was an open-hearth man and knew little about actual Bessemer practice; he could offer no suggestions. The production was falling. Two days the figures were below the mark, three days and four days; and there was no sign of an improvement. Something was wrong somewhere. The steel was wild in the converters, in the pouring ladle, and in the molds; it was slivering, cracking and breaking up in the rolls. Every means was tried to remedy the evil, whatever it was—various mixtures of iron were used, new methods for cooling the heats in the vessels were experimented with, new bottoms and new tuyères installed; but the trouble remained.

The workmen were beginning to lose interest in the run; the morale of the crews was showing signs of weakening; the slogan "On the job!" was not heard so often now. A steel pourer's helper came to work drunk. Bennet discharged him on the spot. Two men engaged in a fist fight in the mill. They too were given their time. One afternoon three foreigners on the dock quit. "Too much on-the-job stuff," one of them said when asked why. A few days before they had been shouting out the slogan.

That evening as Bennet drove out of the mill yard on his way home he overtook and picked up the helper. As they passed Oldtown's one hotel his eye caught a glimpse of a man standing in front of the hotel, whose face was familiar. He looked again, full at him this time. It was Kurtz.

He drove a block farther, then brought his car to a stop. "Get out," he said to the helper. "I've got to go back." He turned in the street and drove back.

"On the job, all right, all right," said the helper, and he felt his old-time admiration for Bennet grip him. "Wouldn't he be a prince if he hadn't done that—back there?"

Bennet stopped in front of the hotel. He could not see Kurtz. He left his machine and entered the building. Seated in a chair in the lobby, smoking a cigar, was the man he was seeking.

"Kurtz!"

"Eh? Oh—Bennet!"

"Kurtz, I wish to speak to you a minute."

"Haven't time, Bennet. Got an appointment." And Kurtz rose and took out his watch.

"Kurtz, I've got to tell you something and you've got to listen to me!"

The intensity of the young man's appeal startled Kurtz. "Sit down," he said.

Half an hour later the two men came out of the hotel together, crossed to Bennet's machine, entered it, and drove off toward the steel mills. "I can't imagine where the difficulty is but I'd like to take a look round for it," Kurtz was saying as the car started.

A cheer from the men of the night crew greeted the former superintendent as he entered the mill. He spent half an hour shaking hands. Then he and Bennet began a tour of inspection. They were in the plant until long after midnight, and they were back early the next morning. Advising, suggesting, criticizing, Kurtz talked and Bennet listened. Whatever Kurtz proposed Bennet did. New practices were tried out, subtle changes made here and there, and by the middle of the afternoon a change was observable, a change to better results. The improvement grew steadily.

"We've got it!" exclaimed Bennet exultantly.

"I believe you have," returned Kurtz, satisfaction showing in his face. "And you can make the record run yet. The men are enthusiastic—or most of them are still—and you've got the mill in great shape. You'll be able to pick up this dropped tonnage in half a dozen turns."

Bennet was silent for a few moments, then he spoke stammeringly: "Kurtz—I—just how to thank you ——"

"Bennet, mush never mixed with mine! Forget what I've done—it was little enough. I'm as pleased as a parrot with a candied pickle. Why not let it stand at that? Now, I'm going to Pittsburgh to-night for a day or so, but I'm coming back to Oldtown in a week or ten days. I will see you again. I want to hear about your finish in the run."

That night as Kurtz's train rolled out of Oldtown past the steel mills he looked from a car window and saw the flames and sparks and clouds of fiery smoke pouring from Bennet's converters, and he could hear the throb of the blowing engines and the rumble of the cranes at work, so close did his train pass to the mills.

"Clever as you find them!" he said. "He'll climb—he'll top us all in a few years. He's got the stuff that counts—ability and confidence and youth and courage. Courage—he's got more courage than I have! I couldn't have gone to a man, as he came to me, and made a confession such as he made to me!"

And Bennet, sitting in his smoke-blackened office back of the engine room, listening to the shriek of the air through the tuyères, catching the sounds of splashing steel, the fall of mold caps, the rattle of buggies, the chugging of narrow-gauge locomotives, and watching the unbroken line of red ingots rolling toward the soaking pits, smiled and said: "He's big! A man who will listen to as rotten a story as the one I told him, and then shake hands with the teller—he's big, bigger than I'll ever be!" He mused for a moment, then smiled. "I guess Kurtz had cause for laughing at me, that day back there."

Kurtz came back ten days later. He arrived in time to chuckle with his old crews over their victory over Black Bay, to see them nail the iron broom to the topmost point of the Bessemer building, and to read with Bennet a telegram that came to the superintendent of Oldtown Bessemer from Harrison Z. Danvers.

That afternoon the helper was mending a broken iron ladder on a steel column near the converters, when he saw Bennet and Kurtz approaching. They were talking and laughing. He stepped behind the column, out of their sight. Near the trunnion casting they paused. The helper heard Kurtz's booming laugh as they moved on. Then he caught the words, "Why, your loosening those nuts, Bennet, was one of the finest stunts you ever did ——" The scream of the air, which was just then turned into the tuyères, killed for the listener behind the column the remainder of his words. If the helper had stood closer to the two men he would have heard Kurtz finish his sentence —— "for yourself and for me—for me especially!"

"Laugh over it, Kurtz, if you will, but if you could imagine the shame, the hatred for myself, the disgust I have experienced ——"

"Oh, tosh! The devil grabs every man of us, at least once in our lives, and guides our hand into committing some act that makes us feel small forever afterwards and half an hour. Why, I could tell you—but I won't. Anyway, I've told the right man."

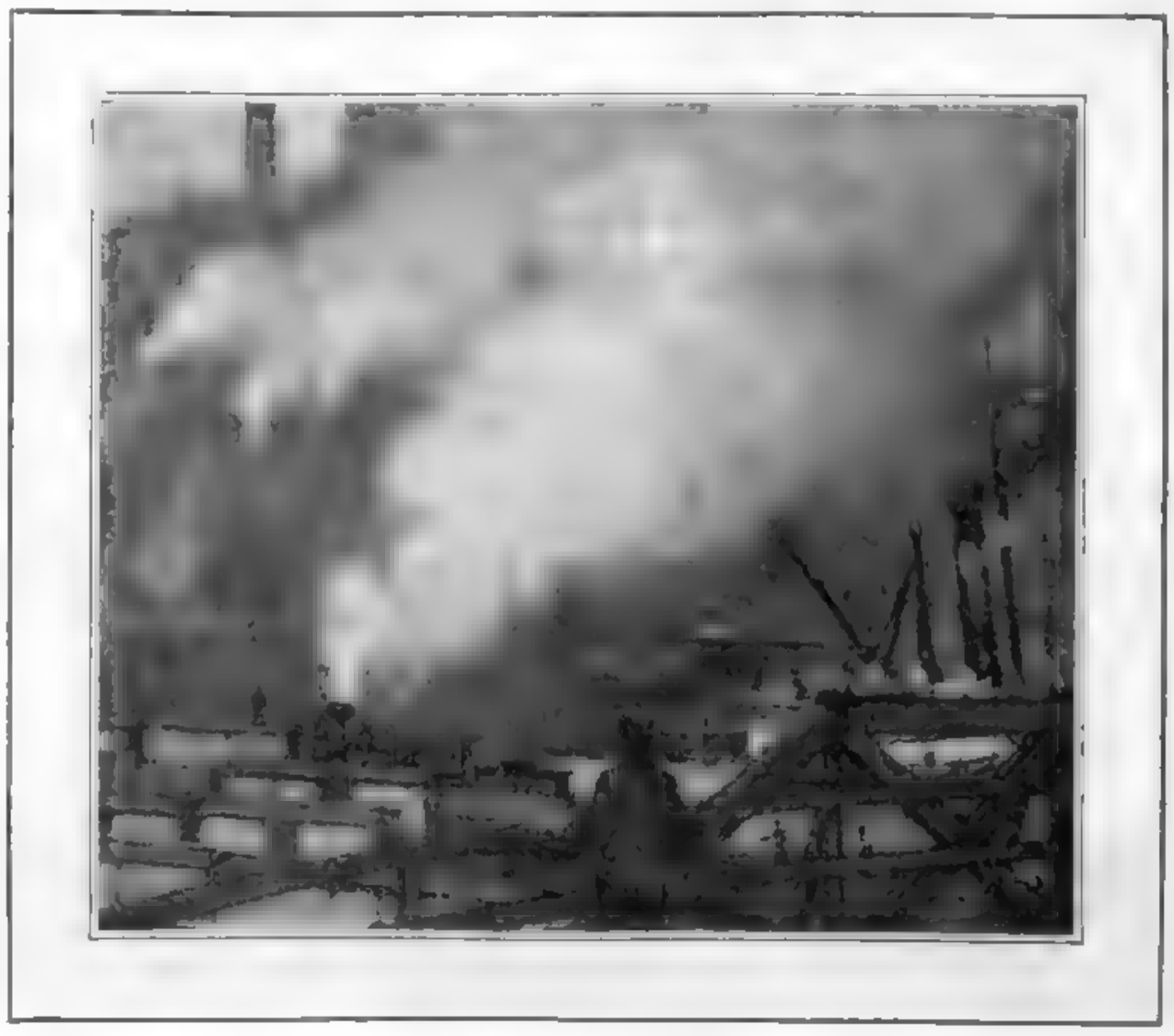
The helper finished his task and then sought out a dark corner in the building. There he sat down and held his head in both hands.

"Which way is up? Is a cucumber fish or fowl? What's my name? Ask me something easy!" Thus he soliloquized. He rapped his head with three knuckles. "Not bone," he sneered, "but steel! A solid steel dome! He loosens the nuts, causes a smash-up, gets Kurtz fired, grabs Kurtz's job, and lo! Kurtz comes back, falls upon his neck and kisses him, and tells him he pulled the finest stunt ever when he started all that! And I—I thought he had done a dirty low-down trick! I thought he was crooked as a crimped wire! And I refused a nice soft white-shirt job! And I lose the chance to have the finest boss in the world! O youth, youth!"

He sought out a still darker corner in the building, looked carefully about, to make sure he was quite alone, and then proceeded to kick himself. He kicked himself vigorously, violently, brutally, immoderately and shamefully. Retiring then to the tool room he felt so wrecked, so more than used up, that he made an investigation of his person, and found on the right shin and shank two bruises, four lumps and an abrasion; on the left shin and shank three lumps, two contusions and a blue spot; on the right thigh ——

Who questions me? How do I know?

Why shouldn't I know? I was that helper.



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OLD KING BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 15)

The tall man made no answer, but from his seat in the far corner his stout companion emitted a chuckling laugh.

"Go ahead, Mr. Berry," he said encouragingly. "I like to hear you talk."

"Huh!" returned the Berry. "It's a good thing one of youse is walkin' close enough to the band wagon so as he can hear what tune they're playin'. The parade passed two hours ago for this friend of yours—he'll have to go to the night show; but what's the use? A feller might as well throw kisses at a crocodile as talk to him."

The tall one again lifted his hand in expostulation, but the Berry parried.

"I've met lots of folks in my time," he continued, "which was so damned ignorant that they didn't know nothin' about themselves, let alone sizin' up other people." Again he buttonholed the recalcitrant one. "I'll lay you two to one," he laughed, "that you don't know how many teeth you have in your head. Huh, of course you don't; and you think you are wiser than a boatload of college professors."

The stout man drew closer.

"Let him talk," he enjoined. "Who knows, he might tell us something."

"Ain't it a fine thing," interrupted the Baltimore Berry, nodding his head sagely—"ain't it a fine thing that all the knowledge in the world ain't owned by one man? It'd be hell on ideas, wouldn't it?"

He looked about him for confirmation of this sage remark, but the Englishman sat bolt upright, looking into vacancy. The only encouragement he received was from the man who had more recently spoken.

"That's right," he agreed, "that's right, you go ahead. Shoot!"

"Gosh, brother," resumed the Berry, "you talk the language. I can converse with you, but them other guys kinder have one on me. D'you want me to begin at the beginnin' or kinder start at the finish and go backward?"

"Oh, the beginning by all means," responded the other cheerily.

"Right-o," returned the Circus King. "Right-o! Now as I take it there's some gink round here which you folks have to frame up. And he's a tough nut to crack. Am I right and do you get me?"

"Tough is the word," agreed the other.

"All right," resumed the Berry, "that's settled. I'm to understand, am I, that this guy could put a rubber factory on the blink? Well now, the next question is, who may he be? And where does he live at?"

"He's an African chief. Owns a whole lot of territory and lives about two hundred miles from where we now are. It's out in the jungle and away from civilization."

"Um-m-m!" intoned the Berry. "I get you! This gink has somethin' you fellers are after, am I right?"

The other nodded.

"And I further understand it that you sent somebody to sound him out. Which same individual comes back and tries to cash in a hard-luck story."

The fat man nodded again.

Over the countenance of the Baltimore Berry passed a comprehensive smile.

"Huh," he chuckled; "and because you ain't got a good contractin' agent you was goin' to take your toys and your little dogs and your little ponies and hike for winter quarters, was you? His long nibs here talks like as if he wanted to put 'em away in moth balls. Huh! That ain't the way to play the game ay-tall.

"Now I'm goin' to ask you one other question," he resumed, "and then I'm a-goin' to give you my advice. What is it that this guy has got that you fellers want?"

"If you asked me what he hasn't got, the question would be easier to answer," returned the other. "All the experts assure us that the land held by this native is the richest in point of mineral and other products in the whole of South Africa. That's worth playing for, isn't it?"

"You certainly ain't sittin' in the game with a stack of whites," agreed the Berry. "And from all you say I guess it's worth while. Accordin' to the dope this king won't be easy no matter what the color of his hide is. The only difference between a black man and a white man is that the black man has more different kinks than the white man has bugs. If I was to talk to that bird ten minutes and not find out what was his peculiar failin' or weakness I'd be willin' to have them sound taps over me. He's human, an' a king has farther to fall than the garden variety of folks."

"I'm afraid you don't sense the situation," broke in the tall man, warming up and evidently impressed by the Berry's rapid-fire logic. "It's really rather unusual. For five years now, and in fact ever since there have been indications of mineral deposits in this old chief's territory, there have been many attempts made to induce him to give releases. All have failed utterly. He doesn't care anything about money. Our company, for instance, offered to insure him a pension for life, and he turned down our offer absolutely. You must not think I am giving a haphazard opinion when I say that I do not believe it possible to induce him to sign a contract or cede us any land. So far as I am concerned, at least, I have announced my intention to retire from the company."

"Wait a minute, brother, wait a minute," enjoined the Berry. "Say, listen, I've contracted the toughest nuts that the world ever knew, and I never fell down squaring a lot or license yet."

The stout man faced about, his countenance denoting action.

"I have listened to your talk and you have almost convinced me that you might be the man we are looking for. Your philosophy holds water anyway."

The circus impresario nodded.

"And you need money, I take it."

"Need money?" laughed the Berry ruefully. "You're a mind reader! When it comes to being flat every mouse in my cupboard has a tear in his eye."

"All right!" resumed the first speaker. "Now supposing we give you a trial and finance you. I mean supposing we furnish the money for the expense of carrying it out—the actual expense, mind you, and no more. What then?"

"How much do I gather if I land him?" parried the Berry cautiously.

"You will get ten thousand pounds in cash."

"Ten thousand—fifty thousand good American dollars, eh? All set," agreed the Berry. "Now gather round everybody and listen to the little crumbs of comfort."

The little party drew up closer and hung upon the Berry's words as he talked volubly, augmenting his arguments with all the accessories of an expressive personality. And when the Berry had finished he had painted a word picture and prospectus of coming events such as only a man of achievement and fertility of imagination could. There was silence for a moment or two while the members of the syndicate gazed upon him with faces in which was a curious mixture of doubt, surprise and admiration. It remained for the stout member to take up the parable where the Berry had left off.

"I have heard of unique schemes before," he declared, "but this certainly carries something more than the earmarks of novelty. It really sounds plausible."

The Berry smiled triumphantly.

"Sure you have," he affirmed airily. "Life's only one little scheme on top of another. It's the foundation that counts, old pal, and that's got to be brains. Just brains and sentiment. New stuff like this that nobody never thought of before." He wagged his head solemnly from side to side.

"If youse will all stick round with me for a while," he concluded, "everyone of you kin qualify for membership in the endless motion club."

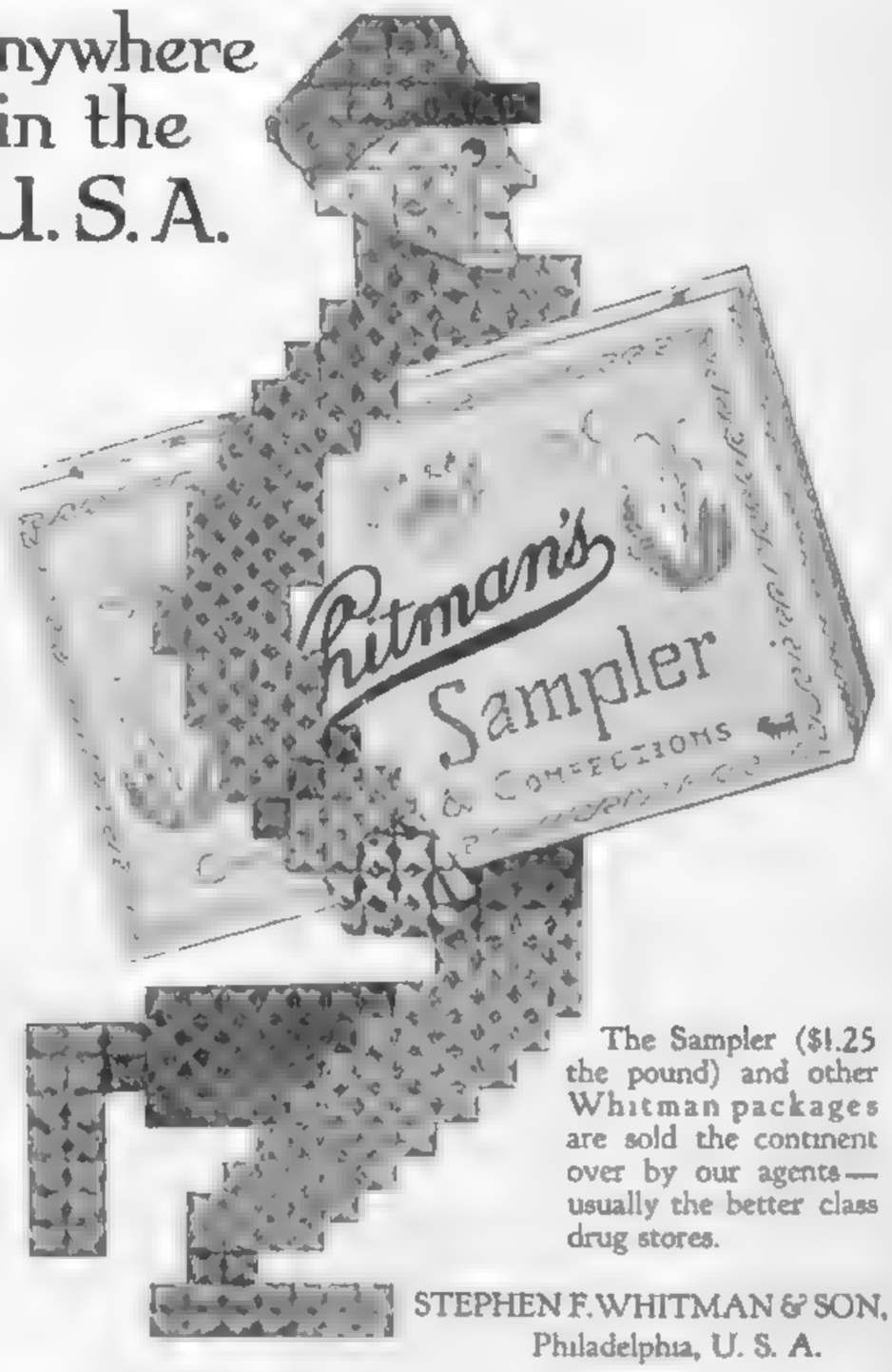
II

A FEW days after the events above chronicled two dusty wayfarers pulled up a somewhat dilapidated buggy in the shade of a huge palm tree and tethered their horse. Considering the locality it was a somewhat unusual proceeding, because the travelers were far off the beaten track and right in the midst of the African wilds.

The taller of the two descended and surveyed the sides of the big tree with appreciation. He was none other than Happy Haines, advance man and general press agent of the Baltimore and Berry Circus, Wild West, Menagerie and Hippodrome.

"It'll take a three-sheet fine," he chuckled to his companion. "It's Nature's own daub, that's what it is." So saying he reached a long arm underneath the seat of the buggy and drew forth a bucket of paste and a

Anywhere in the U.S.A.



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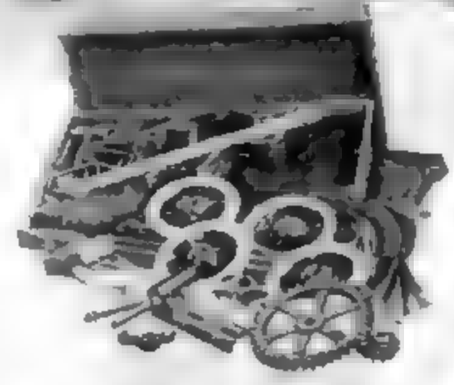

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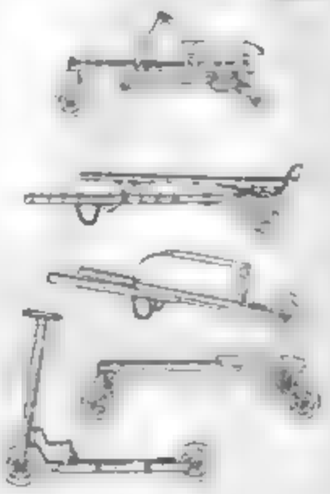
With the four remarkably strong disc steel wheels and the finely painted steel plates, axles and bars and seats of hard wood in these new wheel toy outfits any boy who can handle a screw driver and wrench can make the finest of toys for himself. It's the best outdoor toy for boys ever invented—one that develops their mechanical talent.



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Send me, free of charge, facts about the Prize Contest and copy of your boys' magazine and catalog.
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Between the Eyes!
Of a sudden, two glittering, bright eyes shine in the inky darkness. Somewhere behind them a huge body shapes itself and crouches for the spring.
Up comes your Iver Johnson. A quick aim—a pull of the trigger—and the bullet is sped straight as a streak of light between the eyes.
IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY—AUTOMATIC REVOLVERS
Always dependable. The perfect rifling and true alignment of barrel and cylinder assure penetration and absolute accuracy. Drawn tempered piano-wire springs throughout make the Iver Johnson alert—ready for use on an instant's notice—today, or ten years from today.
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It Makes a Mother Proud
to see her boy in stylish looking clothes—and it gives the boy a feeling of self-respect among his comrades.
Why accept just ordinary clothes when you can get the kind that will give your boy a distinctive appearance? And here's something more—you can get style with *greater wear* if you choose
STEEL FIBER NIK SUITS
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they have double thickness at seat, knees and between the knees, reinforced by patent interweaving stitches.
Ask Your Dealer
Tell him plainly you want the NIK-SUITS—with the patented, reinforced seats and knees.
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bundle of paper. Then he proceeded to embellish this monarch of the wilds with a glowing portrayal of a filmy beauty in abbreviated skirts, riding tiptoed upon the broad back of a milk-white steed.

With the air of an artist who realizes that he has labored to some purpose he drew back and viewed the result of his activities.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, "she sticks out like the statue of liberty. I'll betcha it'll earthquake these dingies. What d'you s'pose they'll think when they wake up and find their landscape decorated like a milliner's window?"

His companion was evidently the brand of Englishman who expresses his thoughts in brief monosyllables.

"Quite beyond me," he returned without enthusiasm. "It seems rather bally rot. I cawn't ——"

Happy Haines laughed.

"You fellers are funny," he interjected. "You always copper the ace. I'll gamble you wouldn't bet I was layin' the foundation for a fortune, would you?"

"Hardly," rejoined the other.

"I don't believe you've got the gimmick of it yet," resumed Happy. "Huh! You don't know that this here paper's drawed like a mustard plaster wherever it was posted, do you? A show which ain't billed and gumshoes into town don't never get horse feed," concluded Mr. Haines, wagging his head sagely.

"I came merely as an interpreter," responded the other, intent that his attitude should be justified. "It's really so unusual, it's ——" But here Happy Haines cut him off again.

"Sure it is," he hummed affably. "Everything has been unusual for us since we struck this God-forsaken country. But just the same, if I could talk the lingo of these black devils like you can I wouldn't swop places with the President of the United States. See that rock over there. There's a location made to order. Get busy and help me with this twenty-four sheet. It's a darb.

The slim one chatted as he labored.

"Here's some of the real McCoy. It's what's left of the old poison paper we used when we played opposition to the big show back in happy land. Ain't it fine! You ought to learn it so's you can translate it into their lingo. It's strong enough to anchor a battleship, and it tells the whole tale." He drew back and read the lettering aloud:

DON'T BE DELUDED

We will positively be here
on the day and date advertised!

Our enemies will tell you we are not coming! They are irresponsible, fly-by-night showmen!

The big show will positively be here!

BALTIMORE AND BERRY CIRCUS
WILD WEST, MENAGERIE AND HIPPODROME

The most magnificent independent attraction on the face of the globe

Twenty-five cents to see it all!

and

It's all circus

But the elongated one labored all unwittingly that his activities were being viewed by two aborigines, who cowered behind the rocks several rods away, and now, emboldened by the peaceful attitude of the visitors, came from their concealment and approached cautiously. They were standing directly behind him before he became aware of their presence, and it was only when they commenced jabbering to each other in an unknown tongue that he wheeled about.

"Suffering elephants!" exclaimed Haines, somewhat rattled for the moment, "here's a couple of them black fellers now. This is the time for you to get in yer fine work, Bill. I'll betcha they want to know what I'm doin' and all about it. Talk to 'em, an' tell 'em things."

"But my name isn't Bill, it's Reginald," demurred the Britisher.

"Well, supposin' it is, how d'ye expect me to keep track of a outlandish moniker like that?" responded Mr. Haines without emotion. "What you want to remember is that this is the spot where your job really starts. Gimme a manifestation, Percy, if you want to draw presents."

The newcomers gesticulated violently as they chattered and pointed at the posters. Happy did not need to be told that their curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch.

"Can't you make out what they're sayin', Bill?" queried the advance man petulantly.

"They are asking what is the meaning of the picture writing," responded the other briefly.

"Well, why don't yer go on and deal out some language. Ain't you got a tongue in your head? Fur a job like yours it oughter be hooked in the middle. Tell 'em that the biggest king in the world is on the road to visit their chief, and this is the way he has of tellin' folks he's comin'. Lay it on thick. Tell 'em anythin' comes into yer head so long as you make it strong enough. Tell 'em how we're comin' an' all about it."

The Englishman turned to the natives and commenced to talk. Although Happy did not understand a word of what was passing he could see that the newcomers were becoming duly impressed.

"That's right, Bill," he commended, "that's right. Now you're givin' some indications of pay color. An Englishman is all right if you hook him to a alarm clock. Slip it to me, what do they say?"

"They say they're going right back to tell their chief," responded the other.

"That's the stuff," enthused Mr. Haines.

"They want to know if they can take some of the picture writings with them."

"You might give 'em a herald or two," directed the circus man, "but don't give 'em none of the big sheets. Tell 'em they cost too much and that we don't never put 'em up exceptin' when our king is goin' to see some other high muckamuck. Tell 'em the big attraction is on its way now and should pull up at the chief's headquarters day after to-morrow.

The black men eagerly reached for the circus paper tendered them and, manifesting much elation, started south on a dog trot. Happy watched their retreating forms.

"That's the style that Molly made," he hummed. "Say, Bill, this is our lucky day—now you see we're saved the long hike ourselves. Them guys will never stop runnin' till they carry the message to Garcia. Have you got a name for it?"

"Most extraordinary," voiced the Britisher solemnly.

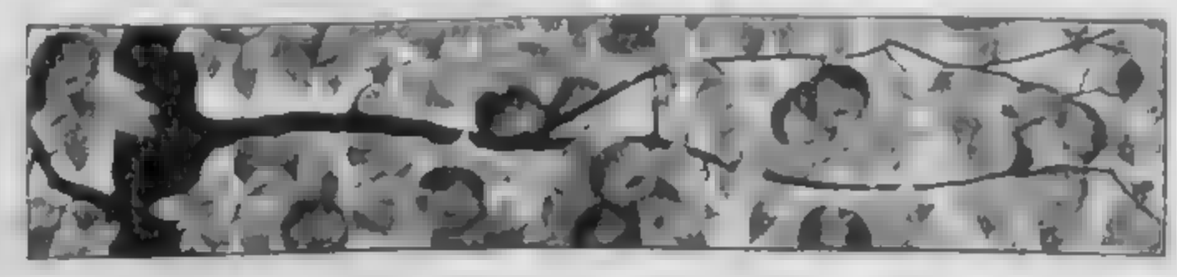
"Jokes across the sea," laughed back Mr. Haines. "The most extraordinary thing in this world, Bill, would happen if a Englishman would get next to a American pleasantry."

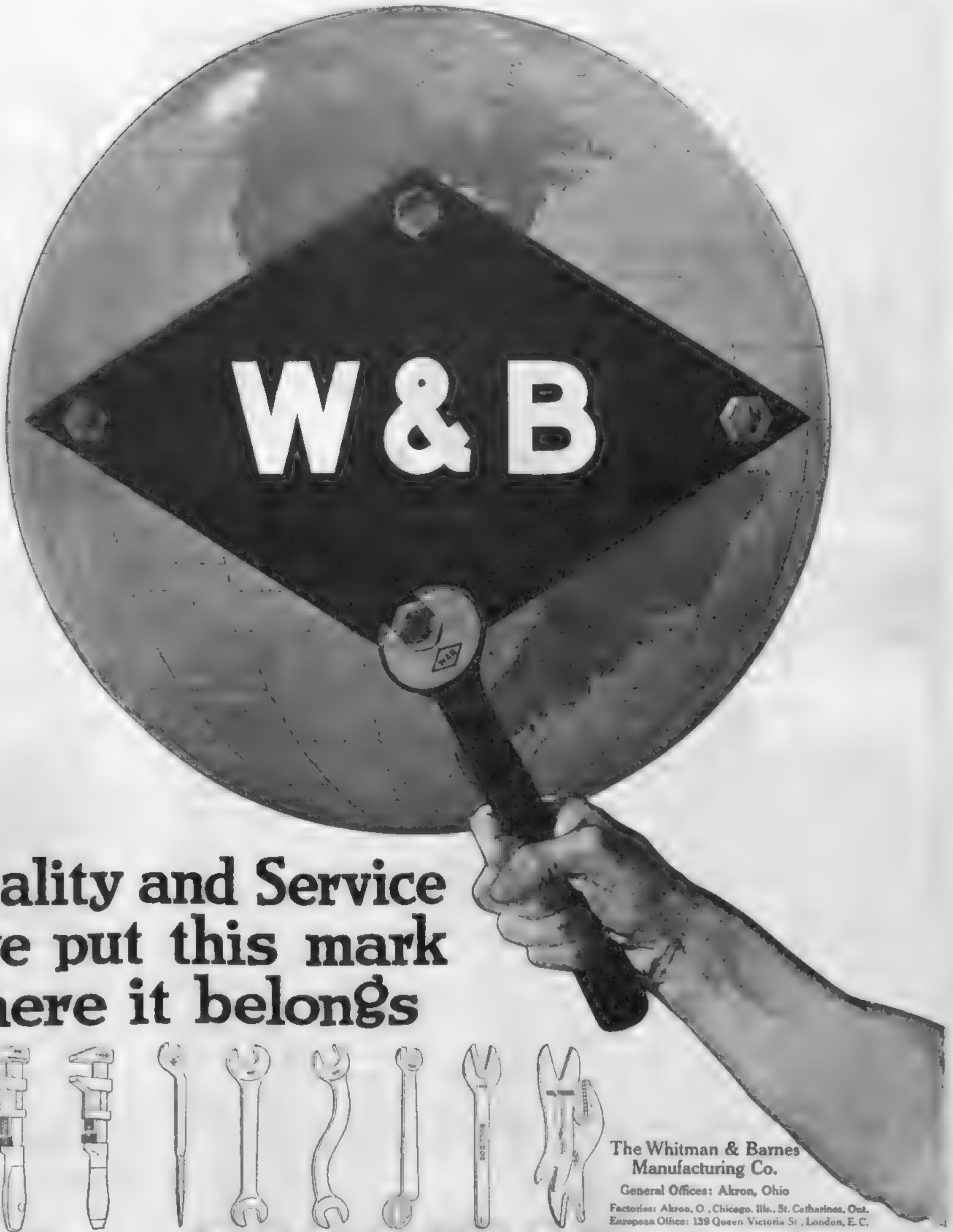
And then as Happy Haines climbed back into the antiquated conveyance he broke into an old circus chanty. He continued to entertain his English friend with vocal selections not exactly connected with Grand Opera until the latter gentleman fell fast asleep and slid halfway down into the bottom of the conveyance.

III

TWO suns arose and set, and then a most unusual thing for that section of the world happened, because a circus parade came winding its way across the veldt and came down the main street of the African village presided over by Chief Umbala, of the Meanzas. There were the outriders bearing the banners, followed by the trumpeters, the cages, and all the paraphernalia so familiar to the multitude who have watched the American circus in its glorious activities. Perhaps it wasn't much of a parade as parades go on this side of the water, but, taking locality into consideration, the inner meaning of that masterful array of works, as promulgated by the world's most agile thinkers, and so often marshaled by Colonel Norwood and Major Williams and General Rial and other famous exponents of the superlative, had sprung into being. There it was before the very eyes of the beholders in all its golden glitter and glory and splendor.

(Continued on Page 77)





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Your Boy

Doesn't he deserve hand-tailored clothes?

WHEN that up and coming son of yours walks down the street do you want people to turn and say: "There's a fine looking boy. Isn't he unusually well dressed?" Then this important announcement will be good news:

"Sam Peck is now making hand-tailored clothes for boys."

You fathers want in *your* clothes the fine fit, the graceful drape which hand-tailoring alone can give. And every mother knows that sewing machines have always been jealous of hand-tailoring. "Stitch by stitch" has always had the better of "stitches by the hundred."

So why not hand-tailoring for your own future President?

Mothers and Fathers! Take your boy to the Sam Peck apparel shop in your town. Keep your eye on him as he slips into a hand-tailored Sam Peck suit. What if he does strut a little? It's only human for a real American boy to hold his head high when wearing clothes like these.

Note the style—the New York style—the kind of boys' style sold and seen on Fifth Avenue. That New York style is hand-tailored in to *stay* in.

And always remember this:

Sam Peck hand-tailoring makes these boys' suits grow old gracefully. As any clothing expert will tell you, hand-tailored clothes are slow to make and equally slow to wear out.

Sizes 7 to 18 years. Be sure to look for the Sam Peck label in the inside pocket of every garment. Be sure to ask for

For School Wear "Sampeck" TRIPLE-SERVICE SUIT

Still time to get one before school opens. Full of style, and yet stands the hard knocks a school suit gets. Interlocking seams. Re-inforced wear-proof seat and knee. Sold under a money-back guarantee.

At this season many parents are buying two suits for their boys. A Sam Peck hand-tailored suit for "dress-up" occasions. And a stylish Sam Peck Triple Service suit for school and every-day wear.

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Free to Boys

Send for "The Boys' Book of Magic." Gives fascinating stories of the great magicians, and contains detailed directions for many magic tricks which you yourself can do and with which you can astonish and puzzle your friends. In writing, be sure to mention your clothier's name.

Samuel W. Peck & Co.
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"Sampeck"

HAND TAILORED CLOTHES FOR BOYS

(Continued from Page 74)

But towering above all these things was the Baltimore Berry himself. Seated upon a mimic throne high upon the roof of the old hip cage, he was a goodly king to look upon in his regal vestments—and let it be also said that for the first time in many moons there was on the Berry's countenance peace, inasmuch as he had a strong hunch that at last he was about to come into his kingdom.

Then there was old Chief Umbala himself, because his heralds had brought the news of the coming of this new monarch. Surrounded by the dignitaries of the tribe he awaited their advent, while from every hut peered the awestruck faces of villagers who did not know just exactly what to make of it all.

To the untutored eye of the ebony-hued chief that "dream of Oriental magnificence, that wonderful pageant, dazzling to the eye and marvelous in its conception; with its wild, untamable and curious animals, gathered from the uttermost ends of the earth and from every country and clime regardless of cost," had become an established fact. It required no stretch of imagination to sense that Chief Umbala and his followers were impressed as they never had been impressed before.

The procession came to a halt immediately before the chief's hut. That dignitary was surrounded by the minor chiefs and headmen of the tribe. Reginald, the interpreter, advanced, and after exchanging greetings commenced to talk, while the rest of the strange cavalcade waited. There followed a rapid-fire dialogue that seemed interminable. From his throne on top of the old hippopotamus cage the Berry waxed apprehensive. He had a big bet down, and in strident tones called to his ambassador:

"What's the old guy cackling about?" he queried petulantly. "How am I goin' to play the hand unless you wise me up. Keep me posted as you go along."

"Chief Umbala wants to know who you are and where you come from," replied the interpreter. "What answer do you wish me to make?"

"Oh, if that's all," replied the Berry airily, "tell him I'm a king—old King Baltimore. Slip it to him about how I heard what a swell guy he was and come thousands of miles across the big drink to see him, an' don't forget to tell him, Reggie," cautioned the Berry, "that I ain't one of them dinky English kings. I'm a real monarch, the most mastodontic emperor on the face of the globe."

The old chief nodded gravely as this information was imparted to him.

"He says he never heard of you before," explained the interpreter, after he had translated the Berry's message. "He says the only king he ever heard of was the King of England."

With admirably simulated indignation the King of Baltimore received this latter message.

"The ignorant old whelp!" he snorted. "Give it to him strong that he never wants to let it get out that he hasn't heard of the King of Baltimore. Spread it on thick. You know how to peddle conversation, don't you?"

Again there was a lengthy exchange of words between Reginald and Chief Umbala, but the latter continued to voice his doubts. That was quite evident from both his tone and manner.

"Chief Umbala wishes to know how big is the country that you are king of," explained the former again, turning to the Berry. "He's a doubting old Thomas."

The King of Baltimore expanded his arms pointing to the horizon, north, south, east and west.

"Tell him that I have a first mortgage on everything between the Baltimore Club an' the Washington monument," he responded grandly.

"Ease it to him gently that I could put his country into my garden patch."

"The chief wants to know why you carry a lion with you. Is it one of your gods? He says he never saw a king with a lion before."

"Sure he didn't," agreed the Berry. "I haven't pulled a thing on him that isn't as fresh as a new-laid egg. Tell him I just keep him for a pet to play round with."

Reginald turned again toward the chief, and the Berry, without knowing what the dusky ruler was saying, still read doubt and unbelief in his countenance.

"Well?" he queried, as the chief ceased speaking and settled back with the air of a man who will not be convinced. "Well, how about it now?"

"He insists," returned the interpreter, "that no man ever had a lion for a pet. He says that the only white men he ever saw hunting the lion did so with big guns. They never went near them until they were pronounced dead. He also wants to know where you got this lion."

"Tell him I caught him with my naked hands," enjoined the Berry. "Give him a story about how he was captured in the wilds after one of the most desperate struggles ever known. Before I subdued him single-handed and alone he had killed fourteen men, eight women and three small children."

The interpreter again addressed the chief and talked earnestly for several minutes. Still the big black man shook his head. It was evident that he would not be convinced.

"The chief bids me say that no doubt you are a very great king, but that kings often boast but do not tell the truth. He still thinks that no man, white or black, is strong enough to subdue a lion with his naked hands. He bids me say that you may be a fearless warrior, but no man ever played with a lion."

"That's what he says, eh?" snarled the King of Baltimore. "He thinks I'm lying to him, does he?"

"The chief says most of the white men whom he has met are liars," droned the interpreter, translating literally.

"Well you tell him that he can't win no argument with me," shot back the King of Baltimore. "Just make it plain that at sunup to-morrow morning I'll go into this lion's cage and subdue him with this little switch I hold in my right mitt. Tell him I'll make good on every statement, and as a added attraction, say that Maizie here, the Queen of Baltimore, will ride standing upon a bareback horse and turn somersaults through hoops of fire. Ask him what he thinks about a stunt like that."

The go-between interpreted slowly, but he evidently did not succeed in convincing the black leader, who rose from his seat and gesticulated violently as he talked.

"The chief states," explained the interpreter, "that he thinks that you are a crazy man. He would like to believe what you say, but he cannot do so. He says, however, that you can camp here to-night, and if you want to keep your promise, and should you do as you say you can, he will be willing to concede that you are the greatest monarch in existence and a chief of all chiefs. He says you will be his blood brother. Still he thinks that you are only boasting and will never dare to enter the lion's cage. As for the white woman on horseback, he asks me to tell you that he would gladly exchange eight of his black wives for her."

"I'd orter land on his jaw," stormed the Berry. "What in hell does he suppose I'd do with a stable of eight brunettes. But I guess it wouldn't do to roil him up none, so you can just explain that the King of Baltimore don't never trade off none of his queens. All of which goes to show," concluded the Berry and speaking to Maizie, "that it's just as I told you. You'll make a hit wherever you go. But go on and tell the chief that he can think just about it as he likes, and that the King of Baltimore will camp here to-night an' make good on his part of it in the mornin'. Talk to him Reggie till you get a cramp in your throat."

When this latest manifesto was translated to the dusky ruler it seemed to put him in a more amiable frame of mind.

"If the white king does what he says he will do," exclaimed the chief, "he will be my brother. He has only to ask and I will give. But still I do not believe that he will perform these feats."

"It's all right with me," returned the Berry affably, "and tell him that's fine and dandy. I don't want him to believe anything until he sees it before his very eyes. Tell him that's the reason I came to see him, because I knowed he was in a class by himself, and that he was the world's biggest noise in the way of chiefs; but it wouldn't be well for him to forget while he's talking about monarchs that the King of Baltimore begins where the rest of 'em leave off."

From the folds of his royal robes the Baltimore Berry drew forth his equestrienne director's whistle. He blew a shrill blast and in almost less time than it takes to tell the tents of the Baltimore and Berry aggregation sprung into being with that celerity of movement so well known to lovers and

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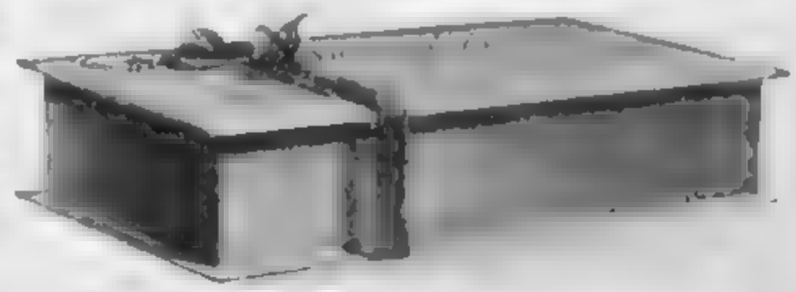
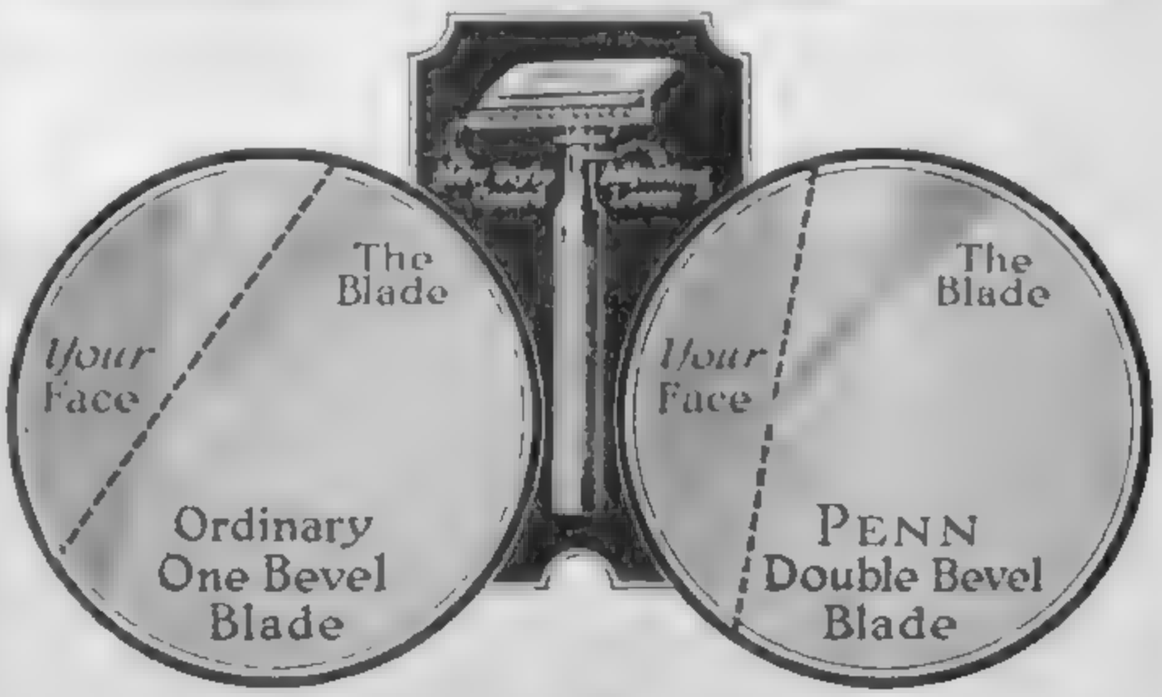




This Double Bevel Blade Makes Your Face Feel Fine!

DOESN'T scrape. Doesn't pull. The tiny *second* bevel guides the keen edge along the skin, leaving it clean, cool and smooth.

This new Penn Double Bevel Blade fits *all* Penn Razors, including the new Penn *Adjustable* Razor, the razor that's adaptable to every type of beard—the razor with the new style guard that smooths out skin along complete front of blade and permits use of entire shaving edge.

Penn Adjustable Razor, with 10 Double Bevel Blades in leather case, $5. Complete shaving sets, including Penn Adjustable Razor, 10 Double Bevel Blades, Honing Strop and Handle, complete in leather case, $7.50 and $10.

We absolutely guarantee the Penn to give you shaving satisfaction. The store where you trade will *loan you one to try*. If your dealer does not keep the Penn, send us his name and we will make sure you are supplied.

A. C. Penn, Inc., New York

Penn Razor ADJUSTABLE

With the Double Bevel Blades

patrons of the great American circus, while the subjects of Chief Umbala stood round with eyes bulging from their sockets and wondered.

IV

CIRCUS days have come and circus days have gone ever since the memorable time upon which, we are told by gifted writers of that particular brand of literature, that abysmal man arose from the slime of the Nile and viewed the entertainment of feats of strength and agility which had been staged by the priests and soothsayers the better to attract his attention and arouse his interest in the great message they had to bring. But sunup in the jungle found everything in readiness for the most unique circus entertainment ever given. Chief Umbala of the Meanzas perhaps did not appreciate this, but be it said to his glory the Baltimore Berry had preserved all the ancient traditions, right down to the mysteries of the kid show and the band concert which preceded the performance.

Then there was the performance itself. And here again the star acts identified with the circus since time began were reproduced in all their pristine glory and excellence for the benefit of King Baltimore's guests.

There was, for instance, the ancient and honorable "January act," where, if you remember, two clowns meet on the hippodrome track, the one driving a diminutive pony and the other mounted on a mule. If you recollect they indulged in a little horse trading right before the eyes of the assembled spectators, the mule being eventually traded for the pony, and to the great joy of the kiddies both animals positively refused to move once they had changed owners.

Perhaps the chief did not get it, but it was there just the same. And then, too, there was the barber-shop act originally invented by old Dan Rice and transferred by no less personages than Weber & Fields to the classic precincts of Broadway. Why should we mention that the corn-doctor clown was also in evidence, and he pulled the big ear of corn out of the other clown's foot just as he used to do back in the States. And there was the fire scene, where all the clowns jump out of the burning building arrayed in Mother Hubbards and are arrested by the clown policemen and carried away in the hurry-up wagon. In other words, my brothers and sisters, they had it in its entirety, very much as if they had been watching the big show in Madison Square Garden and trying to persuade themselves that old acts were new, and that even if they weren't it didn't matter because when an act can last through several generations of grandfathers and grandmothers it must be good.

Chief Umbala, with his retinue, was an early arrival. He was met at the front door of the main top by Happy Haines. He was escorted to the grand-stand seats with the same pomp and circumstance which had enveloped that worthy on the ever-to-be-remembered occasion when the President of the United States visited the Baltimore and Berry organization. To each and every one of the visitors Mr. Haines gravely handed a very ancient program. This sacred rite was performed with the air of a man who is passing out pearls of price. Happy did not overlook a bet or leave a sleeper on the table.

The old chief watched the initial numbers of the performance with interest but without wild enthusiasm. He was evidently waiting for the big act. He had his mind set upon that, and to Reginald's chatter regarding the various features and their significance he returned only brief monosyllables.

At last, to fanfare of trumpets and attended by an escort of pretty girls, Maizie Rutherford's white horse was led into the ring, and that young lady, bounding lightly upon his back, started her principal act. Chief Umbala woke up and watched her every movement. The première equestrienne went through the various postures and jump-ups known in the category of the profession, but after a few moments the chief's interest noticeably waned.

"Why does she not jump through the hoops of fire as the king said she would?" he queried with soupçon of suspicion, turning to Reginald. "I did not believe the white queen would do that," he amended.

Reginald laughed.

"Just wait," he enjoined. "She will jump through three hoops of fire. The King of Baltimore says so. His word is law with his people."

And then, sure enough, the tarred rope circles were brought forth, set afire and the horse was put to a gallop, and Queen Maizie Rutherford, throwing a kiss at the chief, hurled herself head over heels through three of them in rapid succession. It was too much for the big black man. He dropped his palm-leaf fan and almost overturned his grand-stand chair.

When a man is convinced against his will, particularly after his mind has been thoroughly made up, and when the evidence of his own eyes needs no further support to prove to him that he had been wrong in his diagnosis, other argument would only be superfluous. So Reginald the interpreter let well enough alone and simply watched the chief as that dignitary leaned forward with his mouth open and eyes bulging from their sockets as the big cage containing Julius Cæsar, the old Wallace lion, was dragged by a team of horses into the center of the ring.

Then, with stately mien and all the dignity he could muter, the King of Baltimore advanced. To a waiting attendant he tossed his official robes and stood clad in the tights and spangles of his real profession. He bowed low to the old chief, took a little switch in his hand, threw open the door of the lion's cage and vaulted in.

From the imprisoned beast came an angry roar and a swift pass of padded paws against the bars. Old Julius Cæsar knew his act better than any lion in the business. He crouched back in the corner as the Berry struck an attitude and waved him calmly aside. Then he lunged forward again, emitting a succession of heart-thrilling roars. It seemed to the spectators that he would bear the defenseless and heroic man inside the cage to the floor and tear him to pieces. The chief and his retinue leaned forward, mumbling to themselves in low gutturals, and for Happy Haines' benefit Reginald interpreted rapidly.

"The chief says that the king will never get out of there alive," whispered the latter.

"Yep, he's got him goin'," acquiesced Mr. Haines nonchalantly. "I can tell that without the aid of a dictionary. Here's where we spring our fine work."

Again the apparently maddened beast crouched back in the corner of his cage. It was then the King of Baltimore's turn to take the initiative. He advanced and placed one foot on the tawny mane of the King of Beasts and, while his nondescript audience were held spellbound, he leaned over, grabbed the lion's upper and lower muzzle, forced his mouth wide open and stuck his head halfway inside his gaping jaws.

Having accomplished this thrilling stunt he stepped back, saluted the old chief again, slid the bolt of the cage and made a hasty exit, slamming the door just as old Julius Cæsar hurled his full weight upon it. To the audience it seemed that if he had stayed but an instant longer in the cage he would have been done to death, because no actor, dumb or otherwise, could play his part one-tenth as well as could Julius Cæsar, king of all circus Wallace lions. He had more than redeemed himself for that memorable occasion upon which he had fled ignominiously before the horns of a fighting bull.

The King of Baltimore had hardly emerged from the cage when the chief rushed over and would have embraced him had he permitted such an enthusiastic greeting. The hero found himself surrounded by a group of black men talking and gesticulating while they wondered and propounded questions. They had never met a man like the Baltimore Berry before.

"The old chief says you are his brother," explained Reginald. "He wants me to tell you that he knows now that there is only one great white king, and that there is no monarch like the King of Baltimore. He says that you can have anything you want. He also states that white men have been importuning him for years to cede certain land to them. He has refused all offers. He does not like the white man, but if his brother, the King of Baltimore, finds any value in this land or anything else that the other white men wanted, he can have it for a free gift. The chief says his white king brother has only to ask. He would like to give him some land so that he could have a place to stay whenever he journeys this way to see him again. The chief also bids me say he is sorry for what he said, but he could not believe that any white man would be so brave or that any king could be such a warrior and so regardless of his personal safety."

Of course the King of Baltimore at first refused the offer of the very land he most coveted. He insisted he had only come to pay Chief Umbala a friendly visit. The game was easier even than he expected. The chief simply played into his hands, and he was insistent that his brother of Baltimore should accept the proffered gift.

"The chief says you must take it," explained Reginald. "He wants to give you what he refused all the other white men just to show his appreciation. His idea, I expect, is that he wishes to show people that he will only make concessions to the biggest of all white men."

With admirably feigned reluctance the King of Baltimore finally allowed himself to be persuaded. The documents were drawn up, signed, sealed and delivered, and that evening the Baltimore and Berry Circus hooked up and commenced its homeward journey with the same pomp which had distinguished its arrival, and escorted by the chief and his tribesmen to the edge of their domains. The King of Baltimore and Chief Umbala parted with many expressions of good will and esteem and many promises from the Maryland magnate to return at an early date.

Three days after these stirring events the Baltimore Berry was sitting in a big business office in Johannesburg relating the story of his adventures to the members of the English syndicate. If they were amazed and incredulous before they were now enthusiastic converts to the Baltimore Berry's gospel.

He handed over the precious deed of gift from the old chief and received not only the ten thousand pounds originally promised, but an extra bonus of ten thousand more with five thousand to be divided among his people, and it was with something more than ordinary regret that the Britishers heard the Berry's announcement that he would sail for home on the next outgoing steamer.

"I don't see how you did it," exclaimed the tall Englishman who had been the original insurrecto. "I don't see how you did it. It's quite beyond me," he intoned slowly, but evidently intending to convey his appreciation.

"Oh, it was easy," laughed the Berry. "It wasn't a tremendous hard job if you leave out the long haul an' the discomfort. Everything isn't money in this world. Lots of things have value in the other fellow's eyes that you couldn't buy with an acre of gold dollars stacked one on top of the other. The value of anything only depends on how bad the other fellow wants it. And you don't know what he wants until you shake out your little bag of tricks and scatter 'em all over the floor. Then all you got to do is to watch which toy he picks up an' wants to play round with."

"Suffering Elephants!" Exclaimed Haines. "This is the Time for You to Get In Yer Fine Work, Bill. Talk to 'em an' Tell 'em Things"

Adopt This Breakfast Combination

Raisin Bread and Coffee

WHEN your breakfast is right, all's right with the world. The day's well begun. For breakfast is the vital meal of every business day.

Good Sense and Flavor Allied

There are clinching arguments for Raisin Bread at breakfast. Raisins hold unusual food value; they are rich in energy-producing units. But, most of all: You'll relish the subtle spicy zest of these nuggets of vigor in your breakfast bread.

Coffee-Cake and Bread in One

You'll grant that your favorite coffee-cake has less appeal when Raisin Bread is handy. Raisins are 75% sugar—nature's own sugar. When baked in bread this raisin sugar delicately flavors the whole texture. Transforms it into a breakfast treat.

Raisin Bread is Easy to Get

You can have California Raisin Bread at to-morrow's breakfast. Simply order from your grocer or baker. Or ask your wife to add it to her grocery memorandum. But be sure to specify California Raisin Bread.

When you crave that morning cup of coffee, associate with it Raisin Bread. 'Tis a gratifying breakfast combination. Try Raisin Bread toasted for a *new kind* of toast.

CALIFORNIA RAISIN PIE

For hand or brain workers. No other pie holds its value as food. And its flavor is supreme.

Three varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins:

Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed);*
Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds);*
Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9000 Growers
Fresno, California

SUN-MAID Raisins

SUN-MAID SEEDLESS RAISINS in Red packages are now sold everywhere. Useful in light desserts. Their tartness makes them a favorite with folks who enjoy between-meal tidbits.

Ask for Raisin Candy at all good candy stores.

SUN-MAID SEEDED RAISINS in Blue packages are found on thousands of kitchen shelves. Use them with puddings, breakfast cereals and many other dishes.

JIMMY AIDS THE UPLIFT

(Continued from Page 13)

It's great publicity. I know that and I'm for it strong and any regular actress with any real sense of values would be too, but this Stephano female isn't that kind of a person. She looks after her dignity more carefully than most women look after an only child. I happened to be in Washington last season when she let poor Charlie Thompson out."

"What did he do?" inquired Jimmy.

"Well, Charlie never started well. I could figure that he wouldn't last when I caught a flash of the proof for his Sunday ad lying on Seymour's desk over in Baltimore the week before. It read: 'Olga Stephano in Ibsen's A Doll's House—Bring the Kiddies.' I took Charlie aside and killed that and I tried to put him wise, but he fell down in Washington."

"What'd he do over there?" persisted Jimmy anxiously.

Wilson retailed at length the harrowing details of the yarn that rang the death knell for Charlie Thompson. Madame Stephano had played the Capital on Easter week, and Charlie had planted a story in all the Monday papers stating that she would honor the egg-rolling festivities on the White House lawn with her sacred presence. The story further had it that she would sit on the grassy sward atop a little hillock and personally autograph one egg for each little child who came up to her. It also set forth the delectable information that she was prepared subsequently to roll these eggs down the hill with her own fair hands for the delight and edification of the young ones.

"I'm reliably informed that when she saw that story in print she had to be forcibly restrained from jumping out of an eleventh-floor window of her hotel," concluded Wilson.

"Charlie got his in Pittsburgh that night. That egg-rolling stunt isn't any worse than a pie contest."

Jimmy's enthusiasm during this narrative had slowly slipped from him like a discarded garment.

"What do you think I'd better do, Tom?" he asked.

"If I were you, Jimmy," said his friend gently, "I'd go back in there and call the whole thing off."

A hurt look crept into the eyes of the exploiter of Mme. Olga Stephano.

"Gee, Tom," he murmured, "I couldn't do that! Little old Arthur S. Family Pride and I are still buddies. I've got to go through—clean through.

"I just couldn't go back there and quit cold turkey before my new-found friend, Sarah Ann—not in a hundred thousand years."

"Well, there's one thing certain," responded the other with a note of finality. "If you call up little Olga or that trained manager of hers they'll burn you up."

Jimmy looked sadly at his friend.

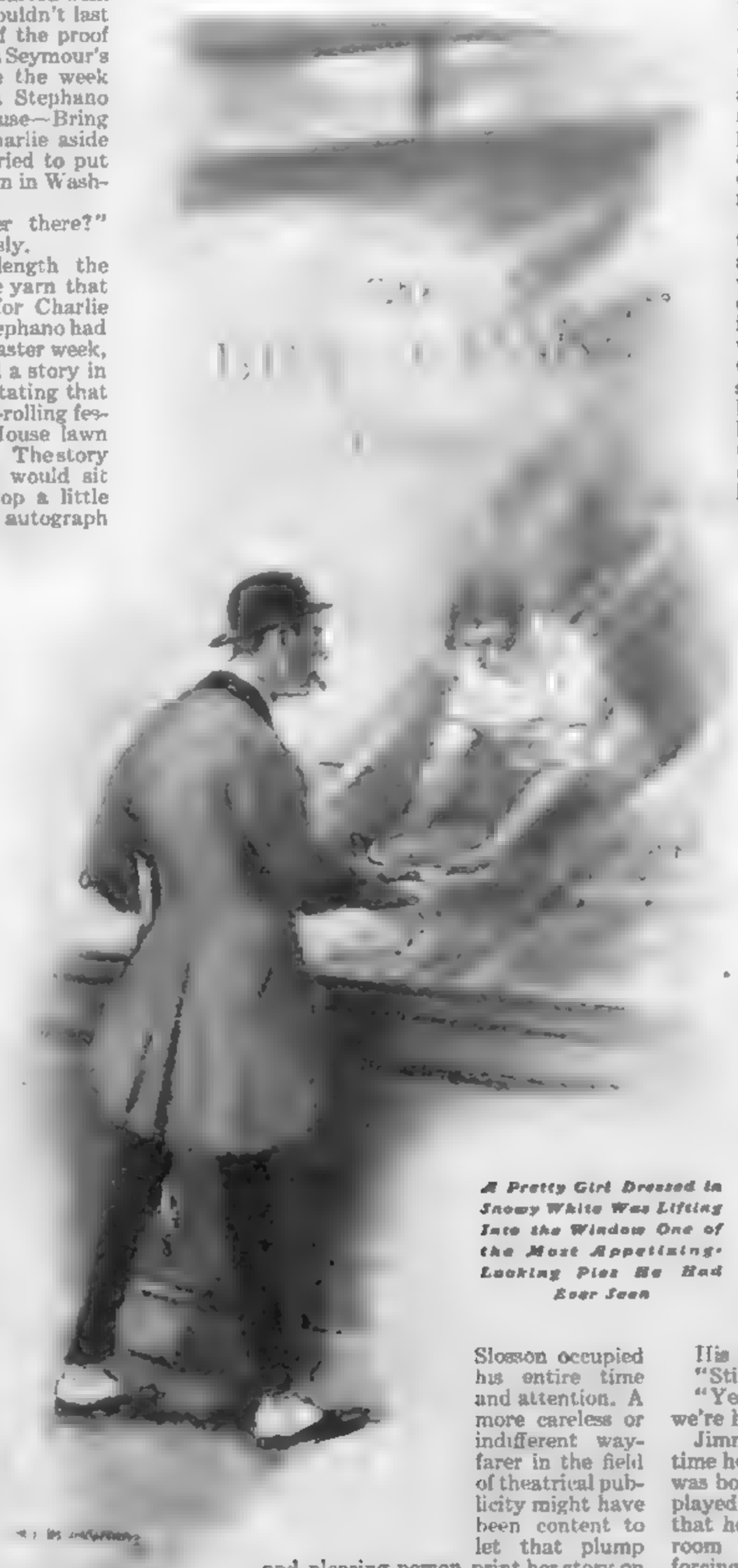
"Ain't it hell, Tom?" he opined grimly. "Ain't it just double-distilled hell?"

He stood for a moment staring straight ahead as if lost in abstraction. Then he found speech again.

"I won't call either of 'em up," he said firmly, "but I'm goin' to let that story ride. There must be some way out of the mess. Apple pie, eh? I never did like it."

II

JIMMY wasn't able to concentrate on his regular duties that afternoon. He had acquired an obsession and he couldn't shake it off. The problem of how to make good on his promise to the gushy Miss Slosson occupied his entire time and attention. A more careless or indifferent wayfarer in the field of theatrical publicity might have been content to let that plump and pleasing person print her story on the following day and let it go at that, neglecting to follow the idea up and failing to redeem his pledges. Jimmy knew a dozen of his confrères who would just drop the thing on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, but he wasn't that kind of press agent. He didn't know it, but he was really a great creative artist in his own sphere and he got just the same inner satisfaction out of seeing his ideas blossom into realities that a great painter gets as he watches an imagined color harmony springing into life on the easel before him or that a stylist thrills to when he achieves a perfect phrase after a search for the inevitable word.



A Pretty Girl Dressed in Snowy White Was Lifting Into the Window One of the Most Appetizing-Looking Pies He Had Ever Seen

The thought of apple pie haunted him. He had to have one delivered from Chicago for Miss Slosson, but how to accomplish this feat without notifying Madame Stephano or her manager worried him. He didn't know anyone in that city he could trust to ship one on in time, and he rather figured that even if he did wire or telephone an acquaintance there the latter would take the request as a weird practical joke of some sort and pay no serious attention to it.

He found himself out in the street peering into bakeshop windows and critically appraising the more or less appetizing pastry displayed therein. No use to buy one of those pies and attempt to work it off on Miss Slosson, he thought. They were all too obviously the apple pies of commerce—pale, anæmic affairs bearing not even a remote resemblance to the succulent product of the home kitchen. His artist's soul revolted at the thought of utilizing one of them to further his nefarious designs.

He exhausted the possibilities of the bakeries on three of the principal avenues in the center of the city and worked himself into a fine frenzy of despair from which he sought relief in a motion-picture theater. What was programmed as a Nonesuch Comedy was unfolding itself on the screen when he entered, and just as he slid into a seat in the back row he beheld a large object hurtling through the air, propelled by the principal comedian. It struck the comedy villain of the piece full in the face with a disastrously liquid and messy result.

"Great Scott! Apple pie!" murmured Jimmy to himself as he clambered out into the aisle, barking the shins and stirring up the latent profanity of an irascible-looking man who had slipped into a seat alongside him.

He met Tom Wilson again that evening in the hotel lobby and they went in to dinner together.

"Don't ask me about that story, Tom," he pleaded as they sat down. "I want to forget it for a little while."

And he did. The dinner was excellent, the waiter was alert and extremely polite, and his companion unbosomed himself of a flow of anecdote that kept him in a constant state of merriment.

"Mighty good dinner, Tom," he remarked heartily near the end of the meal, "and mighty fine service."

The waiter cleared away the dishes and presented the menu to Jimmy.

"If I may be permitted, sir," he said deferentially, "I might suggest that the apple pie is excellent to-night."

Jimmy pushed his chair back from the table with such violence that he almost upset it.

"You'll be permitted to take a punch in the eye, Mister Fresh," he said bitterly, and then hastened to apologize.

His companion laughed uproariously.

"Still on your mind, Jimmy?" he inquired.

"Yes," retorted the other. "Seems like we're hooked up to a double act for life."

Jimmy had a sleepless night. Every time he dropped off into a fitful slumber he was bothered by dreams in which apple pie played a central part. Once he dreamed that he was chained to a pillar in a great room and that Madame Stephano was forcing him to devour an apparently inexhaustible pie which stood on a table and which she fed him with an enormous, long-handled spoon. He choked so hard on one spoonful that he woke with a start.

At the breakfast table he read Miss Slosson's promised story in the Star. It was all that the most ambitious purveyor of publicity could desire. There was a four-column headline reading:

MADAME OLGA STEPHANO HURLS HER ROLLING-PIN INTO THE RING

Famous Russian-American Actress Soon to Visit This City Enters the Star's Popular Pie Contest

THE STAGE VERSUS THE HOME

Underneath was a big picture of a kitchen table, on each side of which a woman was shown busily engaged in the culinary operations that usually accompany the creation of a pie. The bodies of these feminine figures had been sketched in by an artist, but the heads were excellent half-tone likenesses of Madame Stephano and Mrs. Jefferson Andrews, society leader.

One look at the layout simply added to Jimmy's misery. After that he just had to make good. He strode out of the hotel, determined to take a long walk to see if he couldn't clarify his mental processes and get his imagination oiled up again. He was so busy with his thoughts that he paid little heed to the general direction he was taking and presently found himself in a corner of the city with which he was not familiar. It was a quiet residential section and rows of modest homes of the bungalow type lined both sides of the streets. There was a little group of shops in a stucco building on a corner and as Jimmy passed he let his eyes drift toward them in a desultory fashion.

Presently he stopped directly in front of one which bore this legend across its front: "The Buy-a-Cake Shop—Home-Made Dainties and Pastry."

A pretty girl dressed in snowy white with a cloth in her hand was lifting into the window one of the most appetizing-looking pies he had ever seen. It was a single-crust affair which had been baked in a deep china dish of large proportions. The pastry looked flaky enough to crumble at the touch and was a color symphony in brown. As Jimmy gazed entranced the girl set down a card in front of the pie. It read: "Mother's Own Apple Pie."

Opportunity had knocked and Jimmy answered "Present." He rushed into the shop.

"I'll take that pie, miss," he said eagerly. "I need it in my business."

As the young woman turned to take it out of the window Jimmy stopped her for a moment.

"Say," he said, "I want to send that a long way off and I want you to do it up so that it will stand the journey—you know, keep fresh and everything and not get mussed up."

"I understand," responded the girl in white. "I'll wrap a cloth round it to keep the air out and I'll fix it up in a strong pasteboard box that I've got here. Can you wait?"

"Sure I can!" returned Jimmy. "That's what I've been doing for twenty-four hours. I'll smoke a cigarette outside. Knock on the window when you're ready."

A half hour later he breezed into the office of the Standard Theater with a large bundle under his arm and greeted Tom Wilson, who was looking through the morning mail.

"I hear you've got a date with an apple pie this morning," groaned his friend.

"Here's the party," replied Jimmy, setting the bundle down on the table. "The kind that mother used to make out in the summer kitchen under the lilac vines. You were in for the first act. Do you want to stick round and watch me take the curtain calls at the finish?"

"Sure!" returned Tom Wilson.

"Then come on back stage," said Jimmy, picking up his precious bundle. "I want to interview the house property man. I've got to have the right kind of a production for this little stunt."

The property man proved equal to the occasion, after explanations had been made. He brought out a substantial wooden box and began to fill the bottom of it with crumpled newspapers. Jimmy stopped him.

"Wait a minute!" he said. "'Never give 'em a chance to have anything on you,' is always my motto. These are Cleveland papers and this box is supposed to come from Chicago. Maybe someone would notice that. Put your coat on and dust round to that out-of-town newspaper stand over on Superior Avenue and buy a bunch of yesterday's Chicago papers."

When the property man came back a few minutes later and began to crumple up the newspapers he brought with him Jimmy turned to his friend again.

"Not a bad little touch, eh, Tom?" he remarked.

"Immense!" agreed the other sincerely. "I've got to hand it to you. You certainly overlook no bets."

The pasteboard box containing the pie was carefully placed on top of the bed of

(Continued on Page 83)

Announcing Monroe Clothes

Guaranteed Prices

$25

$30

$35

NEW YORK'S famous Monroe Clothes will, for the first time, be sold this Fall by hundreds of representative clothiers throughout this country.

Monroe Clothes are bought by more men in New York than any other make of clothes, because Monroe Clothes combine metropolitan style, durable tailoring and attractive fabrics with prices men are pleased to pay for clothes they are proud to wear.

Visit the Monroe Clothes dealer in your city and see what well dressed men will wear this Fall You will be especially interested in the saving which will be yours when you buy Monroe Clothes at the magnetic prices of $25, $30, $35.

MONROE CLOTHES
55 Fifth Ave., New York City

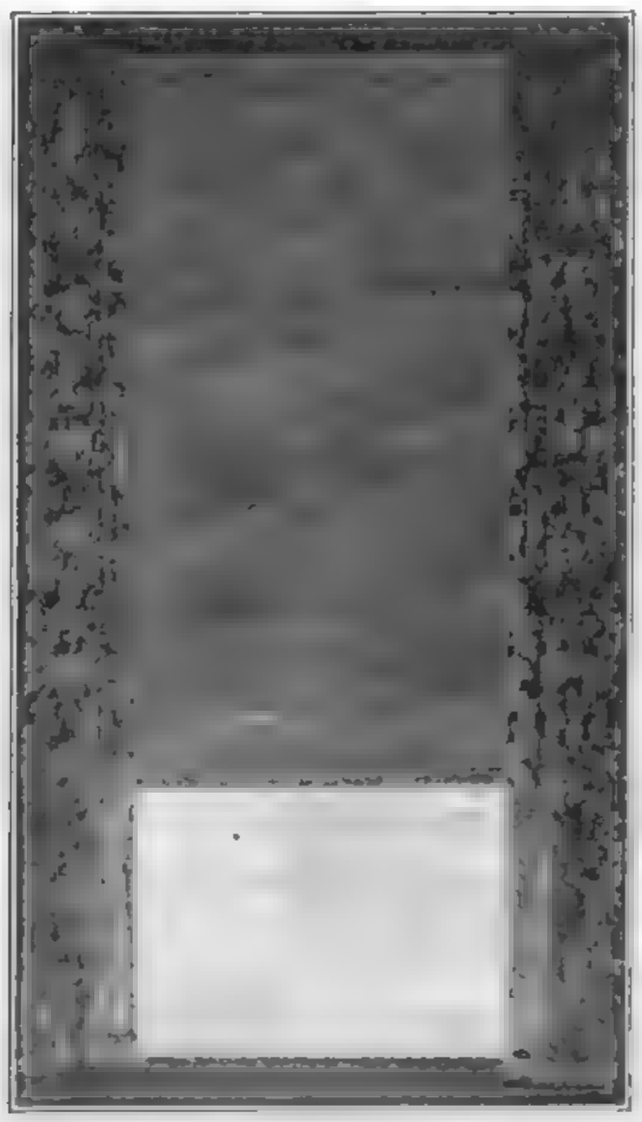
500,000 New Yorkers have bought Monroe Clothes

On Sale Now by Leading Dealers throughout the United States

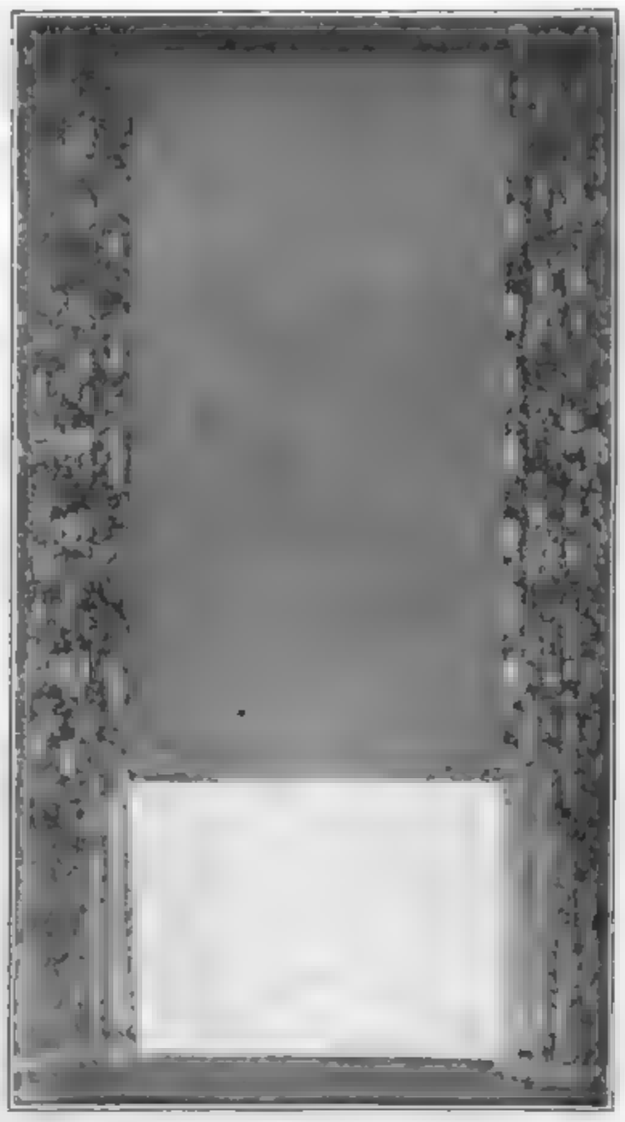
Monroe Clothes

"New York *Styles* America

Monroe *Clothes* New York"



To the left—an ordinary window shade—a coarse muslin cloth coated with chalk and clay to give it weight and smoothness. This brittle filling quickly loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags



To the right—a Brenlin window shade—so heavy, so tightly woven no chalk or clay is needed to give it weight and smoothness. That is why Brenlin out-wears two or three ordinary window shades. It wears and wears

Watch out for chalk and clay in window shades!

The great weakness of the ordinary window shade—and how Brenlin corrects it

The ordinary window shade material has for its base a coarse muslin cloth. To give this cloth weight and smoothness it is coated with a filling of chalk and clay.

This chalk or clay filling is hard and brittle. It breaks easily. What happens to the shade when it is put to the strains and jerks of every-day usage—when the wind sucks and snaps it—it is not hard to imagine. The filling loosens and falls out—cracks and pinholes appear—the shade wrinkles and sags.

Brenlin contains no chalk or clay

An entirely different kind of cloth is used for Brenlin—a fine, heavy, tightly-woven material—a material so perfectly made that it contains always the same number of threads in every square inch!

No chalk, no clay, no filling of any kind is needed to give this cloth weight and smoothness. This is the *right* way to make window shades. Instead of being brittle like the ordinary shade, it is soft and supple—and yet it always hangs straight and smooth.

Strains and jerks that quickly mar the ordinary shade do not affect Brenlin.

That is why Brenlin hangs smooth and flawless long after cracks and pinholes would have ruined the ordinary filled material—that is why it is the cheapest window shade you can buy.

Go to the Brenlin dealer in your town—see the many rich, mellow colorings he has in this long-wearing material. He can also show you Brenlin Duplex, one color on one side, another color on the other.

Make sure you are getting genuine Brenlin—try the famous Brenlin test in the store. Look for the name "Brenlin" perforated on the edge—when you buy and when your shades are hung. If you do not know where to find Brenlin, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

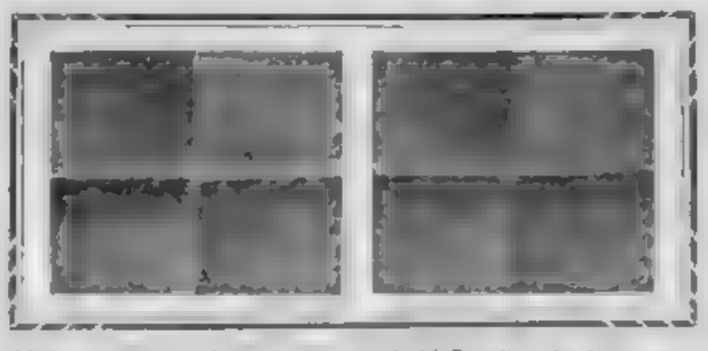
Free book on how to shade your windows beautifully

Send for this attractive book today. It tells how you can make your windows and your whole home more beautiful. It suggests delightful ways to use the many charming Brenlin colors. With it we will send you actual samples of Brenlin window shade material in several different colors.

For windows of little importance Camargo or Empire shades will give you the best value obtainable in shades made the ordinary way.

Chas. W. Breneman & Co., 2039 Reading Road, Cincinnati, Ohio—"The oldest window shade house in America." Factories: Cincinnati, Ohio, and Brooklyn, N.Y. Branches: New York City and Oakland, Calif. Owners of the good will and trade-marks of the Jay C. Wemple Co.

The Chesterfield Apartment, Akron, Ohio, owned by Mr. W. G. Short, was shaded throughout with Brenlin by The M. O. Neil Co.



Make two tight folds in a piece of ordinary window shade material. Hold it to the light. See the cracks and countless pinholes

Fold Brenlin, the long wearing window shade material. It remains unbroken, no cracks, no pinholes

Brenlin

the long-wearing window shade material

(Continued from Page 80)

newspapers and other papers were packed in tightly round and above it. The lid was nailed solidly on and Jimmy affixed an express label addressed to himself. When the box had been carefully loaded on a push wagon in charge of a small colored boy and was on its way down Euclid Avenue toward the Star office, personally chaperoned by the two press agents, the conspiracy was completed.

III

E. CARTWRIGHT JENKINS, dramatic editor of the Star, was distinctly displeased with life as a whole and with humanity in general that morning. His professional dignity had been subjected to a series of frontal and flank attacks of great violence for nearly twenty-four hours, and the final insult had been handed out by the managing editor who had just left the little cubby-hole designated by a painted sign as the "Dramatic Department."

E. Cartwright had read Jimmy's oleaginous epistle three times at the breakfast table the morning before and had left his home in a fine glow of self-approval. In fancy he walked upon the misty mountain tops of high achievement until he reached the Star office, and then he found himself hurled suddenly into the well-known slough of despond. Billy Parsons, the advertising manager, who met him in the elevator, started it.

"Well, old man," Billy said laughingly, "I see they got to you for a home run this morning with all the bases full."

E. Cartwright had bristled at this and had expressed himself as not comprehending the esoteric significance of the allusion. Billy had then become more specific.

"They put it over on you," he replied. "That press agent fellow with Olga Stephano, I mean."

"Put it over on me?" the dramatic editor had returned. "I don't exactly understand what you mean."

"Say, old dear," Billy had sarcastically responded, "it's a worse case than I thought it was at first. You'd ought to go to see a doctor."

E. Cartwright, who abhorred slang and those who used it, had become quite indignant at this and had insisted upon a clear explanation of what Billy Parsons meant. The latter gentleman obliged him with one. He pointed out with great clarity the trick that Jimmy Martin had played on the astute and dignified dramatic editor. He dwelt upon the number of times the name of Madame Stephano had been cunningly inserted into the correspondence and proved that the whole affair was a carefully calculated scheme for the exploitation of that lady.

The blinders of self-esteem having thus been torn from the eyes of the dramatic editor, that gentleman developed a decided distaste for further discussion of the subject and immured himself in his cramped office, where he devoted himself to bitter rumination. Throughout the day his fellow laborers in the field of journalism seemed to take a malicious delight in playfully taunting him. On the way home for dinner he had met the dramatic editor of the rival Inquirer and that worthy had added to his fury by remarking with a twinkle in his eye:

"That was a mighty interesting symposium on Stephano you ran this morning, Jenkins."

At dinner he startled his sedate and shrinking wife by launching into a profane and pungent diatribe on the subject of press agents and announced his determination to start a nation-wide movement for their suppression and final extermination. He declared in loud and ringing tones that nothing but total annihilation of the entire tribe would at all satisfy his wishes in the matter.

The sting of the affair still rankled in his breast when he came down to the office on the following morning. When Nathan, the managing editor, looked in on him he was viciously assailing the dramatic page of a New York Sunday newspaper with a large pair of shears and wishing for a moment, as he clipped out items of theatrical information, that it was one Jimmy Martin instead of an innocent sheet of paper that he was attacking.

"Say, Jenkins," Nathan remarked casually, "I've got a little request to make of you. Miss Slosson, who's running this damned pie contest—it closes to-day, you know—is getting swamped downstairs and has sent out an S O S to this floor for assistance. There's nobody 'round yet but you. I wish you'd drop down there for an hour or so and give her a hand. Just as soon as one of the cubs shows up I'll send him down to relieve you."

E. Cartwright reeled under this final blow to his dignity. The ends of his iron-gray walrus mustache dropped a full half inch as he looked up bewildered.

"Pie contest—Miss Slosson!" he mumbled. "What could I possibly do in connection with that or with her?"

"Oh, just help her and her assistant unwrap and tag some of the entries," replied Nathan in a matter-of-fact tone as he turned quickly to suppress a smile and hurried out of the tiny room.

E. Cartwright uttered a low moan expressive of profound and abysmal woe as he slipped on his coat and prepared to descend to Miss Slosson's department.

IV

JIMMY and his fellow conspirator found Miss Slosson in her office, almost completely hidden by parcels containing pies. They did not notice E. Cartwright at first. That high authority on the spoken and written drama was in the throes of unutterable and indescribable mental anguish at a table fifty feet away, untying innumerable bundles and humming a hymn of hate directed at newspaper work in general and soulless managing editors in particular.

The small colored boy, grunting under the weight of the wooden box, deposited the burden on the table.

"Oh, there you are, Mr. Martin," gurgled Miss Slosson, coming forward and surveying the box with interest. "And what have we here?"

"That's the little old pie I told you I'd have the madame send on," replied Jimmy glibly. "She made a mistake and sent it to the theater. It just came by express a half an hour ago right through from Chicago."

"Isn't that perfectly wonderful!" rhapsodized the pie editor. "What did dear Madame Stephano say when you spoke to her over the phone?"

Jimmy paused for a moment before he replied. He had caught a glimpse of the Star's dramatic editor, who had turned and was approaching them. He clutched Tom Wilson's arm.

"What did she say?" he said abstractedly. "What did she say? Why, she said—she said she'd turn down a Drama League luncheon and go right out in the kitchen and slip into a gingham apron, and—believe me—if you knew how much she thinks of the Drama League you'd know that was some concession."

E. Cartwright hadn't seen them yet. He was apparently almost oblivious of his surroundings as he walked slowly toward Miss Slosson.

"I realize that," the pie editor was saying. "She has a great, big, generous nature, I'm sure. And to think of her being so domesticated too! Oh, Mr. Martin, I suppose you know Mr. Jenkins, our dramatic editor. He's kindly volunteered to help me in the closing hours of the contest."

Jimmy straightened up and assumed his most ingratiating smile. He had met the distinguished critic only once—several years before—and he was fairly certain that he would not be remembered.

"I had the honor of an introduction several seasons ago," he said suavely, "but it is possible that Mr. Jenkins does not recall me."

E. Cartwright had given an unconscious start at the sound of the name "Martin," but he seemed to have no conscious knowledge of Jimmy's identity.

He smiled sadly.

"I don't seem to place you," he remarked with a woebegone attempt at civility.

"Mr. Martin is Madame Stephano's advance manager," broke in Miss Slosson. "The dear madame has entered a pie in our little contest through him."

Mr. Jenkins' facial aspect underwent an instantaneous change. He narrowed his eyes and corrugated his brows and gave other external indications of rapidly mounting wrath. Also his cheeks paled, and it may be further stated that his rather gangling frame became suddenly taut and vibrant. He eyed Jimmy for fully ten seconds and then turned to Miss Slosson.

"It is my duty to inform you, madam," he said in a voice that was tense with emotion, "that this person is a press agent who will use you for his own selfish ends; a paid hireling of an unscrupulous management which has only one purpose in mind—deceit and rank trickery."

Jimmy started to expostulate, but Tom Wilson gave him a vicious elbow jab which effectively cut off any utterance on his part. Miss Slosson smiled serenely.

"Don't be too hard on him, dear Mr. Jenkins!" she remonstrated. "He has been a great help in our effort to raise the general tone of culinary excellence. He represents a most estimable lady, and if she gets a little publicity out of it she deserves it after all the trouble she has gone to—baking a pie with her own hands and sending it on here all the way from Chicago. We mustn't be too selfish."

"I warn you, madam, that there is fraud here some place," persisted the dramatic editor. "Downright fraud and deception. These gentlemen have a depraved talent for that sort of thing."

"Nonsense," broke in the pie editor, beckoning to an office boy whose job it was to open such entries as were incased in substantial packages. As the youngster assailed the box she chirruped on: "I'm using another picture of the dear lady in tomorrow's paper, Mr. Martin, and I'll announce the arrival of her contribution in the opening paragraph. I'm just crazy to see it! Quite a large box, isn't it?"

"Yes," murmured Jimmy. "She certainly seems to have done the thing up brown."

He was the picture of serene self-satisfaction as he watched the lid coming off the box.

The prospect of triumphing over E. Cartwright a second time filled him with an almost ecstatic joy.

When the lid was removed Mr. Jenkins darted toward the box and pulled out the tufts of crumpled newspapers. He carefully unfolded one and looked at it. Jimmy caught Tom Wilson's eye at this juncture and winked his off eye prodigiously. E. Cartwright, upon observing the heading and the date line on the paper, threw it down impatiently and began nervously to chew the ends of his mustache.

"We've got old George B. Grouch's goat, all right," confided Jimmy behind his hand to his companion.

Miss Slosson untied the string and lifted out the pie, which was tightly swathed in a piece of old linen. She undid the wrapping slowly, while the interested spectators gathered close round her. The careful young woman in the bake shop had placed a piece of cardboard over the top of the deep china dish, and when this was removed Miss Slosson positively bubbled with delight as she caught sight of the golden-brown crust of the wonderful pie.

"It looks perfectly heavenly!" she remarked. "Perfectly heavenly!"

"A masterpiece!" broke in the hitherto silent Mr. Wilson.

"I told you she'd bake one that would win in a walk," was Jimmy's contribution to the glad chorus of acclaim.

E. Cartwright didn't have a word to say. He stood with his hands on his hips, watching the two press agents with a look that still betrayed cynical distrust.

"Won't you please put it over there on that little table all by itself, Mr. Jenkins?" said Miss Slosson. "It certainly deserves a place of honor."

Mr. Jenkins grunted and hesitated for a moment. He was too chivalrous at heart, however, to refuse to obey a lady's behest, no matter how much humiliation he might suffer. He grasped both sides of the pie dish firmly, lifted it high in the air and began to turn. Jimmy was looking at him with ill-concealed delight. As he watched he noticed a look of intense agony spread over the dramatic editor's face. The next instant that gentleman dropped the pie with a sharp cry of pain.

"It's hot!" he screamed. "Red hot!"

The dish smashed into a hundred pieces on the counter, and the surrounding atmosphere was filled with flying fragments of pie. Jimmy felt something warm and sticky on his face, and he noticed with dismay that the front of Miss Slosson's silk dress was a sorry-looking mess. Tom Wilson's clothes were smeared with débris too. E. Cartwright was wiping apple juice out of both eyes and uttering words that caused the pulse beats of Madame Stephano's personal representative to diminish almost to the vanishing point.

"A pair of damned fakers!" he shouted. "Baked in Chicago, eh, and shipped on here by express! It hasn't been out of the oven an hour. Thought they'd put one over on us again, did they? I know 'em! I know 'em!"

(Continued on Page 85)

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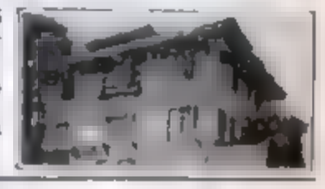

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Growing business of Benjamin Electric Manufacturing Company necessitates new method of keeping stock records, and Elliott-Fisher solves problem.

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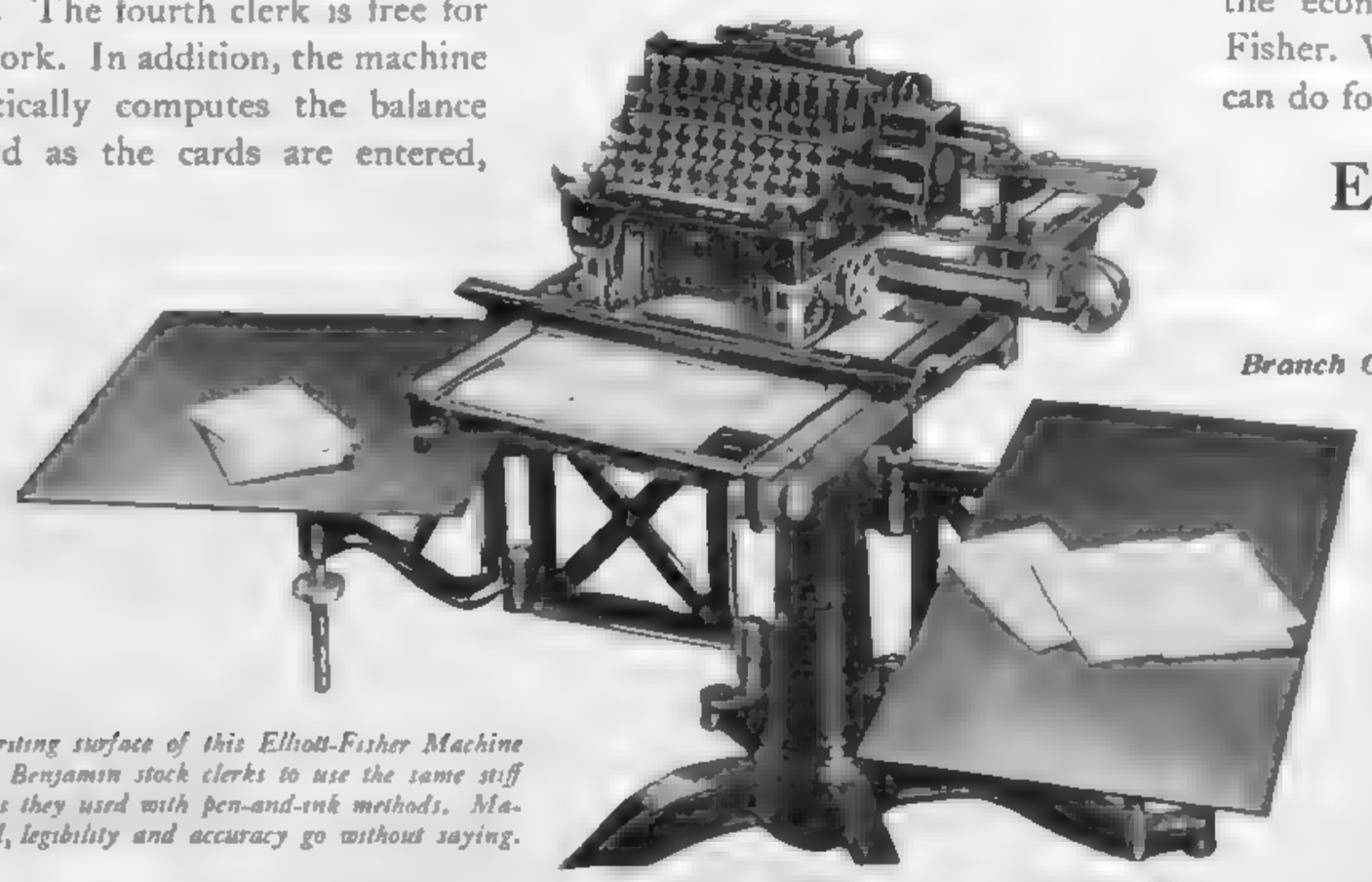

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(Continued from Page 83)

The tragic climax of Jimmy's little three-act comedy came with such unexpected suddenness that he stood in the midst of the tumult and the shouting like one transfixed. It was a rout, an utter and complete defeat, the most disastrous and the most humiliating of his career. In a flash he pictured it becoming a classic anecdote that would be bandied back and forth by his professional brethren in Pullman smoking rooms and theater offices for years without number.

He looked up and about him. Enemies were surging toward him from all directions, apparently bent on his destruction. And then he remembered Tom Wilson. He turned round. That worthy had departed as if on the wings of morning. The dishevéled and distraught dramatic editor had apparently exhausted his vocabulary of vituperation and was approaching him with a savage look in his eye, flanked on one side by a distinguished-looking gentleman with a most authoritative manner, who had rushed to the scene from a near-by office. Jimmy realized that it was no place or time for heroics. He turned and fled precipitately down an unencumbered aisle in the general direction of the open air.

He caught up with Tom Wilson two blocks down the avenue. That gentleman was still going strong and seemed to need no pacemaker.

"The first bet I ever overlooked, Tom," he puffed as he swung alongside. "What'll we do?"

"What'll we do?" facetiously echoed the other, gripping him firmly by the arm and dragging him along. "Where'll we hide, you mean?"

▼

THE name of Mme. Olga Stephano was conspicuously absent from the columns of the Star next morning, but this fact passed unnoticed by one James Martin, who had moved on to the next town—unwept, unhonored and unsung. Gone was the rakish tilt to his derby hat, and vanished like the roses of yesterday were the glad, eager look and the jaunty bearing that usually distinguished him as one upon whom fortune was wont to smile. Gloom was in his heart and a sweet melancholy pervaded his thoughts.

A letter dated before Jimmy's fatal first meeting with Miss Slosson awaited him at the theater. It brought tidings that did not have a tendency to make life more interesting. It was from Jordan, Madame Stephano's personal manager on tour with the company, and it summoned him back to Cleveland for the opening performance on Monday night.

"There are many matters about which Madame Stephano and myself wish to consult with you," the letter ran, "among them being the methods of publicity best calculated to further her interests as a star. Our appeal, as you know, is to the intellectual element in the community, and you must carefully avoid anything in the nature of cheap or sensational stories, or what are vulgarly known as 'stunts.' We will go into this at greater length when I see you."

"I'm in for a spring canning," Jimmy observed to the manager of the theater when he had finished reading Jordan's letter. "I wouldn't mind that so much if I could have got my exit cue in a blaze of glory, but this thing of being bumped off on top of an awful fall-down like that gets under the little old epidermis."

Madame Stephano occasionally varied her Ibsen repertoire with performances of plays by other European dramatists. She had chosen a modern Spanish tragedy for her opening in Cleveland, and the first act was under way when a certain forlorn-looking figure slouched wearily into the manager's office and moodily inquired for Mr. Jordan. The company manager, a thorough slave to the temperamental caprices of the star, came forward.

"I'm Martin," gloomily vouchsafed the visitor.

"You are, eh?" responded the manager acridly, looking him over with indifferently concealed scorn. "We've been waiting for you all day."

"Who do you mean by 'we'?" timidly inquired the chastened press agent.

"Why, the madame and myself. We were curious to see what you looked like. You seem fairly intelligent."

Ordinarily Jimmy would have resented the implied sneer in this remark and would have flared up with an indignant rejoinder, but his spirit seemed crushed to earth never to rise again. The surrounding atmosphere was to him pregnant with impending tragedy. He contented himself with a nervous little laugh.

"I've never been accused of it," he said foolishly.

"Of course we've heard about your ridiculous fiasco last week," went on Jordan. "You've certainly let yourself in for it with the madame. I wonder what you think this attraction is, anyway—a circus side show or a cabaret? I'll give you credit though. You had a cast-iron nerve to attempt such a thing with her. They say God looks after fools and drunken folks. I hope He's on your side to-night."

Jimmy gulped before he made reply.

"Is she—is she a little annoyed?" he stammered.

"Yes, just a little," laughed the other sarcastically. "Just a wee bit put out. It's hardly worth mentioning, but if I were you I'd stick round on this side of the footlights until after the show. We've got eighteen hundred inside to-night and I wouldn't like to have to give the money back. Something might happen if you went back stage. I'll see you later."

He slipped into an inner office and Jimmy was left alone with his misery. He wandered out into the brilliantly lighted lobby and sauntered into the auditorium for his first view of the great actress. She was on the stage as he entered and he peered at her from behind the plush curtains which hung back of the last row of seats. She was playing a scene of brisk and brittle comedy and she moved about the stage with all the lithe and lissom grace of a beautiful tigress. She was making mordant mockery of another woman in the play, assailing her with wicked rapier-like thrusts of biting wit and smiling a smile that struck terror into Jimmy's heart.

There was a malicious gleam in her black eyes that fascinated him. They seemed to his overwrought imagination like the nasty eyes of a serpent he had once seen in a glass case in the zoo. He shuddered with apprehension.

As the curtain fell and the lights went up he caught sight of the figure of E. Cartwright Jenkins coming up the aisle. He effaced himself with surprising suddenness by making for the nearest exit door. It led to a fire escape and he stood there in the semidarkness, letting the cool night air soothe his fevered brow and trying to collect his befuddled train of thought. This last was impossible. All that he seemed able to comprehend was that he was in for the most disagreeable experience of his fair young life and that there was no possible escape from it except in flight. He was too good a soldier to run away. That much was certain.

When the lights went out again and the second act began Jimmy resumed his place behind the curtains once more and continued his observations of Madame Stephano. It was in this act that the big scene of the play occurred, the scene in which the outraged wife reverted to the primitive passions of her Andalusian peasant ancestors and made things decidedly uncomfortable for her husband and several other characters in the piece. It was full of lines which, as the old actor said, "one could get one's teeth into," and it may be stated that the famous Russian actress played it for all it was worth and then some. She erupted, exploded and otherwise comported herself in an extremely violent and disturbing manner. As a final touch she committed aggravated assault and battery on the person of her husband, and wound up the festivities by making a general wreck of the drawing-room in which the scene was laid.

Jimmy watched the early proceedings with growing distrust. When the final nerve-shattering moment arrived and the curtain fell amid a wild uproar from the audience he found himself sagging, and he clutched a pillar for support. A clammy perspiration bespangled his brow. He felt decidedly sick and he longed for the comforts of home and the quiet ministrations of some gentle female who would soothe and mother him.

In a daze he sauntered out into the lobby again. Jordan, who had just come from back stage, touched him on the arm.

"The madame wishes to see you right after the last act," he remarked with a sinister smile.

Only that and nothing more. He turned on his heel and disappeared into the office. Jimmy leaned against the wall and eyed with envy the noisy and laughing throng of men who had come out for a smoke between the acts.

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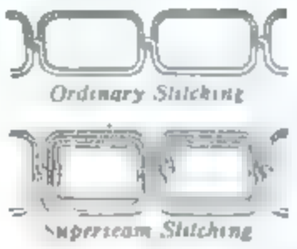

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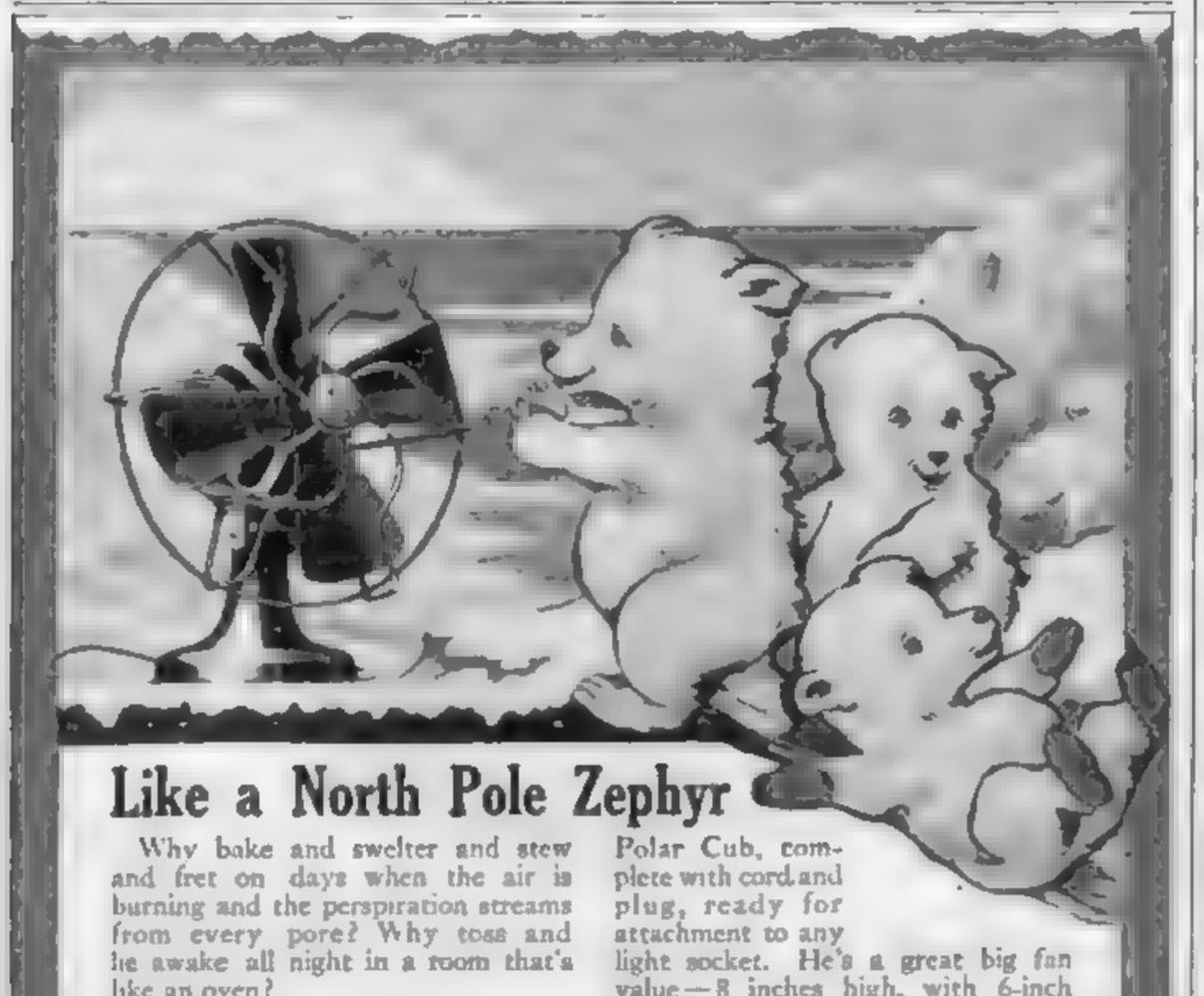

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At precisely the same time an usher slipped down one of the theater aisles, touched E. Cartwright Jenkins on the shoulder and handed him a note. The critic adjusted his glasses and tore it open. This is what he read:

"*Mon Cher Mr. Jenkins:* May I not give myself the great pleasure of meeting you for a moment after the play? I have for many years been an admirer of your very great and most excellent genius and I have had what is called the longing to greet you. I have had the hesitation of asking to see you, as I know you are a most busy man. To-night there is a matter of the so great importance that I would speak to you concerning. Please, my very dear sir, do me this very high honor, I implore you.

"OLGA STEPHANO."

E. Cartwright smiled expansively. It may also be remarked that he beamed, and it may be further added that he felt himself once more securely affixed upon a pedestal in his personal hall of fame.

The final moment of the Spanish play found Madame Stephano sitting alone at the dinner table in the heroine's home. Fate and the fell clutch of circumstance had resulted in her estrangement from her family and from her friends, and she had dined alone. As the curtain fell, disillusioned and miserable she dropped her head in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

Jimmy, having been assured that his Nemesis would be on the stage throughout the entire act, had tiptoed back when the scene was half finished. A hopeless fear gnawed at his vitals, but he tried to put on a brave face. He watched the curtain descend from a place in the wings and he saw it rise again and again in response to tumultuous applause. The actress, artist that she was, never raised her head or stepped out of the picture.

After the last call had been taken he heard the orchestra strike up the exit march. Determined to get the unpleasant business over with, he stepped through a door leading to the boxed-off scene. To his utter bewilderment, at precisely the same moment there entered upon the scene from the opposite side no less a personage than E. Cartwright Jenkins. That gentleman's buoyant air of self-confidence and serene self-approval left him with an abruptness that was startling. He stopped his progress and stood rooted to the spot. The two gazed at each other in amazement. E. Cartwright's lips moved, but he found himself inarticulate. Swayed by a common impulse, they both turned to Madame Stephano.

That lady still sat with her head in her hands. As they looked she raised herself slowly and gazed from one to the other. A nasty glint came into her eyes. She sprang to her feet so suddenly that she overturned the chair in which she had been sitting. She swept a long arm out in front of her body and shook it at them both in turn. Jimmy instinctively put up his guard. He felt that in another moment a plate or a platter would be flying through the air in the direction of his head. E. Cartwright had moved a step backward. His face went pale.

"You have come, eh?" screamed Madame Stephano. "You are both here! You have come to let me tell you what I zink of you, eh?"

Her voice was stridently intense and her whole face was ablaze with uncontrolled fury. Her accent was more marked than usual. She poured out her words with a rapidity that was amazing.

"You have come to let me tell you both zat you have insult Olga Marie Stephano and zat Olga Marie Stephano does not let herself be made ze target for ze insult. You poor leetle fool, you"—this to Jimmy—"you have meex my name up with zis crazee pastree-pie announcement. Am I to have no deegnety? Is Olga Marie Stephano a cook or an actress—wheech? And you, Meestaire Cartwright Jenkeens, your paper it preent zis crazee theeng; it preent it and it make me into one great, beeg, foolish crazee—what you call? What you call, I say? One great, beeg, foolish crazee dam fool. Eet ees too much, oh, much too much! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Eet ees too much."

She paused, apparently for breath. Her bosom was heaving like a prima donna's after an aria. Her two visitors were speechless at the violence of her outburst. They began gingerly to back away, keeping their eyes on her, and ready to retire more rapidly should an emergency demand. She looked from one to the other, and then there broke upon her face—slowly—a smile. It came like a blessed benison and it presently merged into a laugh—light and silvery at first, and then hearty and uncontrolled.

"Gentlemen," she said sweetly when the laughter had died down, "excuse me, please, eef I make such a laugh. You look so funnee! *Pardonnez-moi, pardonnez-moi.* Eet ees just my leetle joke, gentlemen, just my leetle joke! I have here one grand surprise for you. *Voilà!*"

With all the easy grace and dexterity of a prestidigitator she reached toward the table and plucked a napkin off a dish in the center. To the astonished eyes of the press agent and the dramatic editor there was revealed an apple pie that transcended in appearance even that famous piece of pastry which had met with such a disastrous end in the Star office a few days before.

"Will you not please take seats?" cooed the actress.

Her hypnotized guests dropped into chairs. Madame Stephano took the place between them. At her side was a bowl filled with whipped cream. Ample portions of the pie were anointed with this by her own hands, and served. A mouthful of the delicious dessert proved to each its surpassing excellence.

The actress watched them eat with pardonable pride.

"Meestaire Jimmy," she said, turning to the now thoroughly flabbergasted press agent, "I have play zis leetle scene to—what you call it—to make good. I have hear all about zat affaire of ze hot pie. I have invite Meestaire Jenkeens to let heem see zat I really can bake ze apple pastree. I bake heem in ze hotel keetchen zis afternoon. It was funnee—zat hot pie, eh?"

She had turned to E. Cartwright. Concealed somewhere about his person that worthy gentleman had a slight sense of humor which occasionally revealed itself. This was one of the occasions. He laughed heartily. When he left a few minutes afterward to write his review the entente cordiale had been reëstablished between himself and Jimmy, and the dark clouds which had obscured the latter's horizon had been dissipated as if by fairy magic. She had a way with her when she chose, had Madame Stephano, and never were her wiles more effectively utilized than a moment later when she found herself alone with her press agent.

"Meestaire Jimmy," she purred, "I have for many years been ze foolish woman. I have been too much what you Americans so quaintly call—ze up stage. I have tried to be, oh, so deegnefied, so very much deegnefied! I was mad wiz you, Meestaire Jimmy, when I read about ze pie, and when I hear yesterday about ze catastrophe in ze newspaper office I could have keel you. But I find I have ze beegest advance sale I have ever had, and I have change my mind. I am going to lose my deegnety, Meestaire Jimmy. Go ahead, Meestaire Jimmy, you tell ze leetle stories and I will—what you call him again—I will make good."

"Say, madame," responded Jimmy, whose self-assurance once more enveloped him like an aura, "do you know what you are?"

"No, Meestaire Jimmy. What I am?"

"I'll say you're one regular guy."

"Well, son–

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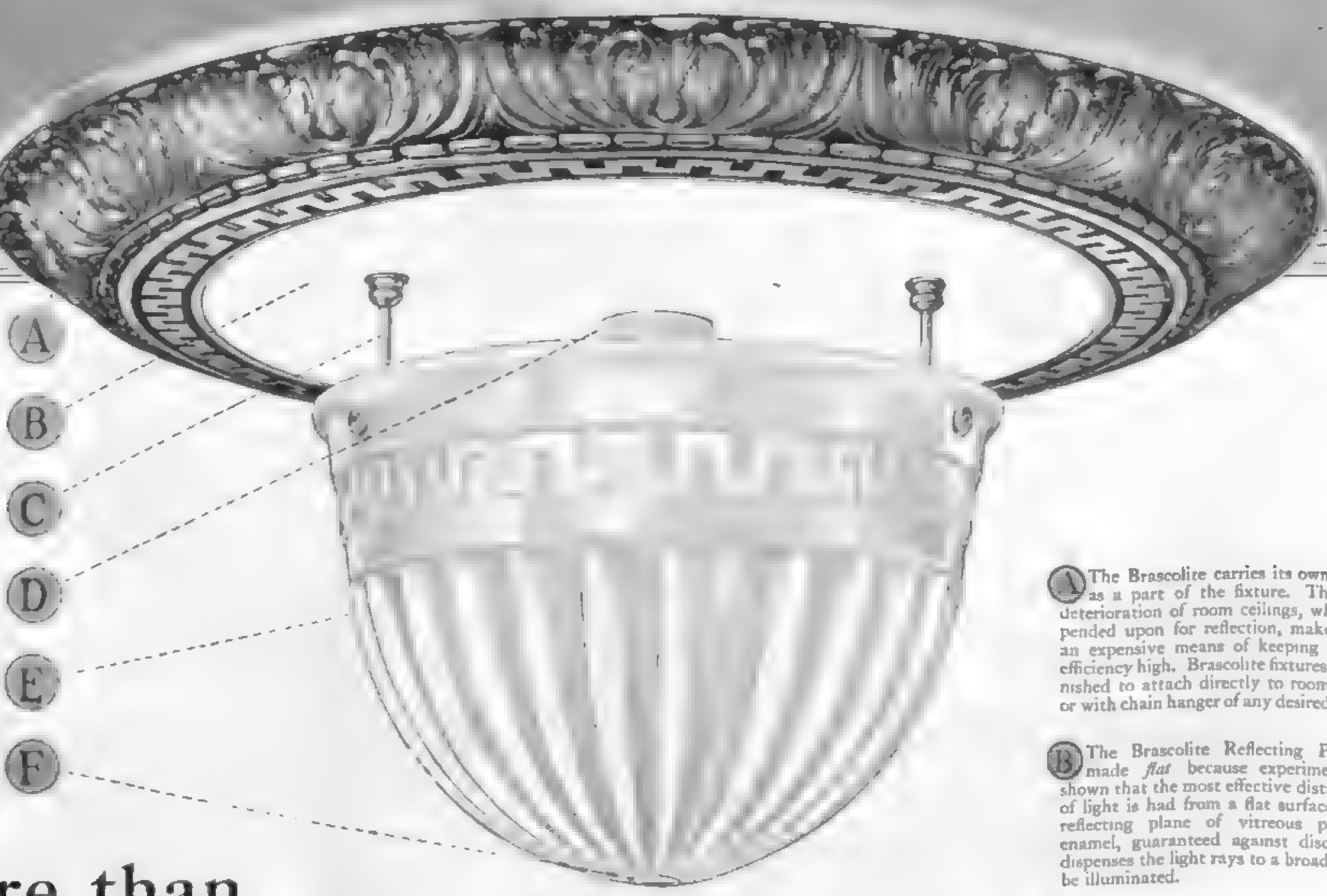

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A The Brascolite carries its own ceiling as a part of the fixture. The rapid deterioration of room ceilings, where depended upon for reflection, makes them an expensive means of keeping lighting efficiency high. Brascolite fixtures are furnished to attach directly to room ceiling or with chain hanger of any desired length.

B The Brascolite Reflecting Plane is made *flat* because experiment has shown that the most effective distribution of light is had from a flat surface. This reflecting plane of vitreous porcelain enamel, guaranteed against discoloring, dispenses the light rays to a broad area to be illuminated.

C The Double Adjustable Bowl Hooks hold the reflector, and, being adjustable up or down, permit bowl to be brought into exact position for best possible lighting results, eliminating all shadow or light rings from the ceiling. Also permit bowl to be easily detached for cleaning.

D The Patented All-Porcelain Lamp Socket provides against short circuit or ground. Special pocketed terminals permit direct connection to circuit wires, thus lowering installation costs.

E The Bowl, made of special white glass, thoroughly breaks up the intense light and softens it by diffusion. The prismatic ribs refract and direct the diffused light at angles which cross each other at a fixed distance from the bowl, thus reducing the apparent brilliancy and permitting the use of thinner glass than otherwise would be required, which naturally increases the efficiency of the whole unit.

F The Hole in the bottom of the bowl, while seemingly unimportant, has a highly valuable function to perform. A current of air drawn up through the hole cools the lamp, thereby increasing its life to the maximum, and carries with it a considerable portion of the dust which would otherwise settle in the bowl. This feature, added to the general ventilation, and the reflector broadly covering the glass bowl, results in a lower drop in efficiency than other lighting fixtures.

HUNKINS

(Continued from Page 25)

cautioned, "and come back here and I show you how to cook steak."

I hurried, but the stew was so good that I went back for more. "Hey, young feller," said Rudolph, "you like him? Well, save some room for steak."

After I finished and the other guests were mostly ranged about three poker tables I went out to the kitchen again. Rudolph was ready to cook his steaks. He had them in a row on the table, each on a piece of oiled paper. He patted them lovingly.

"No beef like that nearer than Chicago," he said. "I spent a long time picking them steaks."

There was a large pan of what looked to be wet salt on the end of the table, a great plate of golden butter, with pepper and other shakers, and big carving knives and spoons and sharpening steels.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing to the pan.

"Salt," said Rudolph. "You watch."

One of the assistants had another big pan of salt under the faucet at the sink and was carefully dampening it, letting water run on it and mixing the water through the salt.

"Now, then," said Rudolph, "here we go."

He ministered to the steaks variously with the butter, the pepper and some of the other shakers. Then he took a large broiler made of heavy wire and opened it flat on the table. On the underside of the broiler he spread a piece of waxed paper. Then he took great handfuls of the wet salt and made a layer of it nearly three inches thick, covering the oiled paper evenly over all its surface. That layer patted into smoothness and the proper depth Rudolph selected a steak and laid the steak on the salt. Then he covered the steak with salt, to the depth of another three inches, packed salt round the sides until the steak was completely incased in this packing of salt, put another piece of oiled paper on top, closed and fastened the top side of the broiler over that and carried the broiler to the fire. He had a deep bed of glowing charcoal, and he carefully adjusted the broiler over that bed. He came back to the table and began to prepare another steak in the same way.

"Won't it be too salt?" I asked.

"You wait," said Rudolph.

I waited and watched him prepare several other steaks the same way. Meantime the oiled paper had burned away on the first steak and the salt was baking into a hard mass. Rudolph tested this from time to time, felt the heat and solidity of it.

"When she's just right then I take him off," he told me.

One of the assistants cut great loaves of bread into slices about three inches by two, and the other filled pewter mugs with ale.

Presently Rudolph's investigations of the gleaming mass of salt in the broiler satisfied him that the time was at hand for further action. He had prodded often, and felt the heat with moistened finger tip. The salt had taken on a baked, almost annealed, glisten. It was hard and hot. Rudolph took the broiler from the fire and carried it to the table. He lifted the upper half of the broiler, hit the hardened salt two or three raps with a hammer, and the shell of it broke away, exposing the steak within, as the broken matrix displays the glowing opal.

That is what it called to my mind—a matrix half removed from a gem, for that steak was a gem—a jewel of radiant ray. It lay there, steaming, scenting the air of the kitchen with its fragrance, all reds and browns and reddish-grays, with the juice oozing from it and the savor of it already on the palate.

"There," said Rudolph after close inspection. "She's all right. Get yourself a chunk of bread."

I took a piece of bread, and Rudolph carved a small slice of the steak and laid it on the bread. The juice seeped into the bread, staining it a pale red. I bit into it. That taste was the ultimate of my carnivorous experience. It was the most delicious morsel of meat I ever tasted. I reached for another bit of bread.

"Hah," laughed Rudolph. "Not too salt, hey?"

Another steak was cooking while Rudolph carved this one into small slices. The assistants hustled the platters of bread and the mugs of ale into the dining room.

"Hi, there, you gamblers!" Rudolph shouted to the poker players. "She's ready! Come and get him!"

Cards were dropped instantly, and the guests moved to the table noisily. Rudolph came in, carrying the first installment of the steak on a platter, the slices of it half submerged in the juices. There were forks, but none was used. We had fingers. Each man took a bit of the steak, laid it on bread and devoured the combination. Rudolph sent in platter after platter of the slices, and toward the end came in with especial titbits which he urged on Hunkins and me and one or two others—sections of bone with shreds of the succulent meat on them, and slices of the tenderest portions.

"I figure on getting away with about four pounds at one of these affairs," Kilmany said to me, and recited the epic of Tom Dorgan, who ate seven and a half pounds once, on a bet. Tom has now passed to his reward, but his memory as a trencherman remains gloriously green.

Personally I do not think Kilmany had any the better of me in the matter of consumption tonnage.

When every man was to his capacity of steak the poker tables became active again.

"Want to sit in?" they asked me.

"Not just yet," I told them. "I'll look on for a time."

"Don't blame you," said Hunkins. "Most of these pirates play them very close to their chests. Better pick out a soft spot if you can find one, before you buy chips."

I moved from table to table, watching the play. There was a two-dollar-limit game, all jack pots, with roodles when a full house or better was called that raised the limit to four dollars for a round. There was a dollar-limit game, with deuces and joker wild, where they played hopups, kilters, straights round the corner, Big Dick, and other complicated combinations, and dealt a hand of cyclone each seventh deal—seven-card stud poker with two cards buried. That was too fast for me, even if it was only a dollar-limit game, for threes and small fulls were mere chaff; and though the limit was but a dollar they bet wildly, amid all sorts of excitement, quarrels and side wagers.

The big game was the third one, table stakes. Hunkins, Cass, Tompkins, Cornwell and Pendergrast were in this. They played straight poker with no frills or innovations, and I settled down to look on. My inclination was to buy a stack in the two-dollar game but I thought I'd assay the table-stake contest first. That might be worth a trial. They were all good, cold, nervy poker players, but friendly. A lot of joshing went back and forth across the table. Hunkins and Cass were conservative, calculating players, and Tompkins and Pendergrast liberal with a tendency to bluff. Cornwell had them before he bet them.

"Ought to be six in this," said Cass. "Where's Rudolph?"

"Outside," Cornwell replied.

"Hey, Rudolph, come here!" Cass shouted.

Rudolph came ponderously in, smoking a big cigar, his face redder than usual from the heat of the stove, still wearing his apron, and highly pleased over the success of his party.

"What is it?" asked Rudolph.

"Got any money?"

"Haf I got any money?" Rudolph repeated. "I got more than you ever see. Here. Look."

He put a great paw into his trousers pocket and brought out a roll of yellow-backed bills with a rubber band round it. "Haf I got any money?" he asked, waving his roll about. "I haf got money that is to burn."

"How much?"

"Never mind how much. More than you."

"Well, get in here, then, and pretty soon you won't have so much. Take a seat."

"I'll show you," protested Rudolph, and he shoved a chair in. "What's the game?"

"Table stakes."

Rudolph slapped his roll of money on the table. "I'll play that," he said.

"For the love of Mike, Rudolph!" protested Cass. "This is a friendly game. Be decent. Take a couple of stacks of blues and play like a gentleman, not like a gambler."

"Hah," taunted Rudolph, "you afraid, hey? Too much money for you tinhorns, ain't it? All or not any. What you say?"

"How much in that roll?" demanded Cass.

"A t'ousand dollars."

"Let him in," said Tompkins, "and we'll trim that upholstery off the big Dutchman."

"Go ahead," assented Rudolph. "You're welcome if you can get it."

I could see a tightening up as soon as this big wad of money was declared in, and I moved closer to watch the play. Rudolph was jovially and expansively full of his own ale, and he went into every pot that came along. Cards were running poorly, and nobody won or lost much, though Rudolph boosted out several hands that were better than his own. After half an hour or so of seesawing Rudolph was called to the kitchen to superintend the tapping of another keg of ale.

"Look here," said Tompkins after Rudolph left, "let's teach that big butcher a lesson. He's wallowed in here and is balling the game all up with his mess of money. I haven't got enough with me to raise him out, but we ought to sting him good, keep the money for a while and then hand it back to him."

"What's the big idea?" asked Cass.

"Cold-deck him. Get him out of the room again sometime and deal him a full house. Have another one out that will top him. He'll bet his fool head off, and then we'll strip him on the call and teach him some manners. What do you say?"

Everybody agreed, and Tompkins continued: "I haven't got enough cash to hit him. Contributions, please."

The other players handed Tompkins various sums of money, of which Tompkins made a record.

"Nine twenty," he said. "Need eighty more."

"I'm clean," said Cornwell.

"So am I," said Hunkins.

"Me too," said Cass, and Pendergrast said he had all his cash in the pool.

Tompkins looked at me inquiringly.

"Got eighty seeds?" he asked.

"I think so," I said, and handed him four twenty-dollar bills, which cleaned me too.

As this transaction was concluded Rudolph rumbled into the room again and sat down at his place.

"Deal 'em up," he said. "I can't rob you suckers without cards."

The deal was made and the game continued with no exciting phases. Small cards were the rule. Kings, aces or two pairs got most pots. After a time Tompkins went out, and returned after a few minutes.

The game went on. Presently one of the assistants came in and told Rudolph he was wanted on the telephone.

He lumbered out after the call was made.

"Quick now," said Tompkins. "I've framed a telephone call for him from a house down the road. Sent Holder. It will keep him five or six minutes. Gimme those red cards."

Tompkins took the red deck, ruffled the cards hurriedly, and arranged them so a full house—three queens and a pair of nines—would fall to Rudolph, and three kinds and a small pair to himself. He laid the red deck on the table in front of Cass, after whose deal Rudolph had the first say.

"I'll holler for the red cards next time the deal gets round to you," said Tompkins to Cass, "and you deal 'em. Then I'll do the rest."

Rudolph rumbled back.

"Anything happen?" he asked.

"Not a thing," said Hunkins, "except that with you out and a decent game going I managed to win a pot."

"Never mind about my game," said Rudolph. "You bet 'em if you have 'em. I learn you, you tinhorns. I'll make you pay for them steaks, by golly. Deal 'em."

The deal was made and the hand played.

Then, just before the deal passed to Cass, Tompkins exclaimed: "Dod-gast these blue cards! I can't get a pair. Stick in that red deck, Cass. They're made up."

Cass picked up the cards, and ostentatiously offered them to Hunkins to cut.

"Let them run," said Hunkins with a wave of his hand.

Cass dealt carefully. I could see after each had his five that the cards had fallen right, for Tompkins had a satisfied smile on his face, and Rudolph already was clawing at his chips.

"It'll cost this many to play with me," announced Rudolph, pushing in a hundred-dollar stack of blues. "I'll keep you honest."

Everybody passed, up to Tompkins. He laid his hand down on the table.

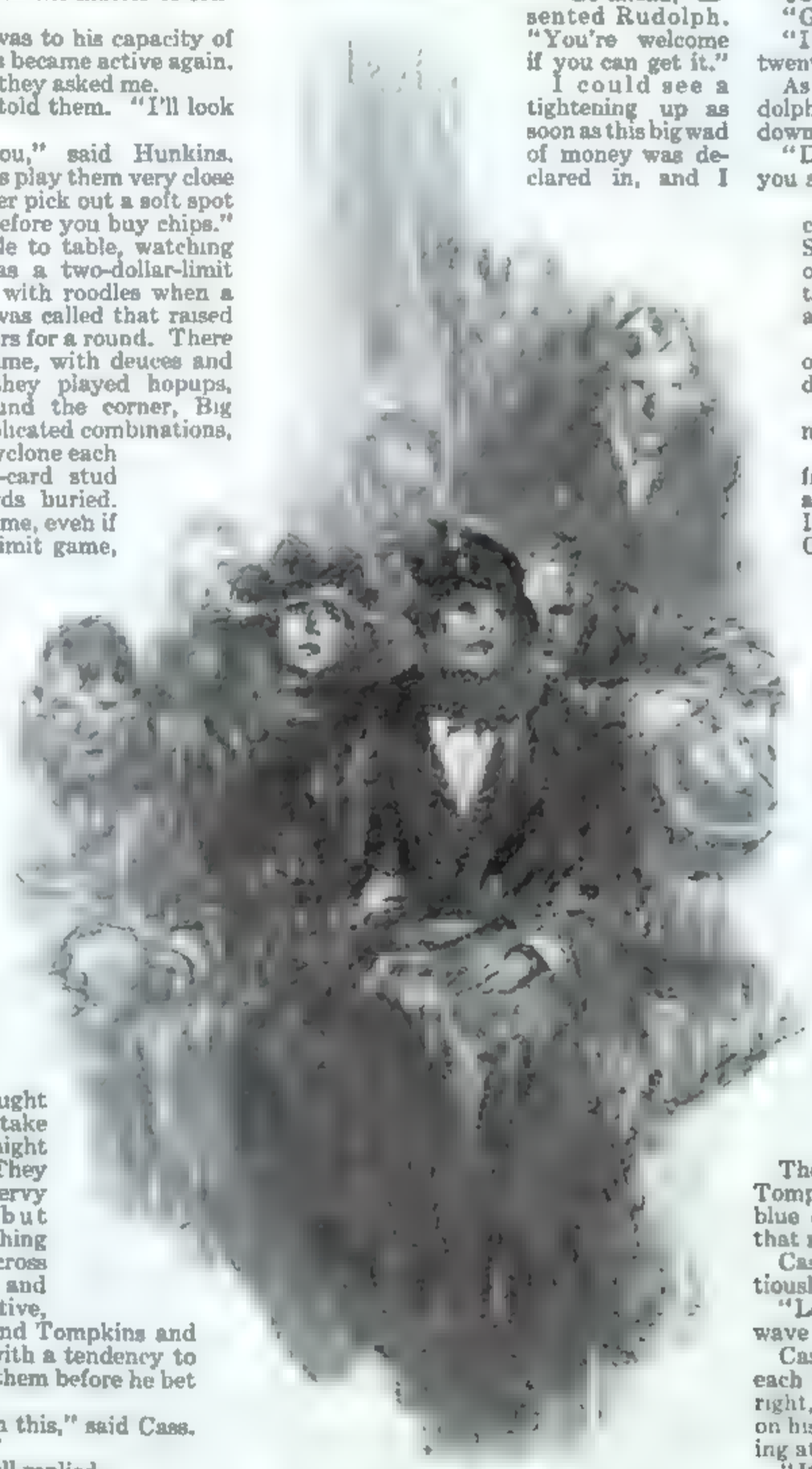
"One moment," he said, "this looks as if it is going to be good. I'll declare five hundred that's in my pocket."

"Put up!" insisted Rudolph. "My money's here. Declare what you like, but show it."

"All right." Tompkins reached into his pocket and drew out our combined contributions. "Since you are so fresh, Dutchy, with your talk about keeping folks honest I'll just make it a thousand, and here it is." He stuck the money under his chips.

"What you do?" asked Rudolph eagerly.

"Do? Why, you big stiff, I'll raise you two hundred dollars."



"I Put On a Black Dress and a Veil and Went in the Capacity of a Widow Who Wanted a Street Assessment Canceled"

"Now you talk like you was playin' poker, not marbles," commented Rudolph. "Come to that."

He raised Tompkins three hundred dollars.

"Right back at you," said Tompkins, raising it two hundred more.

"Come again," said Rudolph after skinning his cards clumsily. He raised it two hundred more.

"That let's me out," said Tompkins. "I'll call."

"Hah," jeered Rudolph. "Had to quit. Tinhorn sport, ain't you? A bum gambler!"

After Tompkins had evened the pot Cass asked: "How many cards, Rudolph?"

"Wait a minute. I take my time." He looked his cards over, his lips working as he conned them. Then he smiled blandly round the table. "I'll guess I take t'ree," he said.

"What!" yelled Tompkins. "You want three?"

"Ain't I entitled to 'em?" asked Rudolph. "I pay for the privilege, don't I?"

"You sure do, you poor mutt," answered Tompkins. "Take five if you want to. Go ahead and draw your fool head off, and gimme that money."

"Hold on!" Rudolph protested. "It ain't over yet. Gif me t'ree."

Further details are too painful. Rudolph threw away his three queens and caught two more nines. And we never were able to convince him that it was all a joke.

"I win it fair, don't I?" he asked. "Well, then I keep it."

And he did.

XV

I ATTENDED the weekly committee meetings at the Tucker Building headquarters. We organized our central committee, making Dowd chairman of it, and Miss Crawford secretary.

"There was some news about this movement in the dispatches from Paris to-day," Dowd said one Friday night. "The Americans over there have had a conference and steps are being taken to get an organization going. It is the plan to do what can be done in France with the American material at hand, and to have a convention here later at which a general organization and its plan and scope will be discussed and adopted. That fits in with our work very well."

"It seems to me that it will delay us," said Colonel Anderson.

"On the contrary it will help us. You see, if we go ahead and complete our organization here, enrolling all the men we can and forming our auxiliary women's branches we shall have something tangible, something done, when the business of making the national organization gets under way. We can go to that national gathering with a big power behind us, and use that power whatever way seems to be best for our purposes and the purposes of the national body. Instead of delaying it must hurry us, for it will not do to let any outsiders come in here and get our men away from us."

"How many men of our total are discharged and back?" I asked.

"Between four and five thousand," Miss Crawford replied. "It will be six months, at least, before they are all here and we can have complete access to them. We have set up ward committees in thirteen of the nineteen wards, and have enrolled practically sixty per cent of all the soldiers we have reached. The others are holding back for one reason or another, but the boys are assimilating the idea, and we shall have ninety per cent of them before we are finished. Next week we shall begin a series of meetings, to be addressed by various speakers from this committee, including you, Captain Talbot."

She looked at me with a challenging sort of smile. I was startled and confused.

"Me?" I exclaimed. "Why, I never made a speech in my life!"

"Well, you will make several next week. Won't he, Mr. Dowd?"

"He certainly will, unless he disobeys his commanding officer, which is myself. You'll have to do it, Talbot, and so will all the rest of us."

"I'm no orator," I protested.

"I hope not! This town is all cluttered up with orators. What we want is a talker. You can talk, can't you?"

"Not in public."

"Well, you'll have to take a shot at it. Might as well begin that way as any other. It will be good practice for your coming flights of eloquence in the Board of Aldermen."

I might have fought Dowd further on the matter, but I saw Miss Crawford regarding me in a manner that made me certain she thought me afraid, and I said: "Oh, all right. I'll do my share, of course. Where do I inflict myself on the soldiers, and when?"

The list of assignments was read. I was scheduled for the Eighth, the Tenth and the Seventeenth Wards, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday nights.

"Some circulars are prepared," Miss Crawford said, "and there will be notices in the newspapers. All you have to do is to go to the meeting place, and when your time comes tell the soldiers what the objects of this organization are."

"Talk to them just the way you talked to me when you first came to see me," Dowd advised.

Some of the others were nervous about their assignments, too, but they consented.

"What about the women?" I asked.

"Too early for that as yet," Miss Crawford told me. "That will come later."

My assignment for Tuesday night was at Hurley's Hall, in the Eighth Ward, which is a ward where many of our factory workers live. I got there at eight o'clock and found a hundred and fifty men and a few women in the hall. Peter Davidson, a sergeant who had served with me, was chairman of the meeting. He told the boys they had been called together to consider the feasibility of forming an organization for mutual association, protection and advantage of all men who served in the Army or the Navy.

"It is an opportunity to continue the comradeship of our service in the war," he said, "and to put into practical application the lessons that service taught us. It will enable us to obtain for ourselves some of the things we fought for, through organization, and self-protection, and it will extend to many points and touch on many interests. If we organize and stand together we can benefit ourselves and the city in which we live. Furthermore, there will be state and national organizations of the men who wore the khaki of the Army and blue of the Navy and we can have a big say in these, and thus extend our influence and efforts to state and national affairs, as well as do our part here at home."

Sergeant Davidson spoke easily and forcefully. It seemed to me that he had exhausted the subject before he turned and said: "I now have the pleasure of introducing to you the captain I served under in France—Capt. George Talbot, who will now address you."

There was much handclapping and stamping of feet as I rose and walked out to the front of the platform. I was nervous and afraid. I had thought out a way to begin, but I couldn't remember a word of it. So, having to say something, I asked: "How many of you boys were in the service?"

"All of us," they shouted.

"How many got to France?"

"We did," yelled about half of them.

Those questions and the apparent interest of the boys steadied me, and I spoke to them for nearly an hour, giving them my views and the views of Dowd, which I adopted as mine, as to why it would be a good thing to go into this organization. I assured them I was for it heart and soul, and why. I told a few war stories, described one or two of the fights Davidson and I were in, and got a great cheer as I concluded.

Then we sang some army songs, and Davidson asked all those who would join to come up and sign a tentative roster for that ward's section of the inclusive city organization.

I had the same success at my other meetings, and improved my speech considerably. It was reported at the Friday-night meeting that the other speakers had had equally encouraging receptions. Miss Crawford tabulated the signatures turned in from each meeting, and said we had secured twenty-five hundred new names, which put our total of declared membership over three thousand. The office force was increased and formal pledges were sent to each of the signers to be returned to headquarters. In the following week we opened a room in the Sixth Ward, which is central, putting it in charge of Sergeant Ralston, who had a good deal to do with entertaining the soldiers in his sector in France, and has ideas. I made a speech there one night to about two hundred members, and was surprised to find they liked it.

Meantime, I had spoken once or twice, briefly, in my aldermanic capacity. Dad dropped in one night when I was advocating a police reform, and approved.

"Good, plain, businesslike statement," he said. "Go to it."

That was the first comment dad made on my official performances. We kept off that topic at home. Dad apparently wasn't inclined to talk about it and was waiting for results. At the club and other places where I met Daskin and Chambers and the crowd it was now an old story. They looked on me as having a new fad to fool with, but expected that I'd tire of it presently and go back to the golf and bridge and one-step circles.

Hunkins called my attention to the police change I advocated. He said it was good politics, because most of the policemen were for it, but didn't ask me to advocate it. It involved a shift in the platoon systems, and I canvassed some of the patrolmen and found them in favor of it. That was the only communication I had from Hunkins touching in any way on my duties on the board for the first four months. Then one day he called me on the telephone.

"Will it be convenient for you to come over to the house to-night?" he asked.

"It will."

"All right. Make it eight o'clock if you please."

I went over.

"How are things going?" he asked after we were seated in his little office.

"Pretty well. Of course I am a greenhorn yet, but I am gradually getting onto the way things work and are worked and acquiring some ideas as to what can and what cannot be done."

"How do they treat you?"

"At first as a curiosity, but now as something entirely superfluous to the regular course of business, but there, and to be tolerated for the time being."

Hunkins laughed. "A close corporation," he said. "They're not unfriendly, are they?"

"Oh, no; merely indifferent. Pendergrast is the most offish one of the lot. The rest of the regulars refer to me as Cholly Highbrow and let it go at that."

"Well, let's stir them up a bit."

"What do you mean?"

Hunkins lighted a cigarette and took a folded paper from his pocket.

"Do you know Billy Miller?" he asked, most irrelevantly, I thought.

"The city treasurer?"

"Yes."

"I've met him. That's about all."

"Know anything about him?"

"Nothing, except that he seems to be extraordinarily popular with everybody and is a smiling, glad-handed, affable sort of person."

"He's all of that. Billy Miller, I think, is the best-known and most-liked of the city officials. He has been treasurer for eight years. We've never been able to beat him. Everybody in the city knows him, and everybody likes him—a fine, pleasant-spoken, kindly, obliging man. That's what is the matter with him."

"What is?"

"He's too obliging for his own good."

"I don't understand."

"Billy Miller is a defaulter."

Hunkins spoke as calmly as if he were telling me that Billy Miller was a good accountant. It struck me as a most sensational sort of a statement, and I wondered at his impassiveness.

"A defaulter!" I repeated. "Billy Miller is?"

"Yes. He is short $156,000 of city money, and has been for a long time."

"Why hasn't he been exposed and punished?"

"Politics."

"Pretty rotten politics, it seems to me, that will protect a defaulter of city money."

"Granted, but politics all the same. You see, Miller hasn't taken a cent of the money for his own use. He's a victim. That's the devil of it so far as he is concerned."

"What did he do with it, then?"

"Lent it to politicians. This is the way of it: As I have told you, Miller is a soft-hearted, good-natured, easy-going man, vain of his position and vainer of his popularity and his reputation for strict honesty. These men took advantage of all these weaknesses. Three or four years ago they went to him with the story that they had formed a combination to exploit a mine in Arizona with a fortune in it for all of them. They pointed out to Miller that he could safely advance some money to them for a short period from the sinking fund, where it would never be missed. Pendergrast headed this company, and all of them were political associates and pals of Miller's. They promised Miller that he would be let in for a big share of the enormous profits. I've also heard they told him they would not support him for reëlection if he refused them.

"They worked on his vanity, his cupidity, his desire to remain in office, and he finally advanced them $50,000 on their various I. O. U.'s for certain allotted portions of the amount, and their sacred protestations that the mine would be paying in a few months, and that they all would be rich. After that the rest was easy."

"Easy? You mean that Miller kept on lending them money?"

"Exactly. Miller was then in the position of a bank that has a big line of credit out to a man in difficulties. The bank is forced to give that man further credit to protect what he has already borrowed. They didn't pay; said they couldn't. The mine took more than they had expected, but they assured Miller it would be all right, and they would be able to make complete repayment if he would advance them some more money to enable them to complete their operations. Miller was helpless. In any event he was short $50,000, for the borrowers said flatly they could not repay without extensions of time and further advances. That left Miller a defaulter, with these men culpable only as compounders of a felony in a city where they can most likely escape punishment. So to protect himself he took a further chance on them, weakly relying on their fervent promises to repay, and their glowing prospectus for the mine; and the result is that he is now short $156,000, and there is hell to pay."

I was so interested I sat on the edge of my chair, leaning forward to catch every word of Hunkins' dispassionate recital.

"Is it coming out?" I asked excitedly.

"Not if the Pendergrast outfit can prevent it. They got the money. They are hustling round now to raise enough to make up the deficit, because Miller is at the end of his string. There is bond payment due on September first, and the sinking fund is $156,000 shy. He cannot transfer the money from any other fund, because that will bail him up just as badly, and expose him. He has just squeaked through on a couple of manipulations like that, and doesn't dare try another. He is howling for his money. It is pay or play with him."

Hunkins sat with the folded paper in his hands, eying me closely to see what impression the story made on me. I was in great commotion, not only over the disclosure but because I was entirely in the dark as to why Hunkins had called me over to make it to me. Why? I couldn't frame any sort of an answer, much less one that was plausible. However, it was my turn to make some comment.

"It should be exposed," I said.

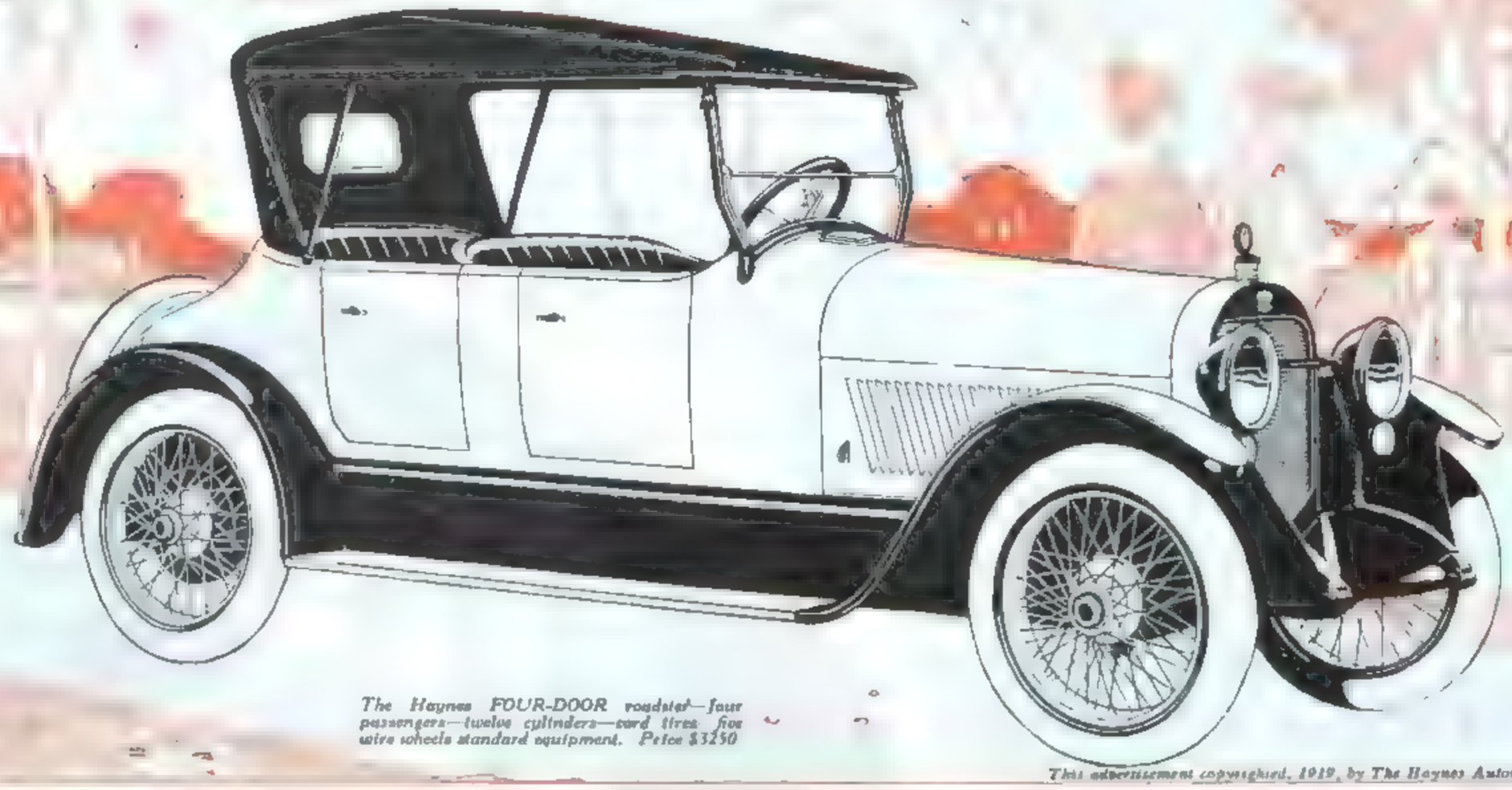
"Certainly," Hunkins replied. "That's what I want to talk to you about."

"Me? Where do I come in?"

It was more exciting than I had thought it was at first, with me in it, but pounding in the back of my head was the insistent query: What's behind this? What is his motive? I couldn't fathom him.

"You enter, if you like, in your capacity as alderman from the Second Ward," he replied, as if that was a most natural and logical position for a part in it for me. "I'll explain. We are coming into a mayoralty campaign. We want to win. It will be a hard job, because Spearle is not only a pretty fair mayor but is a popular citizen. The reason the gang who milked Miller are trying so hard to cover is because they know—what I know—that such a distinctly political scandal in a city administration at this time will defeat them. Sure to. And it may send some of them to jail. They are trying to get the money, but that is difficult, for they have to raise it surreptitiously. They can't borrow $156,000 without telling what they want it for, and that closes the ordinary sources to them, partially at least. They do not care a whoop about Miller. They are protecting themselves and their political organization. Now, then, if they can have a few weeks they may scrape this amount together and be able to cover. That will save them but it won't help us. Therefore I think it well to expose them immediately, before they are able to make good. It would be better if we could wait until just before the election, but we can't take that chance."

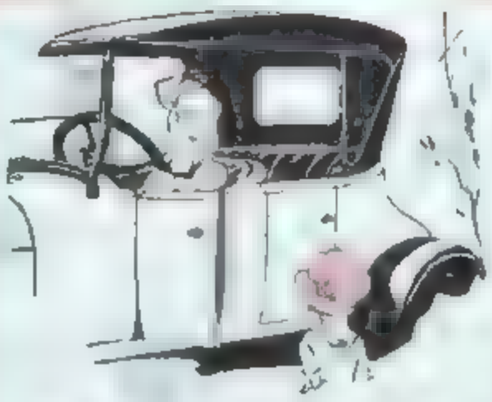
(Continued on Page 95)



The Haynes FOUR-DOOR roadster—four passengers—twelve cylinders—cord tires—five wire wheels standard equipment. Price $3250

This advertisement copyrighted, 1919, by The Haynes Automobile Company.

THE NEW 1920 HAYNES HAS BEAUTY—STRENGTH—POWER—COMFORT



Four doors—a feature of the new 1920 Haynes four passenger roadster. Racy and low in appearance, it is the smart popular car of the season. The new 1920 Haynes character cars have full aluminum bodies.

HAYNES

America's First Car

NEW 1920 "LIGHT SIX"

Open Cars

Touring Car—7 Passenger	$2485
Roadster—Four Doors, 4 Passenger	2485

Closed Cars

Coupé—4 Passenger	$3100
Sedan—7 Passenger	3450
Limousine—7 Passenger	4000

Wooden Wheels Standard Equipment

NEW 1920 "LIGHT TWELVE"

Open Cars

Touring Car—7 Passenger	$3250
Roadster—Four Doors, 4 Passenger	3250

Closed Cars

Coupé—4 Passenger	$3800
Sedan—7 Passenger	4000

Wire Wheels Standard Equipment

Prices are F. O. B. Kokomo

A new catalog, beautifully illustrated, will be sent on request. Address Dept. 81.

The Haynes, AMERICA'S FIRST CAR, now exhibited at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., was invented, designed and built by Elwood Haynes in 1893.

THE new 1920 Haynes has the four vital factors of car-character—beauty, strength, power and comfort—because the twenty-six years' experience of Haynes engineers and designers proves that these four factors are essential to full satisfaction and service in a car.

The new 1920 Haynes has *Beauty*—because the owner deserves to realize his expectation that in appearance the Haynes will harmonize with its factors of strength, power and comfort, thus making his satisfaction complete.

The new 1920 Haynes has *Strength*—because the owner is entitled to mechanical construction which insures long life in his investment, as well as safety, durability and dependability.

The new 1920 Haynes has *Power*—because the owner wants to *use* his car, wants to know to a certainty that he can call upon its usable force and its reserve power, with an unusually high degree of contentment.

The new 1920 Haynes has *Comfort*—because the owner must be able to *enjoy* his car. Comfort is really a combination of the factors of beauty, strength and power, and calls for both engineering and designing ability of the superlative order.

These four factors of car-character in the new 1920 Haynes add to its investment value, and account for its unflagging popularity. Deliveries are being made as promptly as is consistent with our standards of inspection, for no Haynes is permitted to leave our factory until it has received the Haynes *seal* of final approval. We urge you to select your new 1920 Haynes at once because of the unprecedented demand.

The Haynes Automobile Company, Kokomo, Indiana, U. S. A.

1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

Your guarantee

The famous Victor trademark on a talking-machine identifies it as a Victrola at a glance and guarantees its superior excellence as a musical instrument. It insures your getting the instrument that is pre-eminent in tone-quality; the instrument whose fidelity and beauty of tone so impressed the world's greatest artists that they make records exclusively for the

Victor Talking Machine C

of musical quality

ER'S VOICE"
. PAT. OFF.

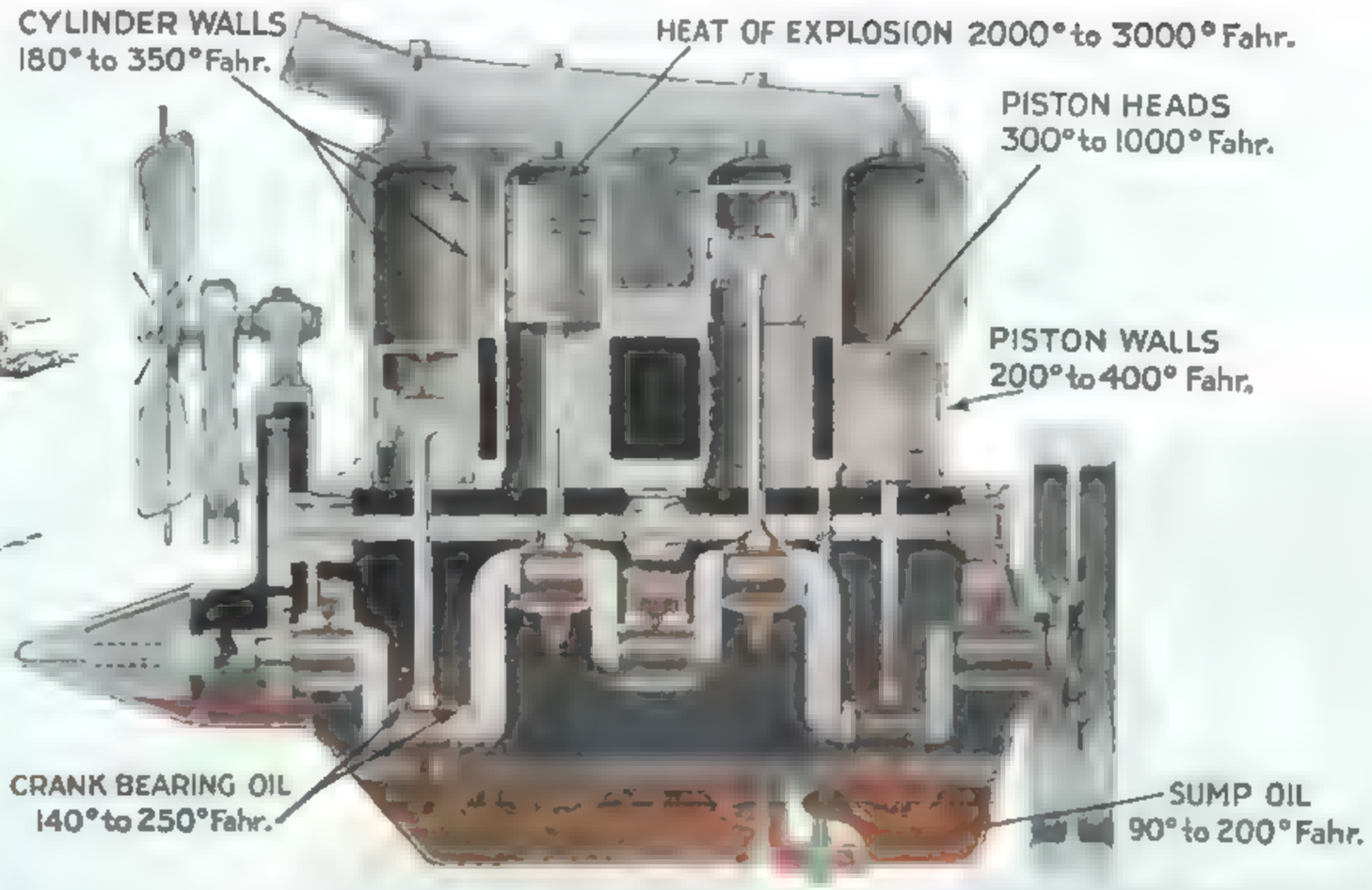
Victor Company; the instrument that not only reproduces their superb art absolutely true to life, but brings to you the best music and entertainment of every kind; the instrument that embodies all the exclusive patented features which give the Victrola its supremacy.

Victors and Victrolas $12 to $950. Victor dealers everywhere.

Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Ordinary oil after use — Veedol after use

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running



The operating temperatures at which oil in an engine must work are shown graphically by this cross section chart. Break down of oil under the great heat generated is the cause of 90% of engine trouble.

Will the engine in your car run 50,000 miles?

NINE out of ten cars go to the scrap heap long before they reach the limit of usefulness which the maker built into them. These are the cars which have not been properly lubricated. Care on the part of their owners—knowledge of oil, would have given them thousands of miles of additional service.

Experts say that an automobile engine, even in the least expensive cars, and when pounding over country roads winter and summer, should last for 50,000 miles, without excessive repair costs. With proper care and attention it will give this length of service.

Causes of excessive wear

How to double the ordinary life of an engine and to keep it running at minimum cost for upkeep is mainly a problem of lubrication. The greatest foes to the life of your engine are friction and wear, and these disappear almost entirely when proper lubrication methods are used.

The most important work which oil must do is to fill the clearance space between the flying pistons and the cylinders and keep the surfaces lubricated. In ordinary running the pistons are often driven up and down 25 times a second. Unless this space is kept filled by a film of oil, a chain of engine troubles begins. Heat as high as 350° F. is developed on the cylinder walls, yet this film of oil, no thicker than a sheet of paper, must remain unbroken between the metal surfaces. Ordinary oil breaks down quickly under the intense heat of the engine, forming a large proportion of its bulk in black sediment which has *no lubricating value*.

Sediment crowds out the good oil on the metal-to-metal surfaces and prevents it from efficiently lubricating the bearings, pistons, camshaft, timing gears and other fast moving parts. Loose bearings are almost always the direct result of using poor oil or oil of the wrong body. Engine knocks, broken connecting rods, slapping pistons are the inevitable result.

Solving the sediment problem

After years of experimentation Veedol engineers evolved a new method of refining by which a lubricant is produced which resists heat. This—the famous Faulkner Process—is used exclusively for the production of Veedol, the scientific lubricant.

The famous Sediment Test, illustrated above, shows how the sediment problem has been solved. The left hand bottle shows a sample of ordinary oil taken from the crankcase of an engine after 500 miles of running. A great part of its bulk has become sediment.

The right hand bottle contains a sample of Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat, taken from an engine after an identical test. The amount of sediment is reduced 86%.

A million motorists have solved the sediment problem by using only Veedol in their engines.

Veedol not only resists destruction by heat and minimizes the consequent formation of sediment, but also reduces loss by evaporation in your engine to a negligible quantity. You will get 25% to 50% more mileage per gallon with Veedol for this reason.

Make this simple test

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with one quart Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times, then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

A test run on familiar roads will show that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills on high that formerly required pulling in intermediate. Watch for several days and you will find that oil and gasoline consumption has been decreased.

Buy Veedol today

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. The new 100 page book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY
Veedol Department
1501 Bowling Green Bldg.
New York

Branches or distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada

(Continued from Page 90)

I listened closely, but drew a blank so far as my part in it was revealed to me. I couldn't figure what my position as alderman had to do with exposing Billy Miller's shortage.

"You'll have to make it a little plainer than that, Mr. Hunkins," I said. "I don't get your drift."

"My suggestion is this: I have the exact figures of all these transactions, taken from the city books by a friend of mine who has the opportunity, being a clerk in the city treasurer's office. He discovered what was going on by accident, not through any superior detective ability, and spent a long time making a thorough investigation. The figures are authentic. I had them investigated by expert accountants one Saturday and Sunday when Miller was away and the office was closed. My man saw to it that the books were available. I guarantee their correctness. What I propose to you is that you take these figures, get up in the Board of Aldermen next Monday night and make this charge, proving it by citing these figures, and challenge Pendergrast and his crowd to dispute their correctness."

I whistled.

"Won't that raise hell?" I asked.

"Probably, and then some; but it is good politics from our viewpoint, and it will be an excellent starter for you. There will be a lot of publicity attached to it, you know, and you will at once identify yourself as the sort of an alderman you want to be—make the beginnings of a reputation and do the party a service. It will cinch the next mayor for us. What do you think?"

As he talked I was making a mental picture of myself standing up and reciting these charges, of the consternation among the Pendergrast men, of the riot that would follow, of the big headlines in the newspapers, of myself as a noble young statesman who fears no foe and follows only the dictates of duty and conscience, and so on. My brain was operating like a cinema machine. The spirit of adventure in me urged me to take it, but that old machine-gun experience came before me.

"Steady!" I thought, and again there was the persistent pounding in the back of my head: Motive—motive? What's the reason for picking me?

"I don't know what to think," I answered, sparring for time. "To be frank with you I don't quite get your motive in asking me to do this."

Hunkins laughed good-humoredly.

"You certainly are keen on demanding motives for every proposal I make to you," he said. "You must read none but the opposition newspapers, which point out from time to time that I am ulterior in everything I do. For example, they made a column last fall because I went to the capital once on a morning train instead of waiting till midnight as the original plan was, attaching great political significance to that strategy, which was dictated by the Machiavellian reason that I neglected to get Pullman accommodations until it was too late for anything but an upper berth, and preferred to ride in a chair."

"Well," I said, "you can't blame me. I don't know you very well."

"That is my misfortune and I regret it. If you knew me better you would not be so suspicious, possibly. However, I'll try to make the proposition clearer. My motive is twofold. In the first place, you are a young man of good position, education and standing, and interested in politics. Odd as it may seem to you, I conceive the future success of our party, which is my passion, to be possible only if men like you can be interested in politics; also, the future development of our city. Now, then, as you are interested in politics, as I have watched you closely and think you have stuff in you, I consider this a good chance for you, as well as an opportunity for the organization. It is a fifty-fifty affair as I view it. It will give you an excellent prominence, get you considerable kudos from the entire populace, and it will make it much easier for us to turn out this city administration and put our own men in, which is where the organization participates."

"It's pretty tough on Billy Miller," I said, still seeking delay.

"Politics is a tough game," Hunkins answered gravely, "when you are playing it with tough people. One other point: Possibly you think I am not stating the case correctly. Look at this."

He handed me the paper, a certified statement by the biggest firm of accountants in the city, that there was a deficit in the sinking fund of $156,000, that that deficit was covered only by personal I. O. U.'s of the seven men named therein, each in the sum set opposite his name; and that this information came from the books of the city treasurer. Pendergrast led with $47,000. The others had secured smaller sums, but James K. Skidmore, at the bottom of the list, had dipped in for $12,500, which was the least amount of the borrowings.

"Hits a lot of your friends," I said, not exactly knowing why.

"My friends?" asked Hunkins mildly.

"Yes; the general understanding is that you and Pendergrast work together."

Hunkins laughed.

"Oh," he said, "that's it, is it? *'Nec scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello,'* as Horace says. Don't pursue with a scourge what is only worth a whipping. I assure you that my relations with Pendergrast do not extend to larceny. I have no partners in such enterprises of that sort as I undertake. You should know by this time that I am a lone wolf in my depredations. Pendergrast and I may have occasional deals together but my higher crimes against the public I always conduct alone. Really you do me wrong in thinking that when I break the Eighth Commandment, for example, I form a company for the project; not at all. My associations with Pendergrast are minor ones—misdemeanors, perhaps, but no more than that. Our fellows are quite clear on this, I assure you."

His irony confused me. "I didn't mean that," I protested.

"It's perfectly all right," he said. "You are not to blame for voicing what our leading citizens have been saying for years without taking the trouble to investigate or having any proof. But we are straying afield. The question before the house is: Do you want to do this?"

He put it squarely up to me, and I did some rapid thinking. Hunkins waited patiently, regarding me with a twinkle in his eyes and a smile at the corners of his lips.

"Take your time," he said. "Consider it fully."

I ran it all over in my mind—the sensation, the effect on the next campaign, the prominence it would give me, the antagonism of Pendergrast and his crowd that would beset me, the possible dangers and the ensuing benefits. I thought: What is there to lose? Nothing. What is there to gain? A good many things, including a considerable personal prestige; also, the thing must be exposed.

"I suppose," I said, "that if I do not do it someone else will."

"Certainly," Hunkins replied. "You have the first chance; that's all."

"Why not give it to the newspapers?"

"Because we cannot get the direct political benefit or make the direct political application—throw it right into the faces of the men who are guilty—that we can by having a party man expose it in a party manner; for the good of the city of course. Pendergrast will be there, on the floor, and it will be fastened to him immediately. The newspapers will be obliged to print the first and biggest story with that angle, identifying you with it, and us too. Otherwise it will be a newspaper story first, with our organization incidental, and Pendergrast will have a chance for defense, for the papers will be sure to see him before they print it if they get it without the initial publicity. I view it as an organization opportunity and duty."

"But I do not belong to your organization."

"Oh, yes, you do, until you run out on us. Indirectly, at least, you are one of us, nominated and elected by us, you know."

I thought that over. It was true enough. So long as I was a party man I was an organization man. Of course I was independent also, but ——

"You are sure that it will help defeat Spearle?" I asked.

"Certain."

"Who will be nominated to oppose him?"

"Now you are trying to make a seer out of me. That depends on conditions at nominating time."

"What will happen if I make the exposure?"

"Where?"

"At the meeting."

"There will be a riot, no doubt."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You wouldn't ask if you knew Pendergrast better. He is a hard, rough, crafty, unscrupulous man, who fought his way up to where he is—or down—with his fists, and such auxiliaries as chairs, bottles, brass knuckles and pistols. So did some of his followers who are on that board. Naturally, as soon as he realizes what you have in mind he will yell for regular order and move to adjourn to shut you off. Then if you shoot the main fact out in the first sentence it will come to him that the beans are spilled anyhow, no matter whether they adjourn or not. Naturally also, his mind, being the sort of a mind it is, will revert to immediate personal revenge, and he'll start for you to beat you up; and he'll do it, too, if you do not watch out; and his gang will help him. It won't be Leader Pendergrast who will be operating then, but Slugger Pendergrast. That's the obverse of it. Ten years ago several of that gang would be carrying pistols. They are slightly more civilized now, and there is no danger of shooting."

"Looks as if it might be an interesting evening if I do it," I said, and the prospect was rather alluring. Things had been dull since I returned from France. "How will your fellows act?"

"They will be neutral. They won't help you much, but they will not weigh in with Pendergrast either. That's the best I can promise. I do not dare trust them with the secret. They're all friends, you know. Want to try it?"

I thought it all over again, while Hunkins sat watching me with grave interest. Suddenly I decided to do it. I don't know why exactly, but I did.

"Yes," I said, "I'll do it. Can I have that paper?"

"Here is a certified copy. I'll just keep the original in case of accident. I'm glad you will do it. It may be exciting but it will do good all round. I'll tell you if anything happens between now and Monday night to make it inadvisable. Meantime, go to it, and thanks for the coöperation."

I turned as I was at the door.

"How much of a rough-house do you think will develop?"

"There's no telling. Pendergrast is a hard citizen."

"What preparations should I make?"

"Whatever you think necessary in view of what I have told you. You are a military man, and a prudent warrior always has the heavier battalions. The strategy of it is up to you. I haven't concealed anything from you. There may be a mix. You're taking that chance."

"All right," I said. "I'll take it."

"You'll not regret it," Hunkins replied as I went out.

XVI

SORRY for Bill Miller, glad for a chance to get after Pendergrast, whom I considered the most dangerous man in our politics, and pleasurably excited over the prospect of a real action I reviewed the situation after I got home and studied the paper Hunkins had given me. It was all there, just as he said, a tabulated statement giving the amounts loaned to the mining company, the dates of the I. O. U.'s, the partners in the enterprise, and such other information as bore on the transactions—a cold statistical record of the weakness of one man and the villainies of seven. I framed my speech. It was to be short, to the point and denunciatory to the limit. It was to call for punishment of all the guilty persons. It was to be a model of deliberate diatribe.

My thoughts clung to what Hunkins had said as we parted: "You are a military man. . . . The strategy of it is up to you." What did he mean by that? Going back over the conversation what he had said about there being a fight obtruded. I laid it out. I was to stand up and denounce Pendergrast, who would be there on the floor, surrounded by eleven of his own followers. Cornwell, the presiding officer, would be with him; Charley Elmer, clerk, would be with him; so would the doorkeepers and messengers, the police and other minor officials. At best I could count on the support of only Cass, Kilmany and Professor Starkweather, up to his feeble limit. Hunkins' men would be passively with me. I doubted that they would go to the mat on it. Hunkins had said Pendergrast would try to stop it, physically if he could not prevent it by parliamentary objections. Where should I come in?

"You are a military man. . . . The strategy of it is up to you."

By Jove, he meant that I should get in some outside support—soldiers! It was as clear as day. Tommy Dowd! Sure! The very man! I determined to see him in the morning.

I went to bed and dreamed of a rough-and-tumble fight with Pendergrast that lasted interminably.

It happened that the accountants who made this examination audited dad's books each year. I knew the junior member of the firm, Ernest Plaisted, intimately. At ten o'clock I was at his office.

"Ernest," I told him, "I want a strictly confidential talk with you."

He sent his secretary out and closed the door.

"Fire ahead," he said.

"Is this on the level?"

I handed him the paper Hunkins had given me. He read it carefully.

"It's a correct copy of an original," he said. "Where did you get it?"

"Mr. Hunkins gave it to me. Is it straight?"

"We're not supposed to talk about the business of our clients."

"I know that, but this is more than a client's business. It is the business of every man and woman in this city who pays city taxes. Besides, there is only one place I could get it, and that is from Hunkins. He gave it to me. I only want one word about it. Is it straight?"

Plaisted did not answer at once. He got up and walked over to the window, drummed a little on the glass with his fingers, lighted a cigar and wiped his glasses.

"It is important for me to know," I persisted, "and a hundred times as important that the people should know. You will be satisfied with the outcome of it, and you ought to tell me. Is it straight?"

Plaisted turned and said: "Yes, unfortunately it is."

I thanked him, and left for Dowd's office. Dowd was deep in a conference with half a dozen of his soldier friends, and I waited impatiently until they left.

Then he turned and said: "Bonjour, my bold alderman. How are they coming?"

"Plenty beaucoup," I replied in the soldier manner. "Seen any fighting lately?"

"Not a leaf stirring since I left Mouzon."

"Feel like a little carnage?"

"Ah, oui, oui! Lead me to it. This law business is a dreary and inactive occupation. When and where?"

"Next Monday night at the meeting of the Board of Aldermen."

Dowd jerked himself up in his chair and looked at me sharply.

"Oh, boy," he said, "but that's an alluring prospect! I've always wanted a chance at that bunch, but I don't get you. Let me have the pleasant details."

I told him the story from beginning to end, bore down on the possibility of a ruction raised by Pendergrast and his crowd, and handed him the paper.

"How do you know it's true?" he asked after I had finished and he had read the paper.

"I took it to Ernest Plaisted, and he told me it was."

"That's proof enough. It is if he says so. What's the plot?"

He was looking at me with the light of battle in his eyes.

"Just this: If Pendergrast starts anything I want to be protected until I get through. I can't rely much on my party colleagues, and I must arrange for some outside help."

"What sort of outside help."

"Tommy," I said, "the law has thinned your fighting blood. I mean soldier outside help of course."

He jumped up.

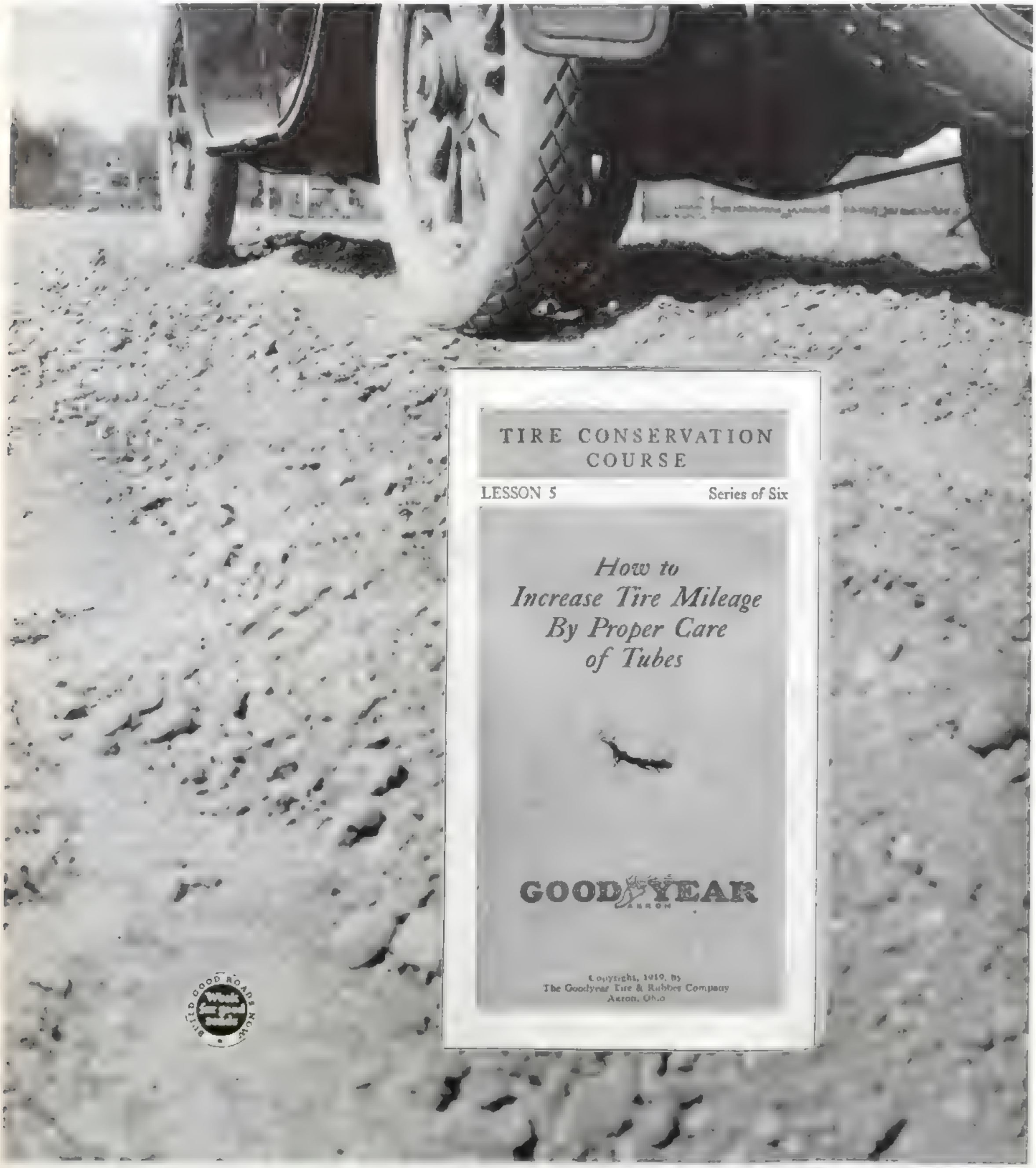
"Sure!" he shouted. "How many?"

"Twenty-five or thirty picked men, I should say."

He had it then. His mind began to work like an eight-cylinder engine.

"Make it thirty; no, fifty will be better. You see, when that gets started, if it does start, Pendergrast's first move will be to call in the police, and they will do what he tells them to. Now it is up to us to have enough men in the chamber to hold things steady until you are through, and enough men outside to guard the doors to see that nobody slips out to a phone. All the phones there are in the anterooms. The police may get the tip, and we want enough men on hand to make it quick and decisive, for there is no nourishment in fighting the police. They have guns and night sticks. A policeman always has the best of it at the first, too, for he has the law behind him, and we'll be bending if not breaking that sacred legal institution known as the peace. Still, for a few minutes we'll have to hold the two

(Continued on Page 98)



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GOODYEAR
AKRON

A Few Hundred Yards May Cost 10,000 Miles

A MAN with a new car, had one of his tires blow out. He didn't have a spare, so he decided to run a few hundred yards to a friend's house. When he got there he discovered that neither the tire nor the tube was worth repairing, for running on the rim had fractured the casing fabric. And the tube was riddled with holes caused by being pinched against the rim. Those few hundred yards of running on the rim probably cost him 10,000 miles—miles that could have been saved by properly caring for the tube. Proper care of tubes saves miles in many other ways—not only in emergencies but all the time. Ask your Goodyear Service Station, or write to Akron, for Lesson 5 of the Goodyear Conservation Course—telling how to increase tire mileages by proper care of tubes.

PROPER care of tubes increases by thousands of miles the life of even the best of tires.

For whenever a tube fails, the casing is seriously damaged by being run flat.

Only a few hundred yards of such running may utterly spoil the tire; and even if the tube merely has a slow leak the tire will suffer the inevitable injuries due to under-inflation.

Take care of your tubes, if you wish to get the most from your tires.

Spare tubes when carried unprotected are often gashed by tools, or rotted by oil and grease, or worn at the folds. Tubes should be dusted with French Talc to prevent chafing, and carried only in protecting bags.

Tubes inserted in the casing without being properly talced, either stick to the casing and tear because of the lack of French Talc or—when too much of this lubricant is used—they are injured because the talc collects in puddles and hardens.

Tubes must be properly inserted in the casing; otherwise they will be pinched against the rim, or—if the valve stem is at an angle—they may be torn.

Punctures from the inside must be prevented by cleaning all sharp dust and grit out of the casings, and by keeping the rims from rusting and "flaking" off.

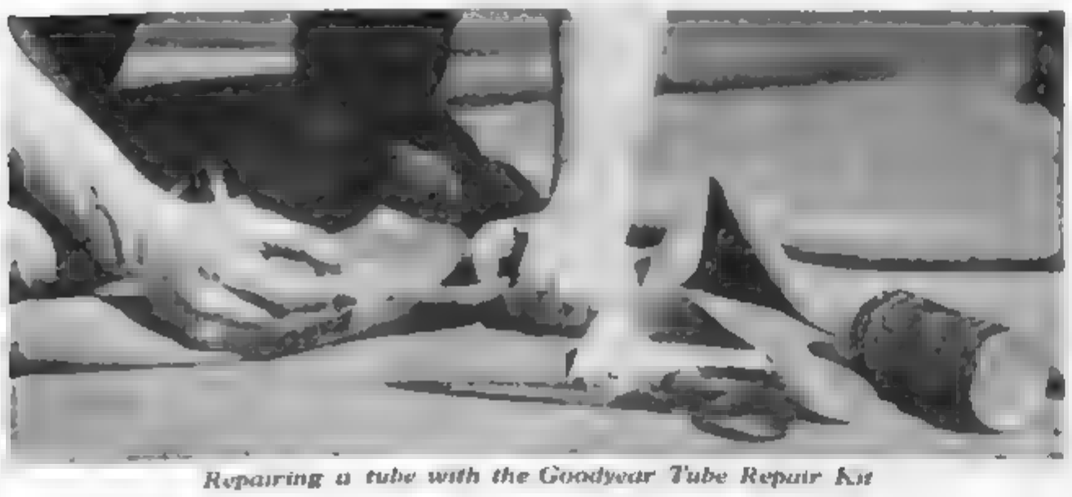
Lesson 5 of the Goodyear Conservation Course gives simple but detailed directions for making your tubes serve your tires.

It also tells how tubes can be repaired permanently and in a few minutes with the Goodyear Tube Repair Kit.

This compact little outfit is one of many little things that save big tire bills.

Ask your Goodyear Service Station to show you one—and ask also for the other lessons of the Goodyear Conservation Course.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio



Repairing a tube with the Goodyear Tube Repair Kit

The tube repaired and ready for talcing

TIRE SAVERS

(Continued from Page 95)

bulls who usually are on guard there. We can handle two of them, and might make a showing against a platoon, but what's the use? The thing to do is to keep the bystanders herded until you finish, and distribute the men round inside so they can restrain the Pendergrast sluggers for the same length of time. It's a cinch. Want me to help?"

His eyes sparkled and his hands clenched and unclenched as he talked. He was in it already.

"Want you to help? I want you to handle it. Will you?"

"Will I? Leave it to me, and I'll shove some huskies against that gang that will eat 'em alive if they start anything."

"Don't tip the Miller story off."

"Not a word—but, say, we ought to let Steve Fox in on it."

We did, and had great difficulty in restraining Steve from jumping down the elevator shaft with the story in his anxiety to get it into print.

"Nix on that, Steve," we cautioned. "Not a line until it happens."

"You're fine friends, you are," Steve wailed. "Tell me the biggest story that's broken in this town in a year, and then won't let me print it. Dammit, what did you tell me for?"

"Cheer up, Stevie," Dowd said. "You've got an edge on it, and can have a copy of this paper and most of the story written before you come to the meeting."

Steve fought hard, but finally consented to be reasonable. We formed a general staff, consisting of the three of us, and made our plan of campaign.

I had my speech ready by Monday, ten minutes long, condensed to the bare biting statement of fact. I felt there might be no opportunity for eloquence. I saw Dowd at five o'clock that afternoon. He had fifty men, who were to get to the aldermanic chamber early, half of them to take seats inside, while the other half stood unobtrusively as possible round the corridors, to come up when they got the signal; Dowd in command, with Sergeant Davidson in charge of the outside squad.

Hunkins called me at six o'clock.

"Is everything all set?" he asked.

"Yes. Coming over?"

"No, I guess not. Better for me to stay away. You've worked out a plan of defense, I hope?"

"Yes. There may be a communiqué from the Front in the papers in the morning."

"May victory perch on your banners. Go to it, and good luck!"

The aldermanic chamber is a large rectangular room on the second floor of the City Hall. There are nineteen desks in the center of the room, with swivel chairs, within a railed inclosure having gates at the end nearest the general entrance. Outside these rails, on the long sides of the room are seats, in the form of pews, that will accommodate a hundred people on a side. These seats are occupied on meeting nights by people who are interested in the affairs of the board, with lawyers who practice in the City Hall, and the general riffraff that frequents such places—sitters who want a place to rest more than anything else—and some regulars who are on hand every Monday night and write letters to the papers expressing approval or disapproval of the acts of the aldermen.

When there is anything important on there is likely to be an audience that fills all the seats, but on ordinary nights there will not be more than fifty or seventy-five men and women there, all told. A policeman generally stands at the gate opening to the aldermanic inclosure to keep too persistent local lobbyists outside and preserve the dignity of the meetings; and another policeman is stationed in the corridor.

The desk of the presiding officer is at the far end of the room, on a raised platform, and flanked by the desk of the city clerk, who is the official recorder of the sessions. There are desks for two or three other clerks and officials, and just below these are the six desks for the newspaper reporters. The presiding official, the clerks and the reporters sit facing the entrance door, and the aldermen with their backs to it and facing the presiding officer.

There are several committee rooms and anterooms outside, and a door behind the desk of the presiding officer leads to his private room.

Aldermanic meetings begin at seven o'clock, making it necessary to have our men there before that time. Dowd assembled them at the Tucker Building offices at six o'clock. They arrived promptly, lusting for the fray. The plan of campaign sent half of them into the chamber, in twos and threes, to take seats on opposite sides, each group separated from every other group, so that no suspicion should be roused over their presence; the other half to remain outside in the corridors with instructions to rush up to the main entrance and go where Davidson told them to after they heard his whistle.

At half past six Dowd telephoned to me that they were all on their joyful way, strictly cautioned that they must start nothing until the word was passed.

"They understand and are ready," he said. "You need fear nothing except a riot call for the whole police force. If they get that over we'll have to make a get-away, for I am not in favor of going against that outfit of cops unless it is more important than I think it is. I've told them to lay off the police."

"They are not taking pistols, I hope," I said, knowing that those young men had no ideas about a fight save that the only proper finish for one was victory, and had recently been to a war where victory was obtained by the use of various implements of offense with which they were quite familiar.

"No; there isn't a gat on them. I made sure of that. However ——"

"However, what?"

"I did find a few billies, and I hadn't the heart to take those away from them."

XVII

I NOTICED a number of erect, sturdy-looking men in the corridors on my way to the aldermanic chamber, and saw Dowd sitting in a front seat on the left-hand side, reading an evening paper as I went to my desk. The usual number of spectators for a routine night were there, including half a dozen women; and scattered among them were various clean-shaven, browned, husky young persons who were watching the gathering statesmen on the floor with active interest.

"Rush her," I heard Pendergrast say to Cornwell. "There's nothing on, and I'm in a hurry."

The meeting was called to order a minute or two past seven by Cornwell. Charley Elmer hustled through the journal of the previous meeting and the routine reports of committees and such similar business. In half an hour we had reached the head of New and Unfinished Business.

"Any unfinished business?" Cornwell asked, and a member made a brief statement about a pending ordinance.

"New business," ordered Cornwell briskly, not expecting any.

That was my cue. I rose precipitately. My heart beat rapidly and my throat felt dry and raspy. Pendergrast, who sits on the opposite side of the center aisle from me, and in the front row while I am in the fourth, heard me and turned to see who was interfering with his program for a rush meeting.

"Muster President," I said in a voice that sounded far away and strained.

Dowd was leaning forward, with both hands on the railing as if ready to vault, and looking at me intently. The soldiers were all watching Dowd, who nodded at me and smiled reassuringly.

"The gentleman from the Second," said Cornwell sharply, as if annoyed that I should be delaying proceedings by any futile remarks of mine when Pendergrast, the boss, desired expedition.

I drew a long breath, steadied myself, and was about to take the plunge when Pendergrast jumped up and asked "Mister President, may I inquire for what purpose the gentleman from the Second rises?"

Cornwell is a good presiding officer. He took his cue instantly.

Pendergrast remained standing while Cornwell asked: "Will the gentleman from the Second state his purpose?"

"I rise under the head of new business," I replied, "in my capacity as a member of this body, and I have an important statement to make under that head."

Contempt for me and anger over the delay were in Pendergrast's "Huh!" as he dropped into his chair.

"Mister President," I repeated in better voice, stepping into the aisle and stiffening myself, "there is a shortage in the city treasury of $156,000!"

Instantly Pendergrast was on his feet again.

"Mister President," he cried, "I object! This is an unwarranted and libelous statement! I deny its truth. I call for the regular order."

"Motion to adjourn in order," announced Cornwell hurriedly.

"I protest!" I shouted. "I cannot be taken off my feet in this manner. I repeat, there is a shortage of $156,000 in the city treasury. I ——"

Pendergrast was standing in the aisle, glaring at me, his red and brutal face malignly contorted, his lips working, his fingers twisting.

"Move we adjourn!" he shouted.

"You can't adjourn until I finish!" I screamed, but the Pendergrast men immediately began to chorus: "Adjourn! Adjourn!"

Cornwell pounded on his desk with the gavel. Nearly everybody was on his feet. Dowd was leaning forward, watching Pendergrast, who had taken a step toward me.

I raised my voice to its uttermost volume and shouted: "Miller, the treasurer, is a defaulter!"

"I deny it!" Pendergrast shouted in return. "It's a political lie! Miller is straight!"

Pendergrast was within three feet of me then, his head pushed forward, his chin protruding, his lips compressed, and his eyes so contracted that only the pupils showed. I was conscious of nothing but that red and anger-distorted face not far from mine.

I forgot my speech, forgot everything but Pendergrast, and I threw out my hand at him and screamed: "Furthermore, this man, Pendergrast, got the most of the money!"

"Shut up!" yelled Pendergrast. "You lie! Shut up or I'll make you!"

He struck at me, caught me on the chest, throwing me off my balance for a moment. I hit back at him. As he rushed in at me to grapple me I heard shouts of "Throw him out! Throw him out!" and then the loud clear command of Dowd: "All right, boys; let's go!"

The soldiers pushed aside the excited spectators and sprang over the backs of the seats into the inclosure. I heard a whistle outside and the slamming of a door. Dowd leaped on a desk and gave his orders:

"Grab that guy there, and shove him back in his seat!"

He pointed to Pendergrast. Three soldiers took that struggling profane boss and threw him across his desk.

"Hold that one where he is!"

He pointed to Cornwell, and three soldiers pinioned that astonished presiding officer to his chair.

"Stop that guy!"

Charley Elmer had started for a side door. He was hauled back.

"Push in the faces of this other mob if they won't sit down."

Dowd meant the Pendergrast supporters, who were milling about ineffectively and screaming: "Adjourn! Adjourn!"

"Sit down! Sit down!" ordered the soldiers, and then shoved the Pendergrast men into such chairs as were vacant. The Hunkins men stood intensely interested, but taking no part except to answer the cries of the Pendergrast men for adjournment with a cadenced clamor of: "No! No! No!"

Held to his chair Pendergrast roared inarticulate curses and threats at me, struggling fiercely with the soldiers. One of them put a big hand over Pendergrast's mouth.

"Cheese it," he ordered, "or I'll shut off your wind."

"Meeting's adjourned!" Cornwell repeated at quick intervals. "Meeting's adjourned! All out! Meeting's adjourned!"

"Not yet!" shouted Dowd. "Meeting's still going on!"

Meantime, Charley Elmer was fighting like a fat wildcat, and another soldier ran over to assist the two who held him. They threw Charley to the floor and sat on him.

Pendergrast pushed the soldier's hand from his mouth and shouted: "Kill him! Kill the ——!"

He made a tremendous effort, broke away and rushed at me. That gave courage to his supporters, and they surged up at the soldiers. I found myself in a grapple with Pendergrast, who was beating at my face with his hairy fist. I half turned, swung on him, and missed his face but hit his fat neck. Dowd jumped from the desk on which he was standing, caught Pendergrast by the shoulders, pulled him away, and with one mighty shove sent him sprawling across his own desk again, where he was held by four men.

I got a confused impression of the rest of it. The Hunkins men had moved over against the rail, still chorusing their noes. Kilmany had Tony Milano bent over a desk and was beating him in the face and shouting Gaelic battle cries to the accompaniment of many Neapolitan oaths from that suffering and outraged padrone. The professor was in a corner wringing his hands and exclaiming: "Oh, tut-tut! Tut-tut-tut!"

Each Pendergrast man was in the clutches of a soldier who lusted for warfare, and there were ten separate and meritorious fights in progress inside those rails. Half a dozen of the soldiers were at the rear of the room, holding the messengers and others in check, and the policeman who guards the gate was contemplating the scene hysterically and profanely from the embracing arms of three of our men, who held him, but had to work to do it.

There was a wild confusion of the curses, shouts and grunts and imprecations of straining, fighting men. Pendergrast had collapsed from his exertions and lay limply over his desk. Cornwell had laid out a soldier with the gavel, and freed his right hand. He was hammering and shouting: "Meeting's adjourned! Meeting's adjourned!"

The reporters, including Steve Fox, were the only calm persons in the room, for even the spectators had joined in the clamor. The reporters stood on their desks commenting to one another on the row, and making notes now and then of what they saw.

Dowd rushed back to me.

"Finish your speech!" he yelled in my ear. "They may get the police here any minute!"

I clambered on a desk and shouted out my facts. I had forgotten what I had prepared, and what I gave forth was a series of whoops and screeches:

"Shortage in sinking fund—Miller defaulter—Pendergrast and his gang got the money—seven of them—Miller didn't steal a cent—they stole it—Pendergrast got $47,000—Larrimore got $32,000—trying to cover it up—can't do it—demand investigation—outrage on city that thieves like this are out of jail—Pendergrast chief robber—all culpable—have the proof—straight goods ——"

At that moment a Pendergrast man freed himself from his captors, grabbed my legs and pulled me off the desk. I fell on top of him and for a short space had no interest in the proceedings other than to keep my colleague from gouging out one of my eyes. We rolled and fought over the floor. He was most persistent in his attempt to eliminate that eye. I hit him in the face as hard as I could, and as often, but he only snorted and kept digging for my eye.

"Hold him a minute!" I dimly heard Dowd say.

He ran past me. I heard a loud cry at the door.

"Ten men in here, quick!"

Then, a moment later, the eye seeker was pulled from my embrace, and I staggered up, a dusty, disheveled, bleeding young crusader against corrupt politics.

The reenforcements made the work of quieting down the Pendergrast followers quick and effective. They jammed them into their chairs.

I shook my fist at Cornwell, then under complete restraint, and shouted: "Now, damn you, adjourn if you want to!"

The boys had not been any too careful in their dealings with Cornwell. When he was released he croaked again: "Meeting's adjourned." Pendergrast was exhausted. Fat and liquor operated against him, though his spirit was still undaunted and his anger malignant.

"Kill you for this!" he gasped at me. "Kill you, sure's my name's Pendergrast."

Davidson ran into the room from the corridor and blew his whistle. Every soldier let go what he was holding and turned toward him.

"Police coming!" shouted Davidson. "Beat it!"

"Beat it!" echoed Dowd.

The soldiers broke away, rushed for the door and disappeared in the corridor. I hurried to the reporters and gave them copies of the statement of the accountants and of the speech I had intended to deliver.

"Give us an interview," they insisted.

"Nothing more to say," I sputtered at them, still breathing hard from my tangle on the floor, and somewhat concerned over

(Continued on Page 101)

Three days before, Asbestos Roofing meant nothing to them

WHEN fire struck, it didn't stop at Brown's house—nor at Smith's. Sparks carried it from roof to roof. The roofs were inflammable. The little fire became a raging conflagration. In one night the city of homes had gone the way of Salem and Paris, Augusta and Atlanta.

The mushroom-like growth of American communities has brought the fire peril very near to all of us. Houses are crowded one against another. *Your* house is at the mercy of a community fire unless its roof is built to resist the flaming spark.

There is a roofing that sparks cannot ignite, and that even resists the flame of a blow-torch. It is made of Johns-Manville Asbestos—that mineral substance which repels fire and turns it back.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofing, in one of its many forms, will protect your building from the community fire menace. It may save your family from knowing the horror of a fire-gutted home or your factory from destruction by flames.

Today, with home building increasing by leaps and bounds, men realize that their property is endangered as much by "outside" flames as by those which originate within. They are demanding the safeguard of a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roof.*

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings:

Asbestone, Johns-Manville Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles, Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing, Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos Roofing, Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofings.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO. New York City *10 Factories—Branches in 63 Large Cities*

Nature—besides giving Asbestos its fire-repellent quality—has endowed it with extraordinary weather-resisting ability. It is a fact that a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roof will continue to give enduring service long after other roofings have had to be replaced.

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE COVERS THE CONTINENT

Through—

Asbestos

and its allied products

INSULATION *that keeps the heat where it belongs*
CEMENTS *that make boiler walls leak-proof*
ROOFINGS *that cut down fire risks*
PACKINGS *that save power waste*
BRAKES *that make brakes safe*
PREVENTION PRODUCTS

JOHNS-MANVILLE
Serves in Conservation

Like Some Huge Mechanical Toy—

HIGH above a ship's hold, a 150-ton locomotive dangles from the arm of a giant crane.

Continually stopping, starting and reversing, this huge contrivance lifts and lowers its burden as though it were a toy—easily and with the least possible loss of power. For everywhere that serious friction might otherwise occur, the moving parts run on ball bearings.

In the frequent starting of heavy loads from a standstill, the ball bearing best allows for quick "pick-up" by cutting down friction, since every ball in each bearing is constantly poised, ready to "spin" under the load at the slightest impulse.

And so in this, as in practically every field of mechanical effort, does the ball bearing demonstrate its usefulness as science's most practical solution of the frictional problem.

Fafnir Bearing Company
Gurney Ball Bearing Co.
Hess-Bright Manufacturing Co
U. S. Ball Bearing (Strom) Mfg. Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY BALL BEARINGS

Ball Bearings

Continued from Page 98

a nose that bled profusely and a rapidly closing eye.

"Come on, Talbot!" Dowd shouted, and I ran out and joined him and Davidson in the corridor, leaving the aldermanic chamber occupied by thirty or forty spectators so excited they had difficulty in making comment on the situation of apter bearing than: "Well, what do you know about that?"

The Hunkins men followed me out, excited too, but virtuous withal. They had acted decorously as interested and innocent bystanders and were conscious of exceeding rectitude. Kilmany caught up with us and reproached me bitterly for not telling him about it in advance.

"I'd brought my bit of blackthorn if I'd thought there'd be anything so interestin'," he said; "but, at that, I clouted Tony Milano a few that was comin' to him."

"How did the police get wise?" asked Dowd of Davidson.

"I dunno. I had men at every door and at every telephone booth. Someone got out, but it's all right. We've made our getaway."

Dowd passed the word for the men to scatter, and they vanished through every door on the main floor, which let them out quickly, as our City Hall stands in a square by itself and has four large entrances. We went out the door leading to Main Street. As we walked down the steps two patrol automobiles came clanging up and a dozen policemen jumped out of each and started in on the double quick, with Lieut. Pat Bristol leading.

Dowd pushed me into a shadow so my blood-smeared face would not be seen, and shouted at Bristol: "Hello, Paddy! What's up?"

"Riot in aldermen's room. Heard anything about it?"

"Not a thing," Dowd replied blandly, and he hustled me into a taxicab standing at the curb, gave the driver my home address and got in with me.

"Well," he said, "we put that over without heavy casualties; but Pendergrast would have plugged you if he had had a gun. Who is the gent who tapped you on the beak?"

I laughed. "Masters, I think."

"Masters? He's a barroom scrapper. Wonder he didn't gouge you."

"He tried," I said, "and I had the devil of a time keeping him from succeeding in fine style."

"Masters comes from my ward," said Tommy, "and he has an ugly thumb. One twist, if he gets his location right, and you're shy an eye forever after. Pleasant party to mix with, Masters is."

"Anybody get you?" I asked.

"Oh, Skidmore beaned me once."

"Well," I said, "what's the net result?"

"More publicity than rival circuses playing the same date. The newspapers will be full of it. You'll get credit for spoiling it. Pendergrast will try to start something by having us arrested, but that won't amount to anything. Miller will break down and confess, and Hunkins will probably elect his mayor next fall."

"I'm sorry for Miller," I said.

"So am I, but he'll have to take what is coming. These other fellows probably will get off, especially if they refund, which they will do now somehow."

I couldn't get easy-going, soft-hearted, vain Miller out of my mind.

"It's a tough game, politics," I said.

"It is," assented Dowd, "when you play it with tough people."

Dowd bade me good-by at the door, telling me to call for him immediately if I was served with a warrant.

"Hope you will be," he said, "now that you are into it. The longer we can keep this thing stirred up the better it will be for the success of it. Good night. Glad none of your lady friends will see you with that battle-scarred map on you."

Dad was in his little room.

"Hello, George," he called. "Come in a minute, will you?"

I went in. Dad looked at me and laughed.

"What have you been doing?" he asked. "Cleaning up a barroom?"

"Not exactly. I've been cleaning up Tom Pendergrast and his gang."

"Well," he said, "judging from appearances they protested to some effect against your endeavors. Tell me about it."

"Wait until I put something on this eye."

I went upstairs, washed the blood from my face, doctored my eye and brushed the dust from my clothes. Then I went down and told dad the whole story, omitting no detail of either preliminary, action or language.

As I finished he said: "Well, I'll be darned! To think that you should fall into a rich and juicy rumpus like that. I haven't had a time like that since the Mugwumps tried to get a Blaine convention to adopt resolutions indorsing Cleveland. Why didn't you give me a chance to see it?"

"Oh, I thought I wouldn't tell you until after it was over. I didn't know how you'd feel about it."

"Feel about it? If you hadn't done it I'd have disowned you, and if you let them bluff you, now you have done it, I'll do worse than that."

I had three personal telephone calls before I went to bed; and a dozen or so from the newspapers, wanting interviews and detail. The last call was from Steve Fox.

"We've got a nine-column spread on it," Steve reported, "with a seven-column, two-line head on the first page, and a three-column cut of you. Your speech and the statement are in boldface in a box on the first page also; and an interview with Pendergrast in which he calls you seventy-seven different kinds of a liar and says you will be arrested and sent to prison for life for libel, treason, interfering with public business, rioting, arson, attempted murder and various other high crimes and misdemeanors. The artist has a bully picture of the scrap. Miller can't be found, but the boss has written a screamer of an editorial, triple leaded, calling for his immediate arrest, denouncing Pendergrast and the others as equally culpable and calling you a grand young man."

The second call was from Hunkins.

"I understand a pleasant time was had," he said. "Just wanted to assure you that I have all the details and congratulate you on a good job. Don't worry about Pendergrast. He'll have so much trouble of his own by to-morrow night that he'll forget all about you. It is great! I'll want to talk to you to-morrow. We're off to a flying start."

The first call was from Miss Crawford.

"I was there," she said, "and saw it all. Mr. Dowd told me about it this afternoon, and I put on a black dress and a veil and went in the capacity of a widow who wanted a street assessment canceled or something like that. I sat over in a corner and shouted as loudly as anybody for your side. Weren't the soldiers fine? I congratulate you."

That made me forget my sore nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OUT-OF-DOORS

Kentucky Rifles

MENTION of the Daniel Boone rifle owned by Col. S. W. Fordyce of Hot Springs, Arkansas, has brought out some very interesting correspondence from Mr. Marc Woodmansee of Des Moines, Iowa, who chances to be quite possibly the leading collector of Kentucky rifles in the country. Mr. Woodmansee wrote to Colonel Fordyce regarding the Boone rifle:

"I have been a collector of the Kentucky rifle for a number of years and my collection, nearly fifty, is acknowledged to be the premier of its kind. Probably it now will never be excelled. During my experience as a collector of Kentucks I have had many opportunities to buy Daniel Boone rifles. Were I to accept the representations in all cases as true, I would have to conclude that Daniel threw away his rifle and ran whenever an Indian got after his scalplock. I have never bought a Boone rifle. The one which you have is the only one whose story seems to have any foundation. Our museum at Des Moines contains a Boone rifle, donated by one of our wealthy men, but there was no foundation for its record other than a statement from the man from whom it was purchased."

As the old Kentucky rifle is one of my own weak points, I wrote to Mr. Woodmansee and developed interesting facts:

"These rifles have been a hobby with me for many years, and I have been collecting them fifteen years—not the common ones, but the aristocrats of their kind, masterpieces by the kings of rifle craft, whose work equals that of the old violin makers. I have examples by Mathias Miller, Simon Miller, Peter Moll, John Armstrong, Frederick Tell, John Shell, M. Shell, Jacob Palm, C. Bird, Jacob Rustin, and one by the prince of all makers, James Golcher, who died in 1805—peace to his ashes. All of these are of the flintlock period. I have also percussion, or cap-lock, rifles of the first decade of the percussion lock.

"These rifles all have full-length curly-maple stocks and all are more or less inlaid with silver, some carrying also inlays of gold and ivory. No use trying to describe them—you have to see them to appreciate them. Come to Des Moines and you shall see a collection of fifty Kentucks which probably cannot now be excelled, regardless of time or money expended.

"You ask about the bore of the early American rifle. From my observation and my talks with a few of the old gunsmiths, I would say that during the flintlock period the rifle was originally bored about caliber .40 or .45. But you understand that these guns were used from year to year, often coming down to the third generation; and when by use, misuse or neglect the accuracy of a rifle became impaired, it was taken to a gunsmith, who would rebore it just enough to put it in good order. Then the bullet mold would be cherried out to size. Continued freshening, as it was sometimes called, might increase the bore to .50 or more—even coming to the point where it was cut out and smoothed to three-fourths of an inch and used for buckshot.

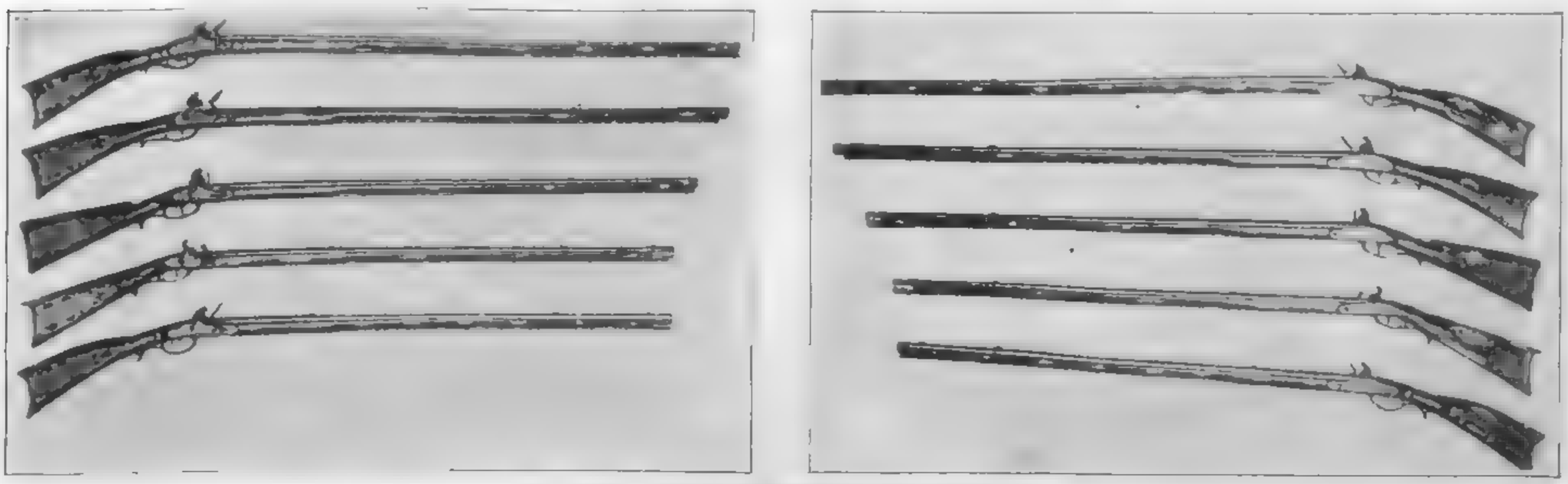
"I am of the personal opinion that Boone may have had the same idea I would have had—that it might be well to carry an Injun gun. No doubt in his time old Daniel owned a number of Kentucks. The Fordyce rifle may have been the evolution of his ideas regarding what was most effective from the standpoint of shock.

"By 1840 the Indian problem was settled so far as the Alleghany country was concerned, and the game then was mostly deer, turkey and squirrel. Hence the so-called squirrel rifle made its appearance, caliber .30, .38, .40, of six to eight pounds in weight. I have one which weighs only five and one-fourth pounds. It has the full-length stock, of course, and shows thirty inlays of silver, as well as insets of ivory and black horn.

"Few people realize the importance of these grand old typically American arms, and they forget that these were the first arms which would put a bullet where it was intended to go. In the hands of American patriots these weapons won our war for independence and made safe the path to the Mississippi and beyond.

"The old American rifle did not come about by any process of revolution or progress. It was a direct step or jump from the old short-barreled, bell-muzzled blunderbuss of the English Puritan settler; or the short-barreled Jaeger rifle of the German and Swiss. These old pieces had scarcely more penetration and less accuracy than the Indian bow and arrow.

(Concluded on Page 104)



Old American Rifles, From the Collection of Mr. Woodmansee

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(Concluded from Page 101)

When the wily redskin got over his superstition about the blunderbuss, he learned that as long as he kept out of arrow range he was safe. But the coming of the long-barreled Kentuck soon taught him that the bow and arrow was outclassed, and he was not slow in doing everything he could to procure one. In his hands the rifle was not efficient, because he did not know how to take care of it. A few shots without cleaning or without patching the ball left his rifle *hors de combat*."

The above is very interesting indeed, and it is fine to feel that someone is preserving the best work of the old-time makers of the one really American weapon. I have asked Mr. Woodmansee whether he has a specimen of the old Hawken rifle, which was the pet weapon of Kit Carson and his associates in the early days of the plains. I have not myself ever seen a Hawken rifle. My impression was that a Hawken was once owned by a Mr. Horace Kephart, then librarian of the Mercantile Library of St. Louis—the man who, in my belief, knows more about early Americana than any other person. It ought not to be difficult to chase down a good example of the Hawken, which is more modern than these old pieces. I should like to hear from one.

I myself own only one old-time squirrel rifle. It was given to my father by his father in Virginia early in the last century. Its caliber is one hundred to the pound and I have the old bullet molds. I think that this piece was bored out, or freshened, once in its career, as it was shot a great deal. It weighs nine pounds, six ounces, is full stocked in figured maple, and in length from muzzle to heel plate is four feet, seven and one-half inches. This is one of the most accurate rifles of which I ever knew. In my own young manhood, as I think perhaps I may once have said in these columns, I have shot out each of the pips of the ten of clubs playing card, each break being deep into the black and most of them blotting out the upper part of the pip. It may be that our modern rifles would do that if the extreme load did not make such holding too difficult. Of course we had no sling straps in the old days. My father and myself could cut a card in two edgewise with it, cut off a grass stem, snuff a candle, drive a tack, or do any of the old tests of accuracy. It was perfectly sighted.

My father's rifle is a good example of the Virginia and Kentucky rifle of the early percussion days. I was of the belief that my father said it had been altered from the flintlock, but my examination does not show how that could have been possible. I think he must have referred to some other gun. Possibly this piece once used pill percussion. I do not know the exact age of the piece. On the barrel in small, ragged and now almost illegible letters I make out what I presume to have been the name of the maker, which, as near as I can tell, was "M Sheets," or "Sheetz," with one or two odd die marks, possibly the maker's proof marks.

It is a curious coincidence that I determined some time ago to present my father's old rifle, his old shotgun and his old compass—with which latter he ran out or established many of the lines and corners in Central Iowa in very early days—to the State Historical Society at Des Moines, Iowa. It certainly looks as though Des Moines was going to be the great center of Kentucky rifles.

The Law and the Prophets Again

JUDGE TRIEBER of Arkansas, widely known as the spring shooter's friend because of the fact that he once decided the Weeks-McLean Federal wild-fowl law was unconstitutional—which case was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States and became a national bone of contention—has now upheld the constitutionality of the migratory-bird treaty between this country and Canada. In brief, the treaty is supposed to leave any decision of the United States Supreme Court unnecessary. Judge Trieber has very happily reversed himself as to this phase of the mooted question.

United States District Judge Van Valkenburgh of Kansas City, Missouri, has in his court a similar case, trial on injunction to prevent United States wardens from arresting violators of the Federal game law in Missouri. This is another one of those test cases brought by the more or less organized spring shooters of Illinois and Missouri, but these latter gentlemen seem to be having one prop after another knocked from under them. It is all wasted time and money of course, and there is little doubt that should there be committed the folly of taking one of these cases to the Supreme Court of the United States, the validity of the treaty would surely be upheld. It is a long, very selfish and very nasty fight which the adherents of spring shooting have been making, and it is not in the least creditable to sportsmanship.

Since the thing is, however, up for settlement, there is nothing like getting it settled aplenty while at it. It perhaps need not be repeated that spring shooters of lower Illinois and of Missouri have been the ones who have made the most trouble—or the most noise—in the fight on the Federal law. And now comes the state of Illinois itself and does the extraordinary and unaccountable thing of reversing her own statutory position in regard to spring shooting! The 1919 Illinois game law swings into line in conformity with the Federal migratory law, which is the supreme game law of this land. That must be something of a jolt to our spring-shooting friends, who have used first one argument and then another to countenance them in their shooting of wild fowl, which has been continued in some localities long after the rest of the country had ceased to regard it as sportsmanlike.

Danger in Mixed Laws

IT IS very gratifying of course to all good citizens to see removed by state enactments all discrepancies between local and national laws controlling the killing of game. There ought, however, to be one nice distinction to be remembered especially and always by those gentlemen who have in their hands the making of the regulations of the Department of Agriculture which govern the enforcement of the migratory wild-fowl act. Reduced to its least common denominator, the essential part of our greatest protective game law is a bureau proposition; and bureau propositions have been well proved to be pretty much human propositions. Therefore it was to be expected that local pressure would be brought to bear upon the men making these recommendations for the enforcement of the law.

For a state to conform with the national law is fine; it is wise. For the administrators of that national law to undertake to conform with state or local prejudices or desires or demands would be, upon the other hand, nothing but folly.

The other day a member of the advisory board of the Agricultural Department asked my own opinion in regard to some of these regulations in the Southern States—specifically in regard to the conflicting dove-shooting dates in some Southern States. The dove is a migratory bird and comes under the protection of the national law. There is a great divergency in the state laws as to this bird. For instance, in North Carolina you may shoot doves between certain dates and in South Carolina only between altogether different dates. Of course if you take the states of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida and Mississippi, so far as the habits and seasons of this bird are concerned, there is no reason at all why there should be more than one law governing all those states, with uniform seasons throughout. Of course some of these states are sure to kick.

Conflicting Dates Injurious

With the composition of all these local rivalries and selfishnesses I myself have nothing to do. I was out of patience with that sort of thing years ago, and never had any patience—nor will have—with makers of laws or regulations who could allow themselves to be influenced in that way. Therefore about all I could say to my friend of the advisory board was in reiteration of the conclusion I arrived at very many years ago in the question of preserving game. Briefly, I myself believe in broadly uniform laws.

Conflicting dates between state and nation are ruinous. Yes, but still more ruinous are conflicting shooting dates within any given state itself. Only broad and simple and universal measures will ever have any real effect on our game supply. It is easy to illustrate the truth of this. For instance, in Illinois we used to allow the dove-shooting season to begin on August or July first, though we did not open the prairie-chicken season until September first. The result was that plenty of men would go out ostensibly to shoot doves who really took along their shooting dogs and killed off all the prairie chickens almost as soon as they were able to fly. Nothing was left by September first. The prairie chicken became almost extinct in Illinois and is now protected very rigidly.

If you give the average lawbreaker an inch he is going to take an ell. There is no more reason why we should have any more sympathy for an illegal shooter than we should have for an illegal burglar. He is after easy profit for his own sake, and the fact that he has sympathy and friends has nothing to do with the legal part of it. It is time to begin to step on certain toes to that effect if we really care to preserve our own property rights in the out-of-doors of America.

Now suppose we opened in Zone One, in the North, all shooting for all sorts of game on November first and closed it December thirty-first or even closed it December fifteenth—or even December first. Of course there would be an outcry of bloody murder. We could never get through any such law on upland game. Of course some game would not be protected enough and other species would be protected too much by such an arbitrary open season. But all of it would be legally protected alike and the one open season of the year would soon be learned. It would be possible to enforce respect for such a law.

If it seems unwise to make so rigid a law as that, any law approximating it in simplicity and universality certainly would be all toward the right side of the page. We have had too much divergence in our game laws in our counties, our states and in our nation. Of course it all proves the great opportunity of the individual in America. The trouble with the aforesaid individual in America, so far as his privileges have put him in command of our joint property, has been that he was not worthy of the trust reposed in him. He may think that this republic is ungrateful, but it is mighty near time now, if we are to have any trace of our wild game left, for that republic to step on his toes openly, brazenly, offensively and with no word of apology.

All these other processes, of whatsoever shilly-shally nature; all other compromises and evasions and compliances and timidities will never get us anywhere in the world, and it is just as well we should admit that freely and frankly. Neither will any of the commercial associations nor any of the propaganda advocating the planting and increase of game ever solve the question of more game in any way, shape or manner. They may pay salaries to their officers and may print interesting reading matter and beautiful pictures which expound some lovely theories—but they won't give you and me any perceptibly better shooting.

Neither is our state or our nation going to give us any shooting through any public preserves of its own establishment. More refuges, more sanctuaries, closer and stiffer seasons, and better and more merciless enforcement of the law—a new sentiment in regard to the burglarizing of public property—alone can give you and me any more a decent portion of what was once our open and very considerable right to out-of-doors sport in America.

I know that expressions of this sort are not tasteful and not popular and I do not like to make them; but my own feeling in such matters is very strong and based on years of close observation of shooting fields in America. I have seen enough of weakness and evasion and compromise. They have done no good here and they never do good anywhere. This thing has now come down to a fight between this country and its selfish shooters. Very well—make it so. There never was any good in any fight—or in any treaty—where the fight has not been pushed to an absolute decision, and where one party or the other has not been licked unmistakably. I think I can say so much as that and still claim that I am a good American citizen. I am not a rich man and I hate to take my shooting and my fishing in the open like all our other average men. But I believe I do represent a very great number of good sportsmen in America and good citizens, moreover—who do not believe in hiding behind anything in matters such as these and who do believe in fighting any fight until it is finished. Special privilege has been the curse of America. Those who still bawl the most about it are those who want it—for themselves and not for the other fellow.

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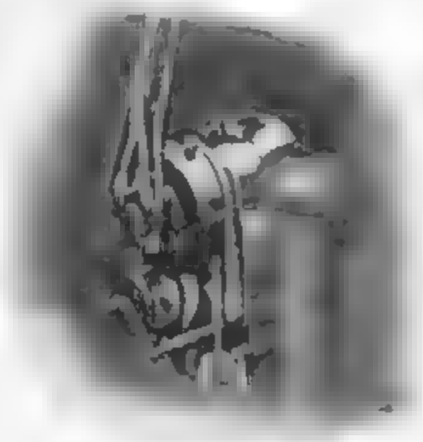

Typical Installation of a Berling Magneto on a 1919 motor car

The Magneto is the only dependable, self-contained unit which produces high-tension sparks for ignition—independent of battery or coil.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

(Concluded from Page 5)

TATIANA *(ignoring the interruption)*: You won't believe it, Stepan Vitkovsky, but when the revolution came I was filled with a new hope, a new faith in this unhappy Russia that we Romanoffs loved so well. For—and always remember this—it was not a Romanoff that betrayed Russia into the hands of her enemies. We, thank God, have kept the faith, no matter what else we may have done. *(She weeps.)*

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: You think you have been fair with us, Stepan, my brother?

STEPAN: Yes, I think I have been fair. For I have a plan which will spread the glory of the cause. Soon, comrade, if my plan succeeds, that great nation, America, will be ours. We will be the first to benefit, my brother! *(He rises and strides up and down.)* We will destroy capitalism utterly in that proud and wealthy country. With bombs and strikes and sabotage we will defeat those who work against us. We will destroy great factories and art museums and universities and fortunes, comrade. They will all be ours. The money and the women will go to the cause.

They will all belong to us! All! All! We will set the people free, comrade, as we have set them free throughout the length and breadth of Russia, from Petrograd to Vladivostok, from Kola to the Caspian. It will come about as the result of my plan, comrade. And Tatiana is a part of it. That is why——

TATIANA: I will be no part of it, no matter what it may be.

SECOND BOLSHEVIK *(angrily)*: I don't care for your plans, Stepan Vitkovsky. I don't give a damn for the fight of labor against capital. I want loot like all the rest of the Red Army. Who knows where I may be to-morrow? And we are sick of your orders, Stepan Vitkovsky. You are no better than we are. Your orders mean nothing to me. We are all equal.

THIRD BOLSHEVIK: Sir, I am not one who thinks ——

STEPAN *(contemptuously)*: All equal, you fools! Yes, we are all equal; but you will obey my orders without question or you'll sleep this night at the bottom of a well with the grand dukes and other riffraff we have cast aside.

You will and you won't, eh? *(He strikes* MOICEEV *on the face with the flat of his hand.)* You will when I command. Remember that. And ——

[*From afar sounds the rat-tat-tat of a machine gun.* STEPAN VITKOVSKY *pauses with upraised hand. The machine-gun burst is repeated, punctuated with louder reports of bursting shell, all in the distance.* STEPAN *drops his hand and goes to the window.* TATIANA, MOICEEV *and* IVAN IVANOVICH *listen tensely. The* FIRST BOLSHEVIK *staggers to his feet from the corner where he has been sleeping.*

FIRST BOLSHEVIK: Kill 'em now! Are they killing 'em? I'm for action, I am!

STEPAN: Silence, you dog!

[*Again there is silence. Another burst of machine-gun fire is heard in the distance. There are shouts outside, and the noise of people rushing to and fro. Enter the* FIFTH BOLSHEVIK *hurriedly and excitedly. He stands at attention and salutes stiffly.*

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Sir, the Czechs ——

STEPAN *(returning the salute automatically)*: The Czechs! So soon! *He strikes his hands together.)* Where! Where! Where are they? How many are there? Speak up!

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: They say there are ten thousand. They say they have marched seventy miles since yesterday morning.

STEPAN: Seventy miles in two days! And attacking now? Bah! Impossible!

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Sir, they are Czechs. And they are attacking! They say they are attacking from the southwest. They say they have captured two of our regiments and are entering the city.

STEPAN: They say! They say! How can they attack from the southwest? They couldn't do it after advancing from the east.

FIFTH BOLSHEVIK: Sir, they are Czechs!

STEPAN: Czechs! Yes! Well—we've got to get out of here.

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(hiccuping)*: Out we go, Stepan! Remember what they did to us after they found Radek's mutilated body? Eh, Stepan? No prisoners, Stepan! We'll all be equal then, Stepan!

STEPAN: Moiceev! *(The* SECOND BOLSHEVIK *steps forward and salutes.)* The prisoners shall be taken at once to the cellar. Understand, Moiceev? To the cellar at once. Here, Moiceev; here is the order. *(He scribbles a note hastily at the table.)* Carry this to Captain Speshneff. Hurry!

SECOND BOLSHEVIK: Yes, sir!

[*He salutes, about faces and exits.*

STEPAN: Ivanovich! *(The* THIRD BOLSHEVIK *steps forward and salutes.)* Get the nurse. Quick, Ivanovich! Bring the nurse here yourself! *(The* THIRD BOLSHEVIK *salutes, about faces and exits.)* Serebrovsky, guard the door on the outside. Under no condition allow Tatiana to leave this room without my permission. *(The* FIFTH BOLSHEVIK *salutes and exits.)* You, Rustov; go to the cellar and help. Shoot straight, Rustov. Shoot straight—for the cause and the blood-red flag; for liberty and the brotherhood of man!

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(leaning on the table and staring eagerly at* STEPAN): We're going to kill 'em now, Stepan?

STEPAN: Listen! *(There is a burst of machine-gun fire in the distance.)* Work fast, Rustov!

[*The* FIRST BOLSHEVIK *exits hastily.*

[*Enter the* THIRD BOLSHEVIK *with the nurse,* SHURA.

SHURA *(to* TATIANA): My lamb! Have they—have they ——

[*She crosses to* TATIANA.

STEPAN: Go to the cellar, Ivanovich, and report to Captain Speshneff. Load your rifle. Fix your bayonet. Tell the captain I'll attend to Tatiana myself. Hurry! Hurry!

[*Machine-gun fire is heard again, more loudly. Exit* IVANOVICH *slowly, with a backward look at* TATIANA.

TATIANA: Shura, I am afraid. Take me to my sisters. *(To* STEPAN): Sir ——

STEPAN *(coldly)*: I wish to speak with you. The time is short. The Czechs are at our gates. To-day—now—we shall withdraw toward Ufa and Perm. Have the kindness not to interrupt me. It will do you no good.

[*Outside there is the sound of heavy trampling on the staircase and of hoarse orders, frequently punctuated with distant machine-gun fire.*

TATIANA *(striking her hands together)*: What are you doing to my father and my brother? God! What are you doing to my mother and my sisters? My sisters! Let me go to them! In the name of God, let me go to them!

SHURA *(clutching* STEPAN *by the arm)*: Oh, sir; you have been good to my little girl until now. Do not let her suffer so!

STEPAN *(shaking off* SHURA): Do you want to see her shot to pieces before your eyes?

SHURA *(on her knees)*: No! No! Not that! Not that!

TATIANA: Get off your knees, Shura. Don't disgrace yourself so!

STEPAN *(ignoring* TATIANA, *and to* SHURA): Then sit down and be still; or you'll see just that. *(To* TATIANA): Listen carefully. I have spared you from the things that happened to your family, Tatiana; and I have had a reason. The time has come for me to tell you the reason.

TATIANA: Your reasons do not interest me. I want to go to my family! Let me go, I say.

STEPAN *(disregarding her words)*: In America your father owns fifty million dollars' worth of securities. You know this, as do all the Romanoffs. I know the man who acts for your father, Tatiana; as do you. I have been kind to you in the past; I will be kinder to you in the future. Tatiana, I will make it possible for you to go with me to America. I will make you my wife.

Together we can obtain your father's money. We can have security, peace, happiness.

TATIANA *(beating on the table with her fists)*: No! No! No!

STEPAN: Remember, Tatiana, I have been kind to you.

TATIANA: Kind! Kind! Do you call it being kind to let me see my father and my mother and my sisters living in filth, as swine live? To see them sleeping on the floor? To see them eating raw meat or not eating for days at a time? To see my father beaten with gun butts? To see my little brother kicked and struck and cursed and lacerated with bayonets? Kind! I'd rather die a thousand deaths than know your kindness!

STEPAN: Think of the opportunities you will have for doing good, Tatiana. You will be safe; for Shura shall go with you to care for you. You have my promise of all these things, Tatiana, on my honor.

TATIANA *(laughing)*: Promises! What are your promises? Bolshevik promises, meaningless as smoke! Promises of Brest-Litovsk! Hun promises! What good are your promises when your leaders openly declare that they owe no loyalty to any nation, and that any form of violence and treachery is justified if they can only attain the ends which they desire! Your promises, indeed! And your honor! What sort of honor is it that condones the torture of the helpless, the defilement of the innocent, the destruction of all that is good and decent? God, how I despise you and the things for which you stand—the red plague of mankind!

STEPAN: Do you realize, Tatiana, that I am letting you choose between death and life with happiness? I don't need you, Tatiana. I shall get your father's money, even without you. There is a girl, Tatiana, who looks much like you. If you refuse she and I will get the money. Documents? Proofs? I shall have them all! But I am kind-hearted, and you are very beautiful, Tatiana. Think, and cast your lot with mine!

TATIANA: I am no Bolshevik! I am no traitor to my own! I loathe you! Give me death with my own people, and keep your kind-heartedness. Let it rot in the sewer of Bolshevism!

STEPAN: If you refuse to go you die; but you die alone. If you refuse to go your father's fifty million dollars will be used to win America to Bolshevism. By refusing you will help to spread the red plague that you profess to hate. (TATIANA *looks at him quickly, thoughtfully.)* Will you go with me, Tatiana?

TATIANA: Let me go to my family! Good God! What are you doing to them! Let me go, I say! Please, please let me go! See, I am begging—I, a Romanoff!

STEPAN: It's too late, Tatiana. *(He laughs and glances at his watch.)* It's too late now. (TATIANA *starts for the door.* STEPAN *throws her back. A hoarse shout is heard below.)* Listen! Now listen! *(There is a moment of silence, followed by a volley of rifle shots below. There are three single shots and several loud thuds.)* And you are the last of the Romanoffs, Tatiana. God rest their souls. The last of the Romanoffs.

[TATIANA *throws herself forward on the table, her head bowed on her arms.* SHURA, *crouching in the corner, whimpers. There is a nearer burst of machine-gun fire.*

FIRST BOLSHEVIK *(outside)*: Stepan! Stepan! It's done! What shall we do with them?

[STEPAN *picks up the lantern and exits. The room is dark.* STEPAN'S *voice is heard outside: "Destroy the evidence, Speshneff. Dig the bullets from the wall with your bayonets. Drag the bodies to the well! Hurry!" His voice fades; he is heard going downstairs.*

TATIANA *(in a whisper)*: Shura! Shura! How awful! Shura, it's so dark! I'm afraid!

SHURA: Oh, dearie!

TATIANA *(whispering)*: Shura, come here! I can't see you! Come here! How much would you do for me, Shura? Here, quick! Let me whisper!

[*There is a prolonged burst of machine-gun fire, louder than any which has been heard. There are distant shouts and rifle fire.*

[*Footsteps are heard reascending the staircase.*

TATIANA: Quick—quick!

[*The door is thrown open.* STEPAN *enters with the lantern.* TATIANA *sits at the table with her head on her arms.* SHURA *cowers in the corner, whimpering.*

STEPAN: Now then, my beauty, shall it be life? Or shall it be worse than death? *(To the nurse)*: You there, get out! Be quick! Get out! Do you hear? *(He pushes the nurse to the door. She goes out. As she goes there is another burst of machine-gun fire, even closer than the last.* TATIANA *has not raised her head from her arms.)* Listen, you little fool! This is the end! I offer you safety and wealth and luxury and happiness. I offer you love and protection. No more filth; no more danger; no more persecution; no more terror. *(He waits for an answer, but receives none. Placing the lantern on the table impatiently, he draws his revolver.)* If you refuse it I offer you this. *(He thrusts the revolver in front of her.)* Come! Give me your answer!

[TATIANA *is silent.*

STEPAN *(angrily)*: Give me your answer, I say!

[*There is a loud burst of machine-gun fire, close at hand; there is the sound of people running, and of many voices.*

STEPAN *(grimly)*: Damn you, answer me! *(He seizes* TATIANA *by the shoulder and lifts her up. Instead of* TATIANA *it is* SHURA, *the nurse. The two women have exchanged cloaks and headdresses.)*

STEPAN *(furiously)*: Tricked! Where is she? Where is she?

SHURA: The Grand Duchess didn't leave her address, sir.

[*A machine gun goes into action just outside. A bomb explodes. There is the noise of running feet and shouts of "The Czechs! The Czechs!"*

CURTAIN

THE SIGNATURE

(Continued from Page 16)

heart. During the first months of the occupation they unfeignedly liked the Germans. Nor was this propaganda. It was honest, natural American reaction. Germans seemed like home folks. German houses were cleaner than those of the French peasants; their billets were more comfortable; the Germans seemed friendly, honest, eager to please. But as the months slipped by the pendulum swung slowly back in the other direction. Antagonism developed. The Germans turned out to be not genuinely friendly, but inimical; not honest, but sly, underhand, venomous, sticking up prices, and overcharging just as had the French. And worst of all—from the soldier's point of view—they would not admit they had been defeated. They declared they had just stopped. "The durned squareheads don't believe they've been licked!" complained a sergeant to me.

That was the general complaint. We had not, it appeared, quite finished up the job. And a strong desire was gradually manifesting itself among the troops that held the forward lines to sail in and give the boches the thrashing of their lives. This desire manifested itself in frequent street rows and brawls in the cafés. And as the time for signing the treaty grew near and the burning question rose Will they, won't they, sign? the doughboys began, with a casual sang-froid, none the less grim because it was nonchalant, to spend all their odd moments in cleaning their rifles or sharpening their bayonets. This in full open sight of the inhabitants. Artillery outfits whistled jovially "Keep your head down, Allemand!" as they tinkered at their batteries. Long rows of motor transports took on an absolutely perfect alignment. Motor cycles were overhauled.

(Continued on Page 111)

Vode
GLAZED KID

"HER FOOTWEAR"
PAINTED IN OIL FOR
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STANDARD KID

Vode GLAZED KID

VODE is the leather that makes Milady admire her shoes.

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For men, women and children the better shops also display shoes of Vode Kid in Havana Brown, Gray, Tan and Black.

So *Vode Kid* is used in smart footwear, for which it is so happily adaptable. Soft and pliable, it gives grace to the foot and lends a touch of elegance and distinction to the complete costume.

So for all outdoor and social affairs you may purchase footwear of Vode Kid in appropriate shades and style.

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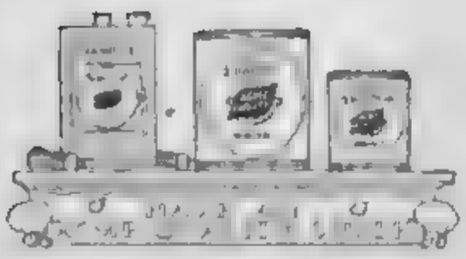

For the many "Touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture, Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork and all similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color

HOME decorating certainly points the way to home happiness. Wouldn't you like to get that cheery, restful feeling of satisfaction as you come into your house that's all aglow with nicely decorated walls, and well covered floors; with furniture done over like new; with every dark corner or shabby, worn spot hidden beneath a color tone that appeals to your best taste?

It's a wonderful thing, this home beautifying, as Acme Quality Paints and Finishes have made it possible!

It's so satisfying for you or your decorator to secure permanent, beautiful finishes. Acme Quality Paints are easy to spread, and their economy will appeal so strongly to your good judgment.

You can brighten up furniture that is discarded because it is wear-worn. Can you realize what a delight it would be done over in Acme French Gray Enamel or Acme Ivory White Enamel? And, think how the kitchen can be made to sparkle! Your home-beautifying-possibilities are without limit—when you put it right up to Acme Quality Paints and Finishes! Today, send for our two helpful booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating"—if your dealer's supply is exhausted. They're free to you.

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Lincoln	Spokane	Portland	Salt Lake City	Los Angeles	

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All this without haste, without hate, but with the greatest good humor. Sometimes a private sharpened his bayonet with a little squarehead on his knee. But I knew, and all of us up there knew, that should the Germans refuse to sign, and the wireless code message go out from the Eiffel Tower in Paris to advance, it would be not merely a peaceful economic invasion of the land by our Army. The electricity, the lightning was there, hidden to be sure, but needing only some chance contact—a stray shot, a sudden ambush—to leap out into a terrible blasting punishment. This time the Huns would know beyond all peradventure that they were whipped.

That was the temper of the Army up on the Rhine when in May I left it to go down to Paris to witness the presentation of the terms of the peace treaty to the German delegates at the Trianon Palace Hotel, Versailles. I was anxious to see with my own eyes Count Ulrich von Brockdorf-Rantzau. His name reminded me of the romances by Anthony Hope. It was said he was intelligent, artistic, sensitive. His photographs in the papers seemed to confirm these reports. At all events he was not a thick-skinned Prussian pig, and I was frankly prejudiced in his favor—as were many at that time. All unconsciously I expected him to deliver the goods.

Upon the day of the scheduled meeting at Versailles I arrived in Paris. I lacked tickets, credentials or even a Hotel Crillon correspondent's pass. I was not even certain that correspondents would be permitted to be present at the ceremony. The French censorship was still on, and the French Government, always jealous of its prerogatives, was sitting tightly on the lid. My chances at this late hour for getting within even a ten-mile radius of Versailles, packed and jammed as it was by thousands of curious sightseers, seemed exceedingly remote. Nevertheless I looked through my hand, ragged as it was, and played what appeared to be my best bet.

That bet was one Mr. William Allen White, of Kansas. It was high meridian when I arrived at his hotel. The meeting was set for three o'clock in Versailles. At the desk I inquired of the concierge if M. White was in. Yes, M. White was in. In fact Monsieur was that very minute consuming his déjeuner in the salle-à-manger. I sent in my card. The next minute Monsieur White, serviette in hand, was greeting me, a merry twinkle, which just escaped being a wink, in his blue eyes apprising me that he already had a shrewd suspicion why I was hunting on his trail. Nevertheless, I opened my mouth and plunged:

"Mr. White, I've just this morning got in from Germany. I want—are you—do you chance to be going out to Versailles?"

The twinkle deepened in Mr. White's eye. It slipped over the margin and turned into a veritable wink. "Have you had any lunch?" he demanded.

"No. But that doesn't matter. I ——"

"Come on in," he ordered. "Snatch a bite. You can't see things straight on an empty stomach. 'Tisn't possible." He led me to his table in the dining room and seated me. "Now tell me what our boys are doing up on the Rhine?"

Immortal Nerve Wins Out

"Sharpening their bayonets. But, Mr. White, do you think there's any possible chance that I ——"

"Eat, girl, eat! You've got exactly five minutes. Yes, I'm going. Yes, I'll take you on. I wouldn't do it for another woman on this whole globe. But I'll do it for you."

"Why?" I demanded, bolting a whole sardine.

"On account of your immortal nerve," chuckled the man from Kansas, not deficient in that article himself. "Now—what have you in the way of tickets, passes, and what nots?"

"Nothing"

He groaned. "Not even a Crillon pass?"

"Not even a Crillon pass."

"Drat you, girl! Do you mean to say you've never gone to a single one of these star-chamber conferences where Colonel House sits up and tells the newspaper men what hasn't happened at the Peace Conference?" I shook my head. "Well, look here. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll ring up Baker right now. I'll explain the situation and introduce you to him. I'm the best little introducer on earth. But after that may God help you, for I can do no more."

Mr. Baker, it transpired, was not that moment in his office at 4 Place de la Concorde. So, still acting under Mr. White's advice, I tore back to my hotel to procure a sufficient number of photographs of myself to paste over everything in sight. Upon my return, true to his promise, Mr. White took me by the hand and led me over to Mr. Baker. And this is what he said:

"See here, Baker. This girl's in a fix. She's just in from Germany, and she's got no ticket for the show this afternoon—nothing but her good looks. And while those would pass her with me, I don't know about those French guys out at Versailles. Now she's a good girl. To the best of my knowledge and belief she's an honest girl—though the Lord knows I'm a poor judge—and I solemnly aver that in my opinion she ought to be permitted to go out to Versailles to see the Huns or any other darn thing she pleases. Now, what can we do about it? I'll back her to the extent of my pocketbook, and man can do no more." Turning to me he said: "Now, sister, it's up to you. I boasted that I was the grandest little introducer the American platform ever produced, and I've made good my boast. Now go ahead and play your own hand, and God be with you till we meet again."

The Journalists Collaborate

I played it, with the net result that two-thirty o'clock found me in the correspondents' inclosure just outside the Trianon Palace Hotel at Versailles, in the company of scores of American, British, French, Italian, Belgian, Greek, Portuguese and Japanese correspondents, as well as official photographers, who formed a cordon round the courtyard, through which the Allied and enemy plenipotentiaries must pass in order to gain the conference chamber at the rear of the hotel.

Into that chamber itself only five correspondents were permitted to pass. And at first the French Government—master of ceremony on all such occasions—firmly refused to concede even that. But since the German correspondents were, perforce, permitted within, the American press at the very last moment succeeded in battering down the solid walls of the censorship sufficiently to admit five Allied correspondents. And upon these five devolved the duty of being eyes for all the world and reporting faithfully to the anxious correspondents in the outside inclosure all that occurred inside.

Accordingly each journalist chose a special field. Thus one held himself responsible for an exact verbatim report of every word uttered in the conference room. Another reported upon the seating and lighting arrangements, and the furniture. Still another took notes on the personnel and physiognomies. A fourth, the emotional atmosphere and picturesque details. The fifth took general notes and checked the others up. Thus what the world read that night was a collaborated report, a composite picture, pieced together out of five minds. It was not altogether satisfactory but it was the best that could be contrived.

As for me, I was chiefly anxious to see Count Brockdorf-Rantzau, for I had elected him to grace. The Allied plenipotentiaries drove up in their cars, and were greeted with cheers and acclaims—Clémenceau with his white mustache, his keen eager old face, Mongolian in aspect, more alert and juvenile than ever; Wilson with a semi-smile; Lloyd George, Orlando, Sonnino. And all these great gentry paused a moment on the steps in order to permit the poor devils of journalists and photographers hovering outside the pale to obtain a glimpse of their persons. They smiled and chatted under the batteries of cameras, and vanished inside.

Then the guard of honor, the 26th Battalion of Chasseurs à pied, withdrew from the courtyard. The enemy was about to appear, and no French soldier could be expected to present arms to the Huns.

Thus, when the German delegates arrived the courtyard was cleared. Their automobiles drew up before the steps; the Huns descended. Count Ulrich von Brockdorf-Rantzau's tall, spare and distinguished form disengaged itself from the group of his squat colleagues, Herren Landberg, Giesberts, Leinert and Schucking. I stared with all my eyes at the tall central figure, who for the moment had his hand on the helm of a great fallen nation's destinies. He was frightfully pale; his thin lips under his short mustache pressed tightly together, his brows drawn, and a certain nervous jerkiness of manner betrayed that he found difficulty in mastering his emotions. A visible air of frigid hostility marked his face and bearing. Like the others, the German leader paused a moment upon the steps in conversation with his companions, while dozens of cameras clicked, and then they, too, vanished.

Outside in the inclosure we waited. We discussed the probable order of the program. Would the old Tiger permit the Huns to talk? Or would he deliver them the terms and tell them to get out? Most of the journalists, knowing Clémenceau's passion for quick action, inclined to the latter view. In which case the séance would be over in a brief half hour. But twice that length of time passed without any signs of life from those sealed doors. What on earth were they doing in there? Was Count Ulrich explaining how the Americans and British broke the Hindenburg Line? And still the slow minutes slid by. Finally there was a commotion inside. The secret-service agents lounging on the steps respectfully stood aside. Heads of plenipotentiaries began to appear. They talked excitedly. Disregarding these the journalists made a concerted rush on the press tent. What they wanted now was news. The picture which follows is, as I said, composite, the consolidated report of the five journalists who saw.

The Allied and associated plenipotentiaries were seated when the Hun delegates entered the room, preceded by the director of the protocol, Mr. Henry Martin, who announced in clear dignified tones: "Messieurs les Plénipotentiaires de l'Empire Allemand." Spontaneously, yet as if moved by a single spring, the Allies rose to their feet to face the enemy. Their action was not preconcerted. It was as if the bigness of the moment brought every man to his feet. A decided thrill was in the air. Men looked at each other. The Germans, passing with fixed eyes to their places, seemed unaware of this gesture of courtesy until they were about to sit. Then they glanced round, perceived the movement, hesitated, directed two stiff dry nods toward the president of the council, and sank into their places. The Allies also sat.

Then Clémenceau rose and spoke a few terse curt phrases, hurrying, as if eager to have the business done. He sat. The terms of peace, a bulky volume bound in white, bearing in French and English the title, Conditions of Peace, was delivered to the German chief. And now the question rose: Would the Huns be permitted to reply? As Clémenceau finished his speech a lynx-eyed reporter saw Brockdorf-Rantzau draw from his pocket a spectacle case. Ah, then he was going to speak!

The Count Remains Seated!

The count with a mechanical gesture laid his gloves upon the white cover of the terms of peace, lifted his right hand and with two fingers raised made a gesture indicating his desire to speak. The French Premier nodded.

The German laid a sheaf of typewritten notes on the table, adjusted a pair of tortoise-rimmed spectacles, and in a firm, dry, monotonous voice began to read—without rising from his seat.

Had a bomb exploded it could not have caused a deeper startled shock. For the second time a clear wave of emotion swept the room. But this time it was a wave of outraged angry amaze. Was it arrogance, impudence, cool studied insult or sheer damnable bad manners that kept him in his chair, when every instinct of manhood, of self-respect, would rear him on his legs to confront the conqueror? Some of the more fiery Allies turned a deep red at this affront. It could not be physical weakness, for he had been able to walk into the chamber, and it was later remarked that he was able to walk out. I wondered what would have happened at the Round Table at King Arthur's court had that German sat still in his chair. I surmise he would have been instantaneously spitted through to his backbone.

But that afternoon I conceived a different theory concerning the German delegate's conduct. Taking him for an intelligent man, a diplomat and ambassador of the old régime, a gentleman ostensibly, scion of an ancient feudal house, with the interests of his country at heart, I could not conceive what he hoped to gain by such a gross and puerile insult, such a wanton slap in the face to all the traditions of good breeding in which presumably he had been reared. Had he been an illiterate cobbler or blacksmith the insult would not have been so marked. But this gentleman must have known exactly what he was up to. His action, I argued, must have been carefully predetermined, thought out. Was he ill? Not too ill to walk and speak with measured calm. Then what was his object? To insult wantonly—alienate? I did not believe it. And so I found another explanation, which was this: Count Ulrich von Brockdorf-Rantzau, statesman, diplomat, scion of a noble house, found himself in Versailles, before his conquerors, as the chief representative of his country—a once powerful, prideful country, now defeated, debased, broken, brought to its knees. He, at Versailles, represented his country. He was its symbol. And as its symbol he did not stand, as a free independent soul, but sat to incarnate bodily the weak, enfeebled, broken position of Germany before its conquerors.

With this theory I was somewhat gratified, the more so as I considered the count, both by his training and temperament—his hobbies are French art and roses—the type of man capable of such subtleties. But when on the following day I confided my pretty theory to Mr. Baker he laughed and replied: "That's very nice indeed, but the count's secretary has just given out a statement announcing that Brockdorf yesterday was rather indisposed and did not care to trust his knees." So much for the scion of a noble house. Weak knees, indeed! The next time I shall bet on the blacksmith.

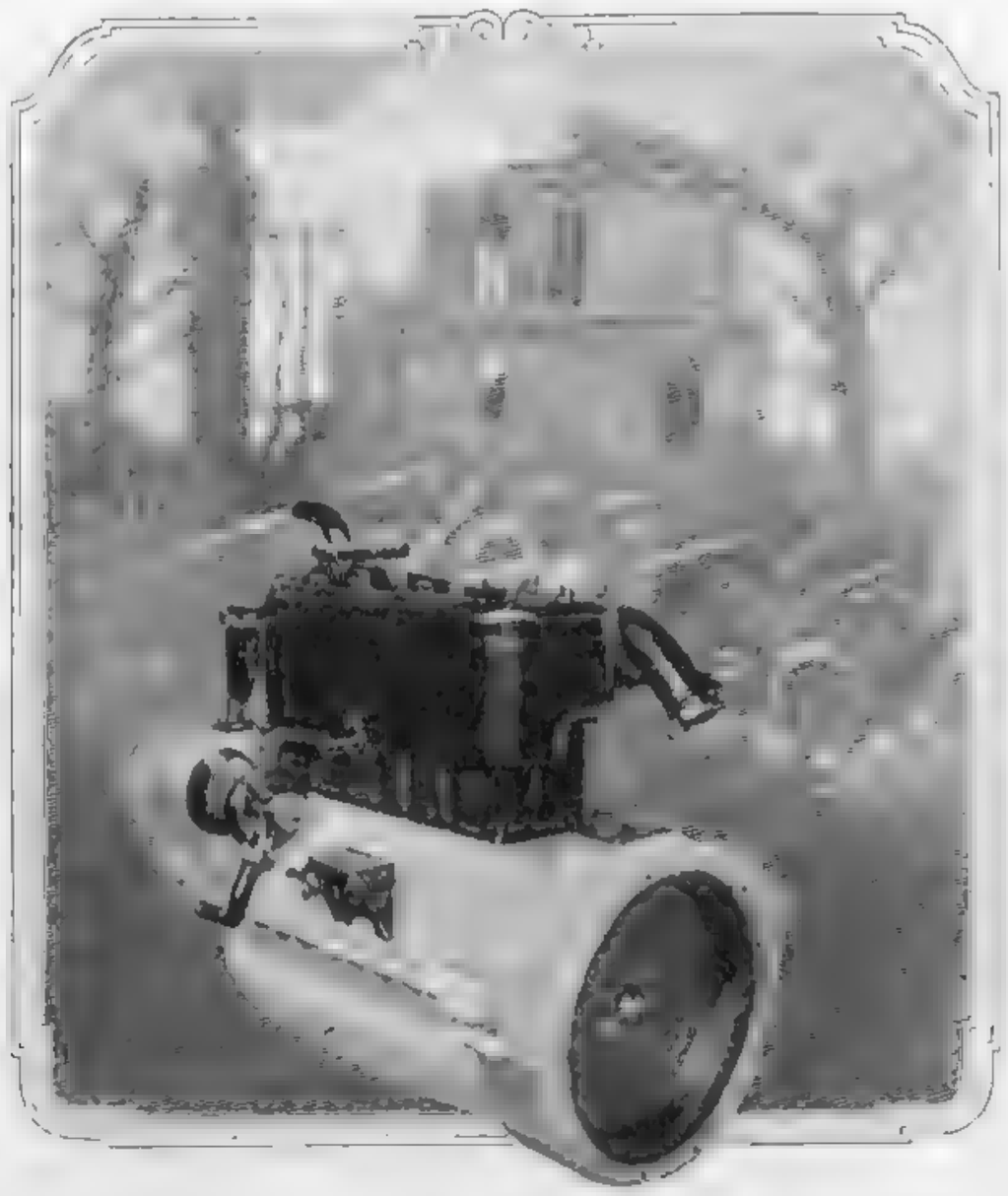
Force, Not Reason, Prevailed

After the delivery of the terms came weeks of anxious waiting to see what the Huns would do. My desire was divided. The rational cool-headed part of me wanted the Germans to sign and get it over with, stiff as undoubtedly were the terms; for I knew, and everybody knew who has been over in Germany, that she could stand these or even severer terms and still survive—and thrive. So I wanted her to hurry up and put up and shut up, that the rest of the world might settle down to work. That was the grave intelligent Doctor Jekyll part of me. But another part—a secret, lawless, willful Mr. Hyde, which some day will come to a bad end—whispered gleefully that if only Germany fooled round long enough those boys up there on the border sharpening their bayonets and tinkering at their machine guns would receive the order to go, and then—ah, then! And so I read the barrage of notes and counter notes, rectifications and suggestions which passed between the German delegates cooped up in the Hotel des Reservoirs and the Big Four—notes which each day on the part of the Allies became more crisp and curt until at last they spat like bullets.

And finally the noble scion of an ancient feudal régime, Count Ulrich von Brockdorf-Rantzau of the feeble knees, took himself off, together with his appanage of journalists, experts and secretaries; and a poilu, tired of all this indirect action, manifested his sentiments by heaving a rock into the automobile of the noble scion on his way to the station, thereby shattering the spectacles of an elderly female stenographer, who broke down and wept at the scandalous atrocity. Altogether, those weeks were something of a strain. At Weimar the count, having presumably recovered the freedom of his knees, delivered the Allies' ultimatum, in a passionate speech resigned his job, and all Germany, if we could believe their newspapers, resounded with the cry "*Nein! Nein! Nein!* Sooner death than disgrace!"

But as the days passed and our troops advanced to the alert positions and the machine gunners began to dig their pits it seemed to me that the reports from Weimar and Berlin became more and more inspired by a spirit of sweet reasonableness, restraint and resignation. It might have been my fancy, but it seemed to me that the Germans parleyed right up to the last second, with a weather eye not upon Paris and the diplomats but upon the Army of Occupation in order to see if it meant business, and not until they felt the iron hand of military power actually closing like a vise upon them did they throw up the sponge. Force was the sole thing they respected, and so they yielded to force.

(Continued on Page 114)



RETURNING soldiers tell us, that scattered throughout northern France are huge salvage piles of abandoned truck and passenger car chassis.

Much of this equipment has been stripped of its motive power, for frequently it was possible to retrieve from the fatigued frames, an engine that was yet capable of service.

Army repair men say, that in a conspicuous number of instances power plants reclaimed were of Buda manufacture, and that many Buda engines survived the entire four years' campaign.

It is their known capacity for such sustained performance that prompted the selection of Buda engines for the severest war service by the governments of both the Allies and the United States.

THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*
ESTABLISHED 1881

BUDA
The
ENGINE

THE fineness, and the patient exactitude, of Buda engine construction, are evidenced in every field in which the Buda engine serves.

Alike under the severe demands of heavy truck and tractor work or the smooth and silent duty of passenger car service, Buda engines have demonstrated an exceptional worth.

Something more than right design, more than good material, more, even, than standard engine-types engineered for specific classes of work, has been needed for this result.

Complementing all these has been the marked proficiency of Buda manufacture, so wide in its scope as to include even such minor parts as the bolts with which Buda engines are put together.

THE BUDA COMPANY, *Harvey* (CHICAGO SUBURB), *Ill.*
ESTABLISHED 1881

BUDA
The
ENGINE

(Continued from Page 111)

And one fine morning, on reading the Matin, Mr. Hyde in me cast away the sheet in disgust and muttered: "Darn it, they're going to quit. Farewell, O glorious thrashing!" And it was even so. That same afternoon, at intervals of ten minutes, the wireless station on Eiffel Tower sent the code message: "*Fermez les portes, Fermez les portes*": "Close the gates," thus conveying to the military authorities up on the Rhine the fact of Germany's unconditional surrender, and signifying "As you were"—the order to cancel preparations for an advance into Germany.

A salvo of one hundred and one guns at sunset apprised Paris of the end, and brought the people out into the squares. But there was little enthusiasm. Strangers meeting in the streets smiled as the cannon thundered, and said: "Ah, so they'll sign—eh?" And up on the Front the doughboys out on the advanced posts turned their faces away from Berlin; the buglers blew zestfully the call to quarters, and dreamed that night of the Statue of Liberty.

And that brings us once more to June twenty-eighth, the day they signed. This time correspondents were to be admitted, one for each important publication, and I was the proud possessor of a red ticket bearing the seat number 212, which admitted me into the holy of holies, the Eleusinian mysteries, the Galerie des Glaces, where the great event was to transpire. So far, good.

But how was I to get to Versailles? How buck that seething, milling crowd which since dawn had packed the courtyards, the converging streets, and lined up on the broad Avenue of the Queen for miles and miles? Taxi drivers at the mere mention of Versailles groaned and gave up the ghost. Trains and trams were like vast swarms of bees, human atoms clinging to every available inch of space.

Red tickets did not provide transportation, and transportation that day was three-fourths of the battle. In my anxiety I consulted Friant.

Friant is my loyal little aide-de-camp and maid of all work, a good little scout who darns me, mends me, runs my errands, instructs me in Parisian slang, corrects the French in my articles, protects me from the avarice of her rapacious countrymen in the shops who spot me for an American multimillionairess on sight, retails the scandals of French high life, puts up with my tempers; and if I have a trouble Friant trots off to church to say a special prayer for me, before a special saint—not a grand, aristocratic, popular saint, you understand, who is in constant demand, but an obscure, modest, sensible little saint whom Friant knows personally, and who takes an interest in small events. To her Friant confides my case. They understand each other perfectly, this nice little saint and Friant, having known each other for a long time. And between the two of them, seven times out of ten, they straighten the trouble out. I think the saint's name is Gertrude—but I am not sure.

The Son Who Must Return

Friant, I should add, is about fifty, gray as to hair, tiny in body as a mosquito, always rakishly genteel, with a ribbon at her withered throat or in her hair, a typical boulevardier, Parisienne to her finger tips, gay, witty, a philosopher who laughs at life in order not to cry. For life has treated this stout-hearted little mother of France scurvily. Out of three stalwart soldier sons that she gave to her country one disappeared in 1914 at the Battle of the Marne; another, gassed, is dying of consumption in a distant hospital; and the third, three times a German prisoner and three times escaped, with a list of citations as long as your arm, is still soldiering in Germany. Concerning her youngest son, the one who disappeared, Friant has an obsession. She refuses to believe him dead. She knows that some day he will return. And though she has received official notification that his entire company, in those dark early days, was wiped out to a man, she still clings tenaciously to the hope that he lies wounded in a German hospital; that his memory is gone; or that he is working in the German mines. She has gone to every society in France, begging news of him, until they are weary to death of the sight of her and the callous employees show her the door. When one clew fails she patiently seeks another. Often I come upon her, needle idle, her toil-knotted hands in her lap, staring off with strange unseeing eyes. Then she will look up and say in a small remote voice: "Mademoiselle, you remember that society I told you of—the last one? They say they cannot find my son, *mon petit bonhomme*." She looks at me with bright tearless eyes. And I reply: "Never mind, Friant. Some day you'll find him. Be sure."

For I am convinced that the day Friant gives over the search something in that poor little brain will crack and let immortality in.

"Friant," I demanded on Friday afternoon, "how shall I get to Versailles tomorrow for The Signature?"

"If Monsieur le Général were here ——" she began tentatively, gazing across at the picture of a much-beribboned personage which adorns my wall.

"But he isn't. He's up on the very front of the Front with his devil hounds. I'll have to go in the tram."

"You'll be squashed beyond a doubt. All the world to-morrow moves to Versailles."

"But how am I to get out there, then?"

Friant's thoughtful eye still regarded the picture on the wall. "Has Monsieur le Général no friends?" she inquired at last very softly.

I sprang up. "Of course he has! The Marines! When in doubt ring up the Marines. Friant, I shall go down to their headquarters this very minute and I bet you two sous that inside of half an hour I shall be back with a large fat navy car in my pocket!"

"I'm sure of it," said Friant serenely. And she was right as usual.

Missing—One U. S. N. Car

The next day, at twelve-fifteen exactly, the car, with its U. S. N. insignia, stood at the door. We pasted on the front glass the red-white-and-blue cocarde which gave us right of way and indicated to an admiring crowd that we too were personalities, perhaps Russian princesses in disguise. Friant was downstairs for a look at our turnout, but more to assure herself that I was sartorial perfection. She stuck the tricolor—which in my excitement I'd forgotten—on the car, and then bent down for a last whisper of advice:

"Watch your sash, mademoiselle. That little hook has already acquired the habit of falling out. To-morrow I shall change its place."

I handed the card of military instruction as to our route to the driver, a lank intelligent Marine sergeant, and we were on our way. At the Etoile we halted at the home of the woman correspondent who was with me and both descended from the car. Ten minutes later, when we returned, the car and the sergeant had disappeared. My heart turned a handspring. Frantically I gazed up and down the street. He was nowhere in sight. Frantically I inquired of the concierge, chauffeurs and loiterers in the street. Nobody had seen a U. S. N. car. It had vanished as if by charm. The minutes flew by; five, ten, fifteen of them. I glanced at my watch. Two o'clock. A scant hour before the séance opened at Versailles. At the British Mission, across the street, cocarded beflagged military limousines drew up, took aboard stately gentlemen in spats, frock coats and tall hats, and disappeared in a whirl of dust. I saw Lord Robert Cecil descend, enter his car and drive away. And presently, like Job, I cursed God, metaphorically, and died.

"We can't make it anyhow now," I said to my friend, "except in an aëroplane. But I'll telephone to the Marines. Maybe the sergeant thought his duties were over and returned to the garage." Over the telephone to the gyrene at the desk I explained our plight. When he replied that the major and the captain were out to lunch and he was alone in the office I again expired. For a private couldn't order out the colonel's only car. Even I knew that much.

But his clear, cool voice came over the wire: "It's all right. I'll fix it, Miss Frazer. I'll get you a car. Now just exactly where are you?' . . . How do you drive there? . . . Righto. Now you stay put. And if you don't hear from me inside of five minutes you'll know a second car is on its way." I babbled thanks in a daze, beginning to get some light on how Château-Thierry was won. "But if your own car shows up telephone me;" continued the young embryo general, "and leave a note at the house for our second driver." I promised, and went out into the air.

And again my heart gave a flop. For there, drawn up to the curb as if it had been there all the time, was my U. S. N. car, and seated in front, arms folded, sat the sergeant at the wheel. I passed my hand over my eyes.

"Sergeant," I gasped, "you've—you've surely not been here all the while? Where did you go?"

"Oh," laughed he, "I just beat it over to the garage while you ladies was inside, to get some gasoline. We were out until three this morning, and I was afraid we'd run short on the road. I left word with that guy at the door to say where I was. Didn't he tell you?" The sergeant, it appeared, had no particular use for the French who couldn't understand good King's English.

Countermanding the order for the second car we got once more under way. And how that sergeant did speed! Perturbed by the news that we had telephoned the office—it touched his pride—he stared frowningly straight ahead, and the machine under those big hairy guiding hands leaped forward like a living thing. Out by the Bois de Boulogne we shot, past the race course, gay with throngs and fluttering flags, out through the magnificent private park of St.-Cloud, open that day for the occasion, up Picardy Hill, the long smooth black road unreeling behind our flying wheels like a gigantic typewriter ribbon. We passed the Japanese delegates, passed French diplomats glittering with orders, passed General Smuts, and then the Maharaja of Bikanir, who with his dark aquiline features under his turbaned headcloth looked every inch a prince.

"All right, sergeant," I called out. "You may slow down. We are going to make it."

But to my surprise the sergeant showed not the slightest intention of slowing down. Under those big guiding hands, firm as steel, the car leaped faster and faster. I leaned forward to see what he was up to. His narrowed eyes were fixed on the rear of a huge black car half a length ahead, which flew the Union Jack. That mad Marine of mine, in his U. S. Navy car, was racing the British Navy!

"Sergeant!" I shouted. "Sergeant, slow up!"

I might as well have shouted to the wind. The French police, stationed every two hundred yards along this private route sacred to invited guests, flapped their big red flags, and ran out into the road bawling "*Doucement! Doucement!*" which is the inadequate French for "Slow down." But the sergeant spoke no French and was, moreover, too busy to heed. And presently we overhauled that gay little square of bunting, flapping and snapping in the breeze, and showed the car our heels; and then and not until then did the sergeant's shoulders relax and our automobile slow down to the correct diplomatic pace.

"Sergeant," I leaned forward at the end of a minute to inquire, "did you chance to note that car we just passed?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the Marine, sober as a hanging judge. "It was a limy!"

"Well, now, sergeant, slow down. We've plenty of time."

"Yes, ma'am," said the sergeant, and added mildly, "I thought you was in a hurry."

Fighting Through the Throng

In Versailles, having anchored our ship and the skipper in a quiet backwater, we made our way to the big grilled gates which in ancient days protected royalty from the mob. And here was a turbulent tide. Conceive a stream composed of ten thousand excited jabbering units trying to force its way through an entrance less than two feet wide, with yellow tickets, blue tickets, red tickets, no tickets, but making good the lack with foot and shoulder and elbow and tongue. And after we had passed that first gate there was yet a second in the court.

"Red tickets! Red tickets!" bawled the brawny guards barring the way. "Red tickets only at this door." With our red tickets held on high we were picked up and borne on the tide of exasperated, ticketless, pushing, shoving spectators, and flung like bits of cork into the inner court. Alas for my sash! Alas for Friant's sartorial pride!

"Staircase on the right!" chanted our guides. Spent and breathless, we mounted a side staircase and were passed from hand to hand, from lofty state chamber to lofty state chamber, by gorgeous Republican Guards, spectacular demigods in grand tenue of white-buckskin breeches, black-varnished top boots, crimson tunics, silver-and-brass helmets with flowing horsehair manes. Handsome and impassive as the statues of Apollo in the Louvre, they glanced at our tickets and came to life for a second as they haughtily waved us on. Thus we won past all the patrols and outposts, and entered the Promised Land. At least I thought it was that until I entered. Later I discovered my error.

In order to visualize clearly what follows conceive a long, narrow, lofty room, whose proportions, roughly, are twenty by a hundred feet. Along the entire length of the inner wall mirrors cloudy and yellow with age, set in frames of chiseled gilt, brass, reflected back the assembled crowd; while on the opposite side seventeen long French windows gave upon the superb formal garden outside. At the far end of the hall leading into the adjacent salon was a noble sculptured archway, through which the German delegates would pass. At the far end also—too far by half—were arranged tables in the form of an open rectangle, the open side next to the windows, with a small table set in the center. This table held the Treaty of Peace.

A German Asks a Favor

Farther toward the rear, rows of benches covered with red tapestry filled up the body of the hall. And these benches bore seat numbers that tallied with the numbers on the red entrance cards. All these details I did not at first take in. For immediately on entry there struck on my eardrums a mighty gabble and drone. It was like the loud drone that rises from a crowded afternoon reception in a small drawing-room—the kind of a gabble you can hear a block away. Entering that long narrow room I beheld the guests, packed to suffocation, desperate, unable to see, climbing upon the benches, standing on each other's feet, hanging on their neighbors' shoulders, climbing rashly up on the windows and walls or milling aimlessly back and forth through the narrow aisle or sitting with moody rebellious despair in their seats. The day was warm. The air was heavy, turgid, overcharged. Every one of the seventeen windows was hermetically sealed. With difficulty I found my seat and sat down therein.

"Where are the plenipotentiaries?" I demanded in perplexity of my neighbor.

"I don't speak English," he replied in halting French. I glanced at him more closely. He was fair, with a black-and-white ribbon in his buttonhole. I decided he was a Norwegian, and repeated my question in French.

"Away down there," he nodded carelessly toward the far end of the hall, so distant it might as well have been in China.

"Have the Germans entered yet?"

He did not reply, but rose and asked "Will you guard my seat? I'm going up forward."

"But I don't have to guard it. Your number is on your red card."

Without responding he moved away. Later I discovered he was a German correspondent, and his ribbon denoted the Iron Cross.

And now in order to see I boldly climbed up on my bench with the rest. Halfway down the hall my vision was blocked by a solid wall of red. It was those big Republican Guards again. With their silver-and-brass helmets and flowing horsehair manes, orange cockades and shining cuirasses, they stood shoulder to shoulder, their great gleaming sabers at the slope—and I could see just nothing at all.

"Are they going to remain there during the entire ceremony?" I demanded of a passing photographer, who with his apparatus under his arm was wildly scanning the ceiling, the walls, the cornices for some lofty foothold.

"Lord, I hope not!" he groaned savagely. "This thing is a scream." Perspiration streamed down his crimson face. He passed on, still searching on high. I looked at my watch. It lacked several minutes of three. At three the Germans were due, and the ceremony would begin. The turbulence, the excited impatient conversation became more intense. And now the French master of ceremonies for the correspondents—a pale, anxious but polite young officer, with triple rows of decorations—began shooing the guests to their seats.

(Concluded on Page 118)

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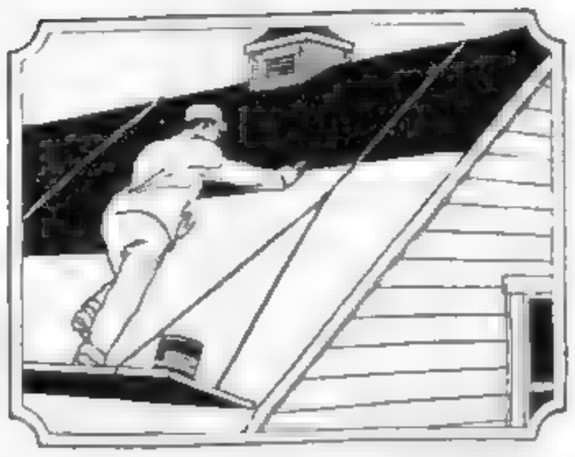

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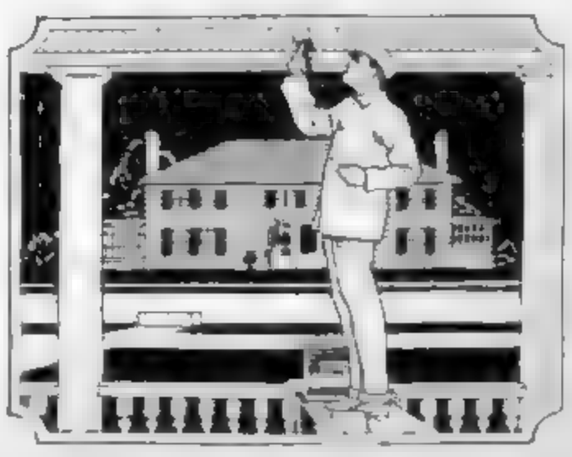

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(Concluded from Page 114)

"Messieurs! Mesdames!" he cried in a clear penetrating whisper behind his hand, "I beg you, I implore you—sit down! The séance is about to begin. Madame, I beg you. Sit down. Monsieur, will you have the goodness to sit down?" He begged, he implored, he entreated them to stay in their seats. Up and down the aisle he passed, like the leader of an orchestra, waving, gesticulating, signaling, patting the guests to their places, whispering behind his hand: "Messieurs! Mesdames! Sit down!"

And as he passed, the guests, who were in fact the world's correspondents, cowered down in their places like mischievous, guilty children under the severe urgency of his stern official eye; but when he moved on they popped up again on top of their benches like puppets in a Punch-and-Judy show. For though they desired to please the amiable official gentleman they desired still more to see. Some of them had waited weeks in Paris to report this very event. His pleadings grew more frantic. They were augmented by the rude cries of sundry invited ones in the rear, who, not being able to see in any circumstances, sat comfortably in their seats and bawled cheerfully in three languages, "Down in front!" To be more exact, the British and the English shouted, "Down in front!" The French hissed "*Assis! Assis!*" and the Italians roared what sounded to my ears like "*Seduto!*"—but perhaps it was "Spaghetti!"

But over all, everywhere, up and down the aisle, came the persuasive official whisper: "Messieurs! Mesdames! I beg—I entreat—sit down! The Germans are about to arrive." Upon which, straightway all the guests scrambled excitedly up on top of their benches or fell in between them, to see the Huns arrive! The confusion redoubled. Photographers, unable to see aught but the sea of wildly bobbing hats, held up their cameras at arm's length overhead and shot anything in sight. Never have I seen such savage agonized countenances.

My own conduct at this juncture I confess was neither better nor worse than that of the rest of the invited guests. I cowered and crouched under the firm official eye of that Frenchman; as he appeared I slid as low as possible and lowered my head in shame—grieved not only for myself but for every guest in the room; but as soon as he passed I sprang up eagerly upon the bench, and when as he returned I caught his melancholy reproachful eye I pretended that I had not been standing up at all but was, so to speak, in the first or initial part of the movement of sitting down—if you get me.

But such conduct is very lowering to the self-respect. I do not recommend it in the least. Moreover, I desired earnestly to please that Frenchman. He was laboring so sincerely on his job. So I cast about to discover if I might not win his approbation and see at the same time. Across the hall, standing on a bench placed close against the wall, was a group of guests, able to see right over into heaven and still preserve the peace. From afar I measured that bench with my eye, as the hunter measures the stag for a vulnerable spot, and I counted the persons thereon—one, two, three, four, five, six. It would just hold another in the rear, and seven is the perfect number. Threading my way across the room with careful haste I arrived at the coveted bench and spoke to the Frenchwoman who occupied the extreme rear position.

The Germans a Little Tardy

"Madame," I whispered in my best insinuating French, "would it inconvenience you too greatly if I mounted behind you? I can't see down here."

She regarded me, I fancied, with a cold eye before she said: "If you mount I fear we both shall fall."

"No, no, I assure you. If I fall I fall alone."

"Very well. Try, try." She shrugged impatient shoulders and turned to the front again.

I mounted—and what a scene lay before my eye. I felt like Moses on Mount Pisgah, for here, spread out beneath me, was the Promised Land. One corner of it, to be sure, was blotted out by a brandishing plume on a novelist's hat, but the rest I saw to perfection. Those serried guards had removed themselves to the side lines, and the table, the notables and the plenipotentiaries were laid bare to my eye. Directing my gaze to the table I discovered Clémenceau, flanked by Lloyd George and Wilson, the three profiles standing out as clearly against the dark mirrors as if sketched by an artist on a slate. At the near corner of the rectangle of tables sat Paderewski, with his great mane of yellowish-white hair, deep in his papers. And scanning the various faces I discovered General Smuts of Africa, Hughes of Australia, the high-bred face of Balfour, Venizelos, fat little Tardieu, and the finely chiseled features of the Maharaja of Bikanir.

And what were they doing, these stalwarts? Laughing, joking, shaking hands, reaching over each other's arms to sign souvenir programs or addressing post cards!

And still the Germans had not come. But even as I marked their empty seats the director of the protocol announced them, and they advanced and took their seats.

And now for a space comparative silence reigned. Comparative, not absolute. For behind my back I was constantly aware of a suppressed but angry commotion; of persons climbing up and falling down, of muttered imprecations of disgust or despair. Clémenceau rose and spoke a few brief phrases, in which the words "irrevocable," "loyalty," "faith" rang forth clear as a bell. Then the Germans advanced to the small table, signed, and resumed their seats. After them came the American delegates, headed by Wilson, marching firmly, head erect, a smile playing about his lips. By my watch he signed at thirteen minutes after three. The first place of signature after the Germans belonged by right to the French, as the chief sufferers in the war; but this right was courteously waived by Clémenceau in favor of Wilson as the founder of the League of Nations. America was followed by Great Britain, then her colonies, after which came the French, Clémenceau stepping out with the agility of a boy. In due order came Italy, followed not by Belgium, as everyone expected, but by Japan.

Not a Single Big Moment

With the signature of Belgium the chief interest in the affair waned. Conversation, which had died down at the opening of the meeting, was resumed. It began to be whispered about that the Chinese had refused to sign; that General Smuts had signed only to preserve harmony, but protested on the three main principles of punishment, colonies and indemnities. Typewritten copies of his protest were handed round. It is not to be supposed that all this while the French official whose duty it was to preserve silence had forgotten his task. He still passed and repassed, waving, gesticulating, begging messieurs and mesdames to sit down. But by now his naughty children openly jeered at him.

"*Mon cher Leroux,*" called in a loud stage whisper a rotund Frenchman standing solidly on his bench to a neighbor in the same position, "give a good example to the others. Sit down."

"No, I shall not give a good example. I shall give a bad example!" cried the worthy citizen; then seeing the official advance upon him he hurriedly placed the seat of his trousers in the space where his feet had been. Whereat his friend giggled like a schoolboy.

Presently the final signatures were affixed, Clémenceau pronounced the séance at an end, the Germans slipped out quietly, and the other delegates with laughter and congratulations filed out into the garden. The meeting had lasted forty-five minutes, during which there had not been one noble or impressive second.

I pondered on this strange phenomenon as I stood at a window of the Galerie, looking down at the crowds on the terraces. Here, indeed, out in the open, was color, animation, life. The exquisite Old-World beauty of the gardens, the playing fountains, the whirring aeroplanes overhead, the blue cloud of poilus dark against the encircling wood, the glittering splendor of the Republican Guards and the mounted dragoons and above all the cheers and acclamations of the eager crowd as some famous figure in the world drama appeared—all these things gave the heart a thrill.

But what had been the matter inside?

That night, tired by the exertions and excitements of the day, I decided to dine in my room. Entering at seven I found Friant, not yet departed, swearing softly as she sewed a button on my boot.

"This rotten thread!" she exclaimed in disgust. "What is France coming to?"

"Use dental floss," I suggested.

Two minutes later, trying to break the same with her hands, Friant burst into laughter. For all her fifty years and her sorrows she has a laugh sweet as a mocking bird's.

"*Mon Dieu,*" she cried, "this thread is strong enough to hang the Kaiser!"

"Friant," I objected, "you mustn't talk like that—any more. To-night we're at peace with the Kaiser."

The little Frenchwoman was on her feet, her dilated eyes blazing like those of a cat. "Me!" she shrilled, "me at peace with the dirty pig that killed my little son, *mon petit bonhomme!*" She broke off suddenly and said in low altered tones, "Mademoiselle"—I knew what was coming—"Mademoiselle, you know that society I told you of—the last one I went to for information concerning my son? Well, I went again this afternoon, for I thought perhaps upon this day of days—this day of peace for all the world—that I—that perhaps they could tell me some little word—but ——" She pressed her finger to her trembling lips, and the gray old head with its thatch of ragged curls sank slightly—but only slightly.

Before I could speak someone knocked at the door. It was François, chef of the floor, with his menu, ostensibly to ask if mademoiselle dined to-night in her room—but actually to learn the news of the afternoon. Friant had turned her back and was putting on her hat. I had a sudden inspiration.

"Friant," I said, "will you give me the pleasure of dining with me to-night in honor of peace? François, tell the waiters on the floor to slip in when they have a moment, and I'll tell them all about the ceremony to-day at Versailles before it is out in the papers. This was your war. Every one of you fought in it. Most of you were wounded. And now this is your peace. You have a right to know what happened, before the civilians, and I am going to tell you. So ask the men to come in."

François, distinguished as a duke, looked extremely pleased but he only said politely, "Mademoiselle, then, dines in her room with Madame?"

"Yes. And I want you to choose the dinner. Use all your taste and intelligence. Give us a ravishing masterpiece—for to-night we are at peace!"

François bent his head and studied his card thoughtfully. "Mademoiselle desires soup?" he murmured.

"No."

"A nice little filet of sole, sauce Dieppoise?"

"Good. And then?"

"How about pigeonneau en cocotte? 'Tis very tender, with French peas, little onions, mushrooms and bacon. I recommend it, mademoiselle."

I knew about those succulent little pigeons, steamed in a casserole, and Friant and I voted viva voce without a dissenting voice for the dove of peace. "And after?"

"Mademoiselle doubtless would like some tender salad. Chicory?"

"No, no. It's too much like eating the family mattress."

"Endive?"

"Good. And after that the sweet, which I leave to you. That's all."

Friant Evidences Thrift

"Mademoiselle will drink something," he suggested delicately, "to celebrate peace?"

"Very well. You choose it, François."

"Mademoiselle liked the *chambertin* I sent in the other day?"

"Wasn't it *chambertin* that gave me such a headache the next morning?"

Friant burst into a laugh, while François looked pained reproach. He comes from Bordeaux, where they live to eat, and he considers jesting on such sacred matters deuced bad form.

"Mademoiselle had only one little half bottle," he protested gravely, "and of that she did not drink enough to give a headache to a fly."

"Very well, then. A bottle of *chambertin.*"

"*Une demie-bouteille,*" softly emended the thrifty Friant.

"Good. A half bottle for us. And then, François, another bottle of the same, with my compliments, for the waiters on the floor. Tell them to drink to Peace—and to me. For this week I leave your France for my country—a bone-dry, stone-dry country where flows no *chambertin.*"

"Why should mademoiselle exile herself in such a bizarre place? Stay here in France."

I shook my head, and François went off to command the dove of peace and collect the clan.

Inside half an hour they were all in my room. There was François, tall, suave, distinguished, chef of the floor. There was Jean, the grouch, my valet de chambre, a peasant poilu who had fought at Verdun, on the Aisne and the Somme, and declared bitterly that peace was tougher than war. There was Henri, the best educated of all, a lieutenant in the army, who, wounded, had gone to America with the French Mission, and had been military instructor in one of our large Eastern universities. In Boston, in Washington, Henri had been fêted, dined and wined, and had sat down at table with men whom he now served behind their chairs. There was Jacques, young, shy, countrified, just learning to stammer English, whom I had caught one morning reading my Shelley. All of these men were decorated. All had been wounded in the war. And it was as warriors, not as waiters, that they had collected to hear and discuss the news.

Ex-Poilus Give Their Version

If I ever ate a better dinner or was served by more perfect minions or heard better talk, I cannot remember the fact. For these Frenchmen talked! They discussed the war, the battles they fought, the British and the American élan in fighting. They discussed France, the future, their fears. For they were all afraid. They were afraid of the power of Germany, her determination to wipe them out. This League of Nations—how, literally, would it protect them? The triple alliance just signed—would America ratify it? That would be protection indeed! Most of them were liberals. They thought Clémenceau should go. His task was done. But they spoke with tenderness of this live and vibrant old fighter, as a single-hearted lover of France.

Bells rang, rang urgently up and down the corridor, and when the voice of an irate client was heard upraised in a bellow of wrath some one of them glided softly out and appeased him, and returned, velvet-footed, again.

At length, when the story of the afternoon had been laid before them in fullest detail, and for Friant's benefit I had described the bed of Marie Antoinette in the Queen's suite, I put to them the question which had been troubling me all the afternoon: "Why was that ceremony so dead?"

"Because," opined Friant, delicately sipping her wine, "there was no romance. Bald-headed elderly civilians in black coats and hats for the chief actors. My faith, what can you expect?"

"Because," growled Jean, the socialist, "the real people were not there. They were ——" He puffed out his big cheeks for a fiery speech, when Friant interposed slyly, "—— sweeping out mademoiselle's room and smoking a secret cigarette on the stair."

"Because," said François quietly, "mere signatures mean nothing at all. You have to possess a reputation for honesty to make good that signature. And the Huns ——"

"Because," said Henri, "the value of a document lies in its application, and this document has not yet been applied."

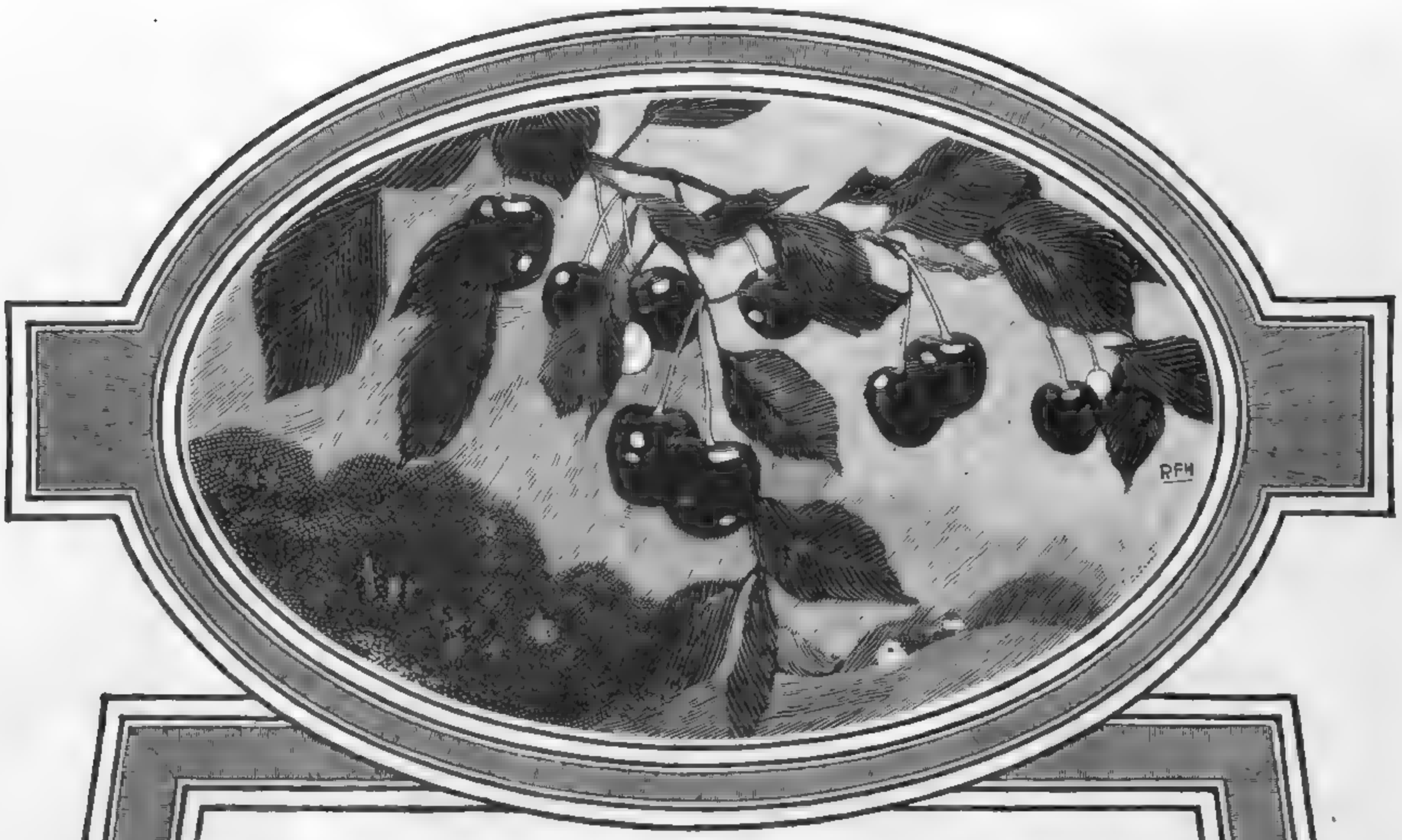
"Why, Henri," I cried, "that is exactly what the great Jules Cambon said!"

"*Vraiment?*" retorted Henri mockingly. "Well, I say so too."

Bells began to peal again. One by one these demobilized soldiers, having come back not to the jobs they preferred but to the jobs they could find, thanked me and said good night. Then Friant too trudged her lonely way toward home to write a peace letter to her little morsel of veal, as she calls her son over in Germany.

Worn out by the events of this big day, which still had not turned out so big as it ought to have been, I went to bed and almost immediately fell asleep. And after that I dreamed. I dreamed that Friant stood beside me, radiant, transfigured with joy. She clutched my hands in her toil-hardened little claws, and with tears streaming down her face she sobbed: "Oh, mademoiselle, they have found my son! My little boy! *Mon petit bonhomme!*"

But of course it was only a dream. Peace cannot do that. I suppose it was the *chambertin.*



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A SANDBAR ROMEO

(Continued from Page 7)

lots av bakin' powther goes aft f'r th' crew. The soggy cakes goes for'r f'r th' pilots an' enjineers. An' bind thim ears this way wan second before I knocks ye loose av thim—wan more mumble out av the lungs av ye, wan more mope out av th' hind legs av ye the day an' so help me catfish I'll ——"

"W'at will you do?" Sam Penny squared away and faced the cook.

The cook looked at his helper for five seconds. Then he smiled.

"Git t'hell out av here afther that flour, ye battlin' bantham!"

An hour before the opening minute of the contest the cook began to mix the batter for the cakes.

"Be guess an' be gad! All yez can muscle out av th' soggy flour in the big dish pan an' double ut av the whoofed flour in wan av thim tubs. Handy now! Hand me thim bakin' powther! Stan' back! I'll make the mix av ut!"

Presently the batter was an accomplished fact. That in the tub, under the urge of the baking powder, lightened to a foaming consistency of one-fifth the specific gravity of the unleavened dough in the dish pan.

"Fire that coal light and often. If wan inch av the top av this range cools off I'll fry yez crisp, bantham, wid th' Sandbar Curse." Kelly, the cook, was going into action. At ten minutes before seven he lashed a dish towel to the end of a broom handle.

"Fetch me wan av thim tin-pound cans av lard." He removed the tight cover of the lard can with one quick swing of his cleaver. "Dose out a pitcher av batther—wan av each—an' keep thim pitchers filled up."

Five minutes before the hour he swabbed the top of the sizzling range with lard. When the smoke cleared away he opened the oven door for an instant. Then with the precision that comes with long experience he covered the top of the range with disks of batter.

"Folly me wid the turner. Flop thim whin th' freckle blisthers av thim first begin to bust. Where's thim absent goats av waithers? Sammy! Houlahan! Dinny! The front end av y'r feet! Let's go!"

Ranged round the table in the forward arena were grouped the pilots and engineers and their associate gladiators. The master of the dredge, seated at the head of the table, recorded the progress of the competitors on a blank page in the log book, while at the door of the galley stood one of the noncombatants, a civil engineer, whose duty it was to check the total product of cakes.

Cap'n Dan Preble, master of the dredge, made a triple tally in his book opposite Mr. Bull Lynch's name.

"Three more f'r Bull, makin' nine each all round."

"Blast them golden drips an' that sorghum!"

A pilot fighting his thirteenth cake swallowed violently two or three times. "Fetch me a glass of water quick!" he demanded.

"Water swells 'em you're gone!" The first to acknowledge defeat left the table.

"Twelve an' a face full. I knowed that thirteen would git me."

The remainder of his companions fought steadily through their several thirteen problems.

Mr. Bull Lynch, seated sidewise in his chair, pasted a thin veneer of oleomargarine over his sixteenth cake. It was a tactical error.

"Slick 'em up with that axle grease an', whilst they eats easier, they sure sogs solid like lead in th' stummick." Cap'n Dan, coaching without fear or favor, did his best for the honor of the ship.

Mr. Joe Burdle fumbled with his countenance for an instant and extended a complete set of false teeth toward an idle waiter.

"Ay heese heet ih hise otter," he ordered. He inserted a spare set. "Lay these teeth in ice water." He started valiantly upon his seventeenth cake. "When them teeth cools off enough to be refreshin' to th' gooms fetch 'em back. They sets more comfortable than these."

One or two of his companions looked sidewise questioningly at Cap'n Dan Preble.

"All right; it's all right," that wise judge announced. "A man's got a right to change his knife an' fork an' by the same token I rules that spare sets of gnashers is legitimate."

Neck and neck Mr. Burdle and Mr. Bull Lynch swallowed their eighteenth cakes.

Presently at the table beside them there remained but one contestant.

"Fetch me three more an' lots o' grease with 'em," Mr. Burdle demanded. The third contestant got up hastily, sought his stateroom and lay down.

"Twenty-one all," Cap'n Dan announced. "How's the high man comin' in the gang aft?"

"The long deckhand they calls Rouster just finished his twenty-two. He's startin' his twenty-three with vinegar on it."

Mr. Lynch looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Fetch me six more cakes in one stack," Mr. Burdle demanded. "An' fetch in some mustard with 'em in case I ——"

Enough! Bull Lynch finished then and there! The heroic Burdle selected a cake from the stack of six and ate it.

"Twenty-two!"

He selected two heavily browned ones.

"Twenty-four!"

Word went rapidly round the dredge that a world's record was being eaten to pieces. Defeated spectators hobbled in.

"Fetch me them cool teeth an' two more cakes," Mr. Burdle whispered.

He ate the two cakes. He held up two fingers and two more cakes were laid on his plate. He turned sidewise to the table and won his way, bite by bite, round the grease-crisped perimeter of his twenty-eighth cake.

From the twenty-ninth he took one bite.

Six hours later a veterinary surgeon, who had been summoned from the little town across the river, pronounced the new champion out of danger—physically.

"Mentally, though, I doubt if he'll ever grade runt high. Lay him out on deck in the air. What he needs for a day or two is a complete rest."

"Which, exceptin' f'r the work of signin' the pay roll, he's had ever since he's been on this dredge," Mr. Lynch volunteered.

In the late afternoon a skiff crossed the river toward the dredge. In it, waving a telegram, stood Cap'n Dan Preble. His voice carried over the wide water. "Our boat wins! Burdle wins!"

An envoy broke the news to that champion at a time when his eyes bulged out something less than a foot. The slow melody of a happy smile played softly across the keyboard of the porcelain teeth.

"Send a man—to Cypress Slough," he whispered faintly, "an' tell—Mis' Wynne I done it."

He hauled his eyelids over his bulging eyes and lay inert, shuddering delicately at times like a blacksnake full of rabbit meat.

"That there might be a last request. I'll take up th' message if somebody'll git a couple of deckhands to row th' skiff." Mr. Bull Lynch it was who spoke.

Sam Penny, free for the day of his chills, responded quickly.

"I ain't in no delicate condition like you, Mr. Lynch, from bein' in this contest. I gotta go anyway with some washin'. I'll tell Mis' Wynne." Thus it was that the waiter elected to retrace the course that meant the light-o'-love four miles upstream from Fat Pat Kelly and the other cares that infested his prosaic days.

At twilight, bearing the news of the Burdle victory, he rowed toward the domain of his lady of the suds.

On the beach in front of her residence lay a clinker-built blue yawl.

"How come that boat here?" Sam questioned.

In the window of the driftwood cabin gleamed a light. Sam walked toward it softly through the sand. A hundred feet from the cabin he lifted his voice in song, inspired by the fact of his nearness to the queen of his dreams:

W'en first I hell your littul hand in mine,
An' seen th' lovelight gleaming in you rise——

The opening door revealed the widow. Beside her, in the modest garb of a government official on official business, stood Arthur B. Long.

Sam proceeded directly to the subject of his visit:

"He's better an' he's won a thousan' dollars."

"Who's better? Mr. Penny, meet Mr. Long. Who's better?"

"Mr. Burdle. He et twenty-eight flannel cakes an' th' vet'nary says he'll pull through. An' he's champeen of all th' whole river an' he's winner a thousan' dollars!"

The widow exhibited a disappointing lack of interest.

"Mr. Burdle is a engineer on one of these here river drudgers," she explained to the incurious Mr. Long.

Sammy sensed the completion of his errand.

"Well, I'll be goin' along. Mr. Burdle said tell you about his vict'ry. I fetched a sack of—of clothes, Mis' Wynne. They's on th' porch."

The widow seemed momentarily indifferent to the subject of laundry.

"Good-by, Mr. Penny." Mr. Long nodded a diplomatic farewell to the departing waiter. "Glad toove met you."

Young Sam Penny rowed hard on his way downstream to the dredge.

After he had left, Mr. Long resumed his interrupted conversation with the widow:

"As I was sayin', Mis' Wynne, th' Guv'ment figgers on buildin' some launchin' ways an' men's quarters along this slough an' I'm authorized to arrange terms f'r buyin' th' land. How much land have you got layin' along th' slough?"

"Goin' on a hundred acres."

"An' how much would you take f'r it?"

"I think it ought to be worth mebbe a hundred an acre, but of course if that's too much I'll be glad to come down."

Mr. Long made a rapid mental calculation.

"Hundred acres at a hundred dollars—or at five hundred. Trifling difference of forty thousand iron men."

He immediately abandoned the business at hand and inaugurated a whirlwind campaign via the delicate technical diplomacy in such matters to which he had been schooled. To his gratification favorable results followed quick upon the heels of his endeavor.

"Th' minnit I seen you, Mr. Long, I sez ——"

"Dearie, call me Arthur!"

"The minnit I seen you—Arthur, I says, here is the genteelest guv'ment man I ever did see. Not like these dirty mates an' engineers, but sort of an'—Arthur is such a pretty name too."

"Have you ever been to Saint Louis?" the suitor interrupted.

It developed that the widow had been no farther north than the state line.

"We could go there then on our first trip together."

Mr. Long enlarged upon the pleasures to be found in that semimetropolitan city, the while his mind smacked its lips every so often at a julep emporium near the corner of Broadway and Olive streets. His developing thirst hastened his departure. He bade his ladylove a long farewell, introducing into the ceremony a covey of alcoholic but clove-flavored kisses.

"To-morrow I shall return back," he said grandly, "with a ring to mark our holy bond of engagement."

On the following day, true to promise, an elaborate ten-karat gold ring in which was set a retiring young diamond seed graced the widow's display finger as she bent over the washtub in which was the Burdle laundry.

"Thank goodness this is th' last washin' I'll ever do," she thought.

She thought.

But as Mr. Burdle remarked the time he found a feather in his plug of chewing tobacco, "You never kin tell about some hens."

Sam Penny paused long enough on his next trip after Mr. Burdle's laundry to ask the widow to marry him.

Mis' Wynne smiled gently.

"Lord, honey, what you need is a mother, stid of a wife," she said softly. "But I esteems your friendship high—very high, Sammy, darlin'."

Many's th' hearts what busted
If youse could read them all,
Many's th' hearts was weeping,
After—the—ball!

Over and over again, returning to the dredge, Sam enjoyed the delicious luxury of a busted heart, but by the time he had landed 'longside, the keen edge of sorrow's knife needed the whetstone of some new romance.

"Peel me sixty miles of potatoes!" Fat Pat Kelly greeted the waiter with an official order. "An' save th' kimonos off thim spuds f'r th' saloonkeeper across th' river w'at has a pig."

Young Sam Penny was mentally normal again. With the sack of laundry he made his way for'd to the main cabin in which Mr. Burdle and Mr. Lynch were playing cribbage.

"How did Mis' Wynne look?" Mr. Burdle asked.

"She's rigged up with a swell gol' ring," the waiter informed him.

In the minds of Mr. Burdle and Mr. Lynch there developed simultaneously twin resolutions to settle at once and forever the question that had for so many days been pestering their ardent hearts.

"I'm full up o' cribbage f'r one day," Bull Lynch remarked.

"Me too. Think I'll take me a row—sort of need exercise since I was laid up after winnin' that thousan' dollars." Mr. Burdle went below and got into a skiff. Bull Lynch followed. He too embarked upon his high adventure.

For the first mile upstream the pair rowed easily within speaking distance of each other. At the second mile Mr. Burdle picked up his stroke.

"How fur does you aim to go, Burdle?" Mr. Lynch inquired across the water that lay between them.

"I figger I'll sort of drift into Cypress Slough, mebbe."

"Me too."

No further exchange of words followed until both skiffs were beached before the widow's residence.

"Burdle, I aims at a private conversation with Mis' Wynne. Ring a slow bell, will you, f'r a while?"

Mr. Burdle looked at Mr. Lynch.

"Me, too, Bull," he asserted. "But go ahead! I'll see her after—after she throws you overboard."

A faint smile followed Mr. Lynch as he walked toward the widow's home. Mr. Burdle, seated in his skiff, watched the sluggish current that played at the roots of the willows along the downstream bank of Cypress Slough.

At the widow's residence Mr. Bull Lynch steered the craft of conversation into the sunlit lagoon of love as best he could and presently the widow's vivid memory of Arthur B. Long began to fade.

"As fur as cash is concerned, I been a savin' man, Mis' Wynne. What with th' land and cash my folks lef' me an' with what I've saved I'm worth a hundred thousan' dollars, maybe, an' I'd quit th' river an' you could do anythin' you pleased."

Mr. Lynch was a high-speed liar after he got both boilers steaming and presently his imagination had the widow staggering with the opening gong of each successive round of fact and fancy.

With the inexpensive generosity which the average victor displays toward his opponents, Mr. Lynch promptly terminated his visit after his success was assured. He indulged in a parting pledge.

"An' I'll take you to Niag'ra Falls," he told Mis' Wynne, "after we're married."

He returned to his skiff near which Mr. Burdle waited.

"How'd you come out?" Mr. Burdle inquired.

"Through th' front door," the victor enigmatically answered. "Take a chance!"

Mr. Burdle, doubting a little his poker-playing ability to read the truth in the Bull Lynch face, took a chance.

"I'm poor, Mis' Wynne, but I'm enough ahead to pay expenses. An' I love you, as fur as I kin tell. I ain't tellin' no lies nor I ain't no flat-footed, poker-playin', whisky-drinkin' Biddle Street bum like that fish-eatin' four-flush of a Bull Lynch what just cast off his headlines f'r down river."

"All men," thought the widow, "are liars except some an' they is danged liars."

Before Mr. Burdle had left she promised to marry him.

Sam Penny, the waiter, rowed across the river the following evening with a two-day accumulation of potato peelings for the saloonkeeper's pig. In the Last Chance he sought the proprietor.

(Continued on Page 124)

Meat from Wheat

The Biggest Food Value in America for 10¢

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The lightest, most digestible meat for summer—the beefsteak of wheat

Macaroni with Cheese (not baked)

Required: 1 package Golden Age Americanized Macaroni, [illegible] milk, [illegible] American cheese. Add macaroni and the [illegible] salt to two quarts of boiling water. Boil vigorously until tender, about 15 minutes. Drain and mix well with sauce made of the milk and [illegible] cheese. Dash of paprika may be added.

Macaroni Salad

Required: 1 package Golden Age Americanized Macaroni, [illegible] 2 quarts water and 2 teaspoons salt. Boil vigorously 12 to 15 minutes. Drain and [illegible] Just before serving add [illegible] and [illegible] Serve very cold.

Beefsteak is the best of meat. Golden Age Americanized Macaroni is more-than-meat—the beefsteak of wheat, with a higher food-value than beef itself.

Golden Age Americanized Macaroni is the meaty gluten of the richest wheat that grows—the life-giving, body-building strength of Nature's finest grain, the creamy essence rich in protein and fuel-energy. Science seconds Nature in the making of Golden Age Americanized Macaroni.

The makers of Golden Age Macaroni are the inventors and exclusive proprietors of the patented process which has come to be known as Americanized—the making of sterilized Macaroni products by machinery from first to last without one touch of human hands.

Get Golden Age Americanized Macaroni from your Grocer today.

The Cleveland Macaroni Company
Modern Macaroni Makers
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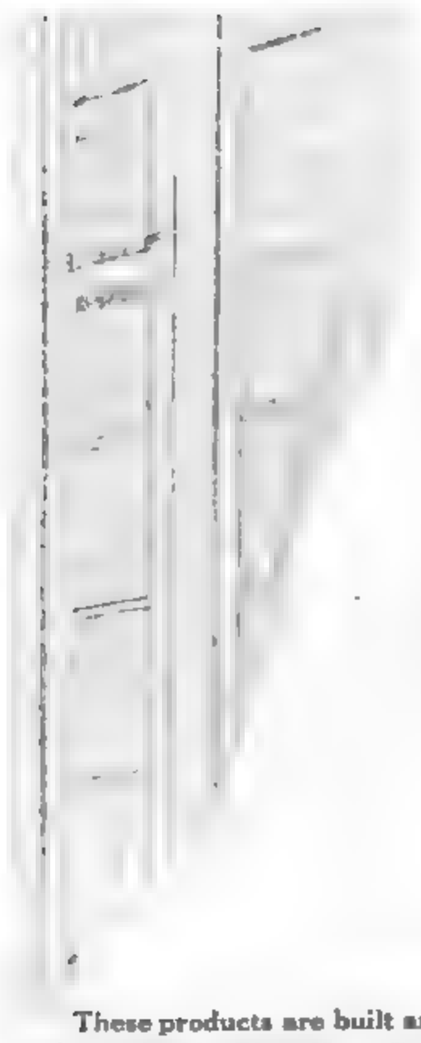
Also manufacturers of Golden Age Spaghetti and Golden Age Egg Noodles

Golden Age Macaroni

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY



—and it will be accomplished

TO positively accomplish the purpose for which each product is designed—that is the corner-stone of the Blaw-Knox business.

To that end an unequaled service organization has been brought together.

Such words as "service", "best", and other superlatives have been used so loosely, that there is often a vast difference between what is promised and that which is delivered.

Blaw-Knox Company has been giving its distinctive type of service for years, and rests its case with those whom it serves.

Blaw-Knox Company does not believe in just doing business the easiest way. It does more than take orders and make deliveries.

Men who built the Panama Canal, the New York Aqueduct, the Los Angeles high-tension lines, the New York subways and harnessed the power of the Mississippi River; men who are producing the steel of the world; contractors and engineers who have built thousands of concrete structures from sewers to subways, from sidewalks to skyscrapers; men who have excavated or mechanically rehandled loose bulk material of all kinds—these men understand Blaw-Knox service. They have realized its worth.

The Blaw-Knox engineers first investigate and determine just what is to be accomplished. Then the equipment is produced to do that work. And the Blaw-Knox trade-mark means to you that it will fit the job and do the job, with speed and economy.

The scope of Blaw-Knox service is not limited by time, territory nor expense. It is there to call upon at your will, like the potential power in an electric light socket.

You have a peace-of-mind when dealing with Blaw-Knox Company which saves your energy, time and money.

When you call in Blaw-Knox engineers, you have added a valuable department to your organization.

All Blaw-Knox specifications are the result of scientific study. If the manufacturing costs of Blaw-Knox products were twice as great, they could do their work no better. If they cost a cent less they could not do it so well. Everything that bears the Blaw-Knox trademark is built to do a particular job.

BLAW-KNOX COMPANY, Pittsburgh

Offices in Principal Cities

Export Representation

These products are built and trade-marked by Blaw-Knox Company

STEEL FORMS for all kinds of concrete work—sewers, tunnels, aqueducts, dams, culverts, bridges, retaining walls, factory buildings and warehouses, columns, floors, foundations, manholes, subways, reservoirs, piers, roads, sidewalks, etc.

CLAMSHELL BUCKETS and Automatic Cableway Plants for digging and rehandling earth, sand, gravel, coal, ore, limestone, tin, scrap, slag, cinders, fertilizers, rock products, etc.

FABRICATED STEEL—mill buildings, manufacturing plants, bridges, crane runways, trusses, etc.

PLATE WORK—Riveted and Welded steel plate products of every description; annealing boxes; kettles; ladles; pans; penstocks; etc.

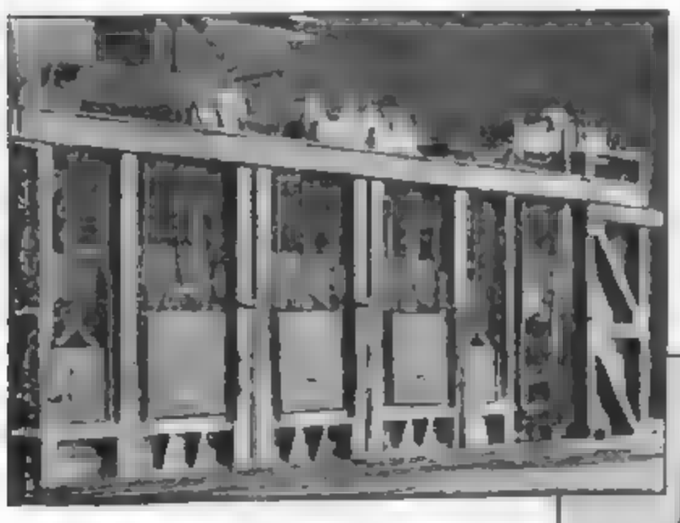
"KNOX" PATENTED WATER COOLED Doors, Door Frames, Ports, Bulkheads, Front and Back Wall Coolers, Reversing Valves, etc., for Open Hearth, Glass, and Copper Regenerative Furnaces; water-cooled standings, shields and boshes for Sheet and Pair Mills.

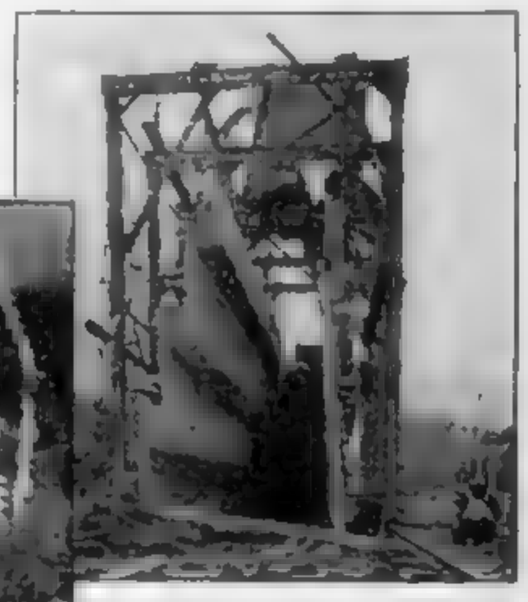
TOWERS for supporting high-tension transmission lines.

Blaw-Knox Company lives up to a code. The products which bear the Blaw-Knox trademark must do the job for which they are built. This principle is never deviated from. There is a personal interest taken in every piece of equipment or material which we provide. And that personal interest never lags. It begins with the first inquiry and knows no stopping place

ALBERT C. LEHMAN, President

BLAW-KNOX





BLAW-KNOX COMPANY

(Concluded from Page 120)

"Kelly says tell you he wants bonded goods, an' not that rotgut you sent him last time, else he'll begin sendin' you sweet potato peelin's an' th' pig'll be all sweetbreads instead of bacon an' hams."

The proprietor of the saloon smiled.

"Have a drink, Sammy," he invited.

At the bar Sammy suddenly recognized Arthur B. Long, looking considerably the worse for wear. That official was at the moment full of alcohol and a craving for amiable conversation. He addressed the world at large:

"Lemme buy this drink. I met this boy th' other evening at Mis' Wynne's house—lady I'm going to marry."

"You're going to what?" Sam exclaimed.

The details of the matrimonial program were explained to him by the swaying Arthur. The waiter finished his drink and returned to the dredge across the river.

On the following Sunday, while Mr. Burdle was on duty, Mr. Lynch embarked upstream for a visit with his fiancée. With him in the skiff was Sam Penny—"harmless to have round and handy in th' heavy water f'r pullin' a pair of oars."

The widow's cabin was locked up and deserted. On the way back to the dredge young Sam Penny played a face card.

"I guess she's still over town with that guv'ment man she was goin' to marry yesterday," he remarked to Mr. Lynch.

"She what?" Bull Lynch lost both oars overboard.

"I took some more potato peelin's to th' saloonkeeper f'r his pig yesterday an' whilst I was in town I seen Mis' Wynne an' that feller, Arthur B. Long, that's been round here."

The waiter furnished forth at length the details to the best of his knowledge, keenly enjoying meanwhile the alternate spasms of rage and chagrin that ruffled the face of his associate.

Mr. Burdle, seated on the boiler deck of the dredge, was deep in the pages of his Sunday paper when Bull Lynch and the waiter floated past the bow. Presently Mr. Lynch joined him.

"Have a good time?" Mr. Burdle inquired.

Mr. Lynch eyed him suspiciously without reply.

"See Mis' Wynne?"

"No, she wasn't there."

Mr. Burdle smiled.

"Probably picnickin' alone. Bull, Sundays when I works Mis' Wynne is lonely. Me an' her is due to hitch up an' start housekeepin' after pay day next month—an' you might as well know it now as later."

"You is due to what?" Bull Lynch looked strangely at Mr. Burdle. That gentleman enlarged upon the future that lay before him.

"All I can say, Burdle, is, you're crazy." Mr. Lynch finally spoke. "That woman promised to marry me. An' Sam Penny seen her yesterday in town across th' river with a mud cat what calls himself Arthur Belong from Washington."

Mr. Burdle's eyes landed in their panic upon an interesting item in the Sunday Dispatch which lay in his lap. Subconsciously, amid the wreck of his dreams, he read the item over and over again:

"Appropriations for Rivers and Harbors defeated by Republican senator."

An hour before the time set for his marriage, Arthur B. Long received telegraphic advice to the same effect concerning the defeat of the Rivers and Harbors Bill. He excused himself for a moment from the presence of Mis' Tillie Wynne. The widow waited much longer than a moment in the parlor of the hotel for her guv'ment official.

The next day Sam Penny, returning from his daily trip with the potato peelings for the saloonkeeper's pig, was accompanied by a female passenger who landed on the dredge with the waiter.

The pair sought Cap'n Dan Preble.

"Cap'n, I'd like my time check," the waiter said. "From now on I aims t' farm our place at Cypress Slough. Meet Mis' Penny—what was Mis' Wynne afore she married me."

Cap'n Dan smiled upon them.

"'Fraid you'll have a hard time farmin' that place now," he said. "Government's goin' to buy it. I see by to-day's paper they was a special emergency appropriation of fifty thousand dollars set aside f'r it after th' River an' Harbor Bill failed."

The waiter and his bride recovered from the shock of sudden fortune in time to greet Mr. Bull Lynch and Mr. Burdle, who had entered the cabin.

"Meet my wife, gents—Mis' Penny," the waiter said. "That's her new name, Mr. Burdle."

In Saint Louis, Arthur B. Long was absorbing the sixth julep of the evening.

"I might have knowed th' gang would dig up th' dough even after th' bill failed. Wonder if I c'n persuade her I was called away on official business, if I should go back."

When Sam and his new commander sailed into Cypress Slough the dredge was a million miles downstream, but the victor in the race was unconscious of the miles, for it was June.

EARNED INCREMENT

(Continued from Page 11)

had prevented. Now in his despair he flung aside all-aged prejudice. He would see what manner of man it was who exploited his body—just sheer body.

A steady stream of feet clumped up the stairs. Llewellyn's joined them. He thought he had never seen such odd and varied physiques. With his passionately awakened perceptions, there was—he realized scarcely a well-formed man in the upward moving current. It was as though he were about to witness the ritual of a secret cult—the worship of body, the pass key of whose devotees lay in some physical shortcoming.

A darning needle of a man with an asthmatic voice flung down a dollar bill at the little window just ahead of him.

"Ringside?"

"Two left."

Llewellyn bought the other. The crowd oozed into a bare, square room, its floor stained with aged circles of tobacco juice and covered with ranks of benches. The air was blue with smoke; it hung in a purple-orange haze before the dingy oil lamps, and what sweet June air came in through the windows turned deathly faint before the musty human impact. Still cleaving to the asthmatic man, Llewellyn found himself occupying a chair just outside the roped central inclosure. The darning needle included him in a fraternal comment.

"Goin' to be pretty hot stuff. That Alabama chicken's hot stuff," he wheezed.

In opposite corners were chairs manned by seconds—by rubbers with water pails and towels. The referee, a fat man in striped shirt sleeves, was sprinkling sand on the floor.

Suddenly a hoarse murmuring rose, a slight stir. Two partly nude athletic shapes appeared in the corners, their hands bandaged. There followed certain sacrosanct minutiæ: The stripe-sleeved fat man lacing them into the gloves—calling them together for a moment to mystic conclave in center stage. The chairs were full now. A hush fell.

A lank individual with his straw hat on the back of his head spoke to the crowd:

"Gemmun, we will now witness the amachoor perliminaries to the reg'lar match. Lemmy interdoose Warty Dugan, our famous local buntam boxer in the sou'west corner—Mr. Dugan, gemmun—and the Slipp'ry Ellum Kid, known to everybody fer his work in the local clubs—in the nor'east corner—Slipp'ry Ellum, gemmun—who will fight six rounds."

Somewhere a gong sounded. The stripe-sleeved man bent puffily, watch in hand striking an attitude. Two fettlesome shapes danced out lightly from their corners, touched paws formally, drew off, wiry, wary, fists square, heads low.

Slog!

The first blow turned Llewellyn deadly sick. He was so close. A rosy patch flushed over the man's body. Slip! Slap! Slog! Another went home. They clinched—hung together.

"Gaw!" said the darning needle rather languidly. "Lay off!" roared the fat stripe sleeve.

A threatening murmur rose.

"Watch the kid hang on!"

"Git the hook!"

"Bust him one in the leg!"

"Give 'im a kick!"

"Gaw!" repeated the darning needle.

Llewellyn gathered it was poor stuff. But to him it was horrible. It was thrilling. His scalp prickled; he sat on the edge of his chair. When the gong sounded he drew a deep breath of relief, and when the Slipp'ry Ellum Kid bled Dugan's nose in the next round he closed his eyes until the round ended. It was, he felt, all that his mother and her friends had pronounced it as a sport. It was bestial, nothing less.

New metal replaced the old and Llewellyn's eyes bulged. The Alabama Chicken came on—a poem in chocolate!

There was a tense expectancy thrilling the house before this, the real feast of the evening, and with the first slogging slap even Llewellyn realized a difference and something caught at his heart. Suddenly he was on edge with hideous fascination—something within him responded most strongly to the vile allure. His scalp prickled anew, but before a quite different behest.

"Alabama chicken! Go it, boy!"

Chairs scraped, benches were pushed back, uproar arose. The darning needle cracked his finger joints, gulped and wheezed in mingled rapture and asthma.

"Gaw," he hiccoughed, and "Gaw," echoed Llewellyn drunkenly as the bodies before him swayed and slapped and feinted.

"My money on the Chicken! Eats 'em alive. Wow!"

"Eats 'em alive!" shrilled Llewellyn.

Oh, the beauty of it! That negro's lissom body! The swift thrust and counterplay! The perfect correlation of muscle! Alas, for Llewellyn Case! He was no longer an identity. He became merely the echo of the darning-needle connoisseur, a helpless puppet swept along on the tide of the male grand passion.

Looking back on that evening he could dissociate nothing clearly. It was a blurred fantasy that had culminated when the Battling Demon lay prone and moveless while the referee had counted ten and his seconds had thrown a pail of water over him. A fantasy of smoke and stench and oaths and sweat. Bleared lights, the flip-flap of towels, cries of encouragement—and the bodies, man to man. Human pistons and levers pitted in straining contest, directed from some cortical conning tower that saved the whole from the mere brute level.

Llewellyn realized the truth. He was a fight fan forever. It was his love, his fetish—bodily strength.

He who had none at all! But there was still a scrap of hope. The boxing club had a gym and a capable trainer—an ex-boxer. He resolved to consult him.

"Git into your shorts and jersey," Pete Foley told him, "an' report for 'xamination," and in ten minutes Llewellyn was back.

Foley looked at him, inviting the Deity to participate with him.

"Oh, had I wings like a bird I would fly!" he said, touching Llewellyn's shoulder blade. "Look here, kid, you'll have to go it pretty easy! Mod'ration's the thing. We'll give it to ye in the form o' pap. Dumb-bells and a little o' the rings at first and Swedish horse. Mod'ration—I doubt if ye can stand much. Did ye ever try eating?" he added as he tendered Llewellyn his schedule.

Alas for Llewellyn and moderation! Perhaps it was his ill-advised impatience; perhaps he was goaded by the image of the Alabama Chicken. At any rate he attacked rings and pulley weights with such passionate aplomb that his heart palpitated all of the second night, and in the middle of the third day he fainted and fell off the rings.

He had just been saying "One—two—three; one—two—three," through clinched teeth, fighting the blue mist before his eyes. And then—they took him home in a cab. And his mother discovered his secret, and Culpepper came and gave him calomel and nitroglycerin.

He was in bed a week. Then he was taken to the seashore, where he lay in a chair for three more, listening to the wild waves. They must have used the Poe's Raven motif, for he never returned to Foley's Gymnasium.

III

BY THE time he was thirty-five Llewellyn had thoroughly kissed the rod. Not that his ideal had altered. He still worshiped the three B's, but he had long since accepted the fact that they had no personal bearing on himself. He was still a devotee of physical perfection. There was no wrestling or boxing match in town but he was there, drunk temporarily with the old afflatus, crying:

"Eat' em alive!" Or "Attaboy!" The walls of his room were covered with portraits of fistic deities, Packy This and Shorty That, and he took a sleeper to New York every year to enjoy the spectacle of Mordkin or Nijinsky; but he knew these perfections were as remote from the personality of Llewellyn Case as the moon—as futile as the cravings of a one-legged man.

Not but what he had tried various experiments in improvement. He had examined and taken up all of the new gospels as they came along—Fletcherizing, fasting, autosuggestion, nuts, new thought. To no avail.

He remained unchanged—a smallish, fragile person addicted to periodic courses of beef, wine and iron, a restricted diet and great care as to woolens and rubbers. He was perhaps not so delicate as of yore—possibly because, in part, his anxious little mother had crossed over and there was no one to press the need for coddling upon him. Yet he was careful—automatically, habitually. A perfect understanding existed between him and his housekeeper. There were certain ordained customs—concessions to his peculiar needs. Apart from these, fixed as the laws of the Medes and Persians, Llewellyn had long since ceased to worry about himself. He had, as we have said, resigned himself to the inevitable. Yet to-day the old yearning stirred—like an imperfectly exercised ghost returning wistfully to forbidden haunts.

For the war was over, and all afternoon, in twos and threes, returning doughboys had been passing Llewellyn's window. Their faces, he thought, looked like picnic hams, and a profound envy filled him. Apart from all notions of patriotism, he had watched with jealous eye the physical renaissance that the war had brought to so many. Not fit to fight had been his secret bitter slogan, brought home in the early days when he had consulted Culpepper's successor, meditating voluntary enlistment.

"You don't suppose that—I—er—that I could be of any use in a—er—military way, doctor?"

His medical adviser had snorted. "Die in your bed," he advised; "you wouldn't last six weeks. Why, stop and think of the price you paid to get you along here!"

"But there's nothing specifically wrong," he objected feebly. He had a vague feeling that he was not only graduated but postgraduated in feebleness.

"I paid a price, but what I bought is all mine," he added firmly.

But after all the idea was absurd. Still, he had wished passionately to go, that he might have passed to a new life, to a different environment, a transforming regimen. Then he, too, might have returned mad fantasy—vigorous and pink-faced. Sound and strong of body—a body that bore within it a vigorous mind, a stout will.

A will! That was it! A strong mind dwelt in a strong body. You couldn't expect the converse. He had a weak body—ergo! And, by the gods, he was in need of strength, for he was facing a situation that required will power—all his power to deny.

In short, Llewellyn was being courted. Without the least wish in the world for it, without malice prepense, he had been singled for those initial favors which to the wary male prefigure matrimonial servitude. Any innocent man who has been dogged of woman thus will appreciate Llewellyn's mood—his wild, slightly desperate, slightly strangling, slightly fascinated emotions. When he thought of its inception his mind reeled. A harmless, inoffensive bachelor, looking up from the brown paper parcel he was tying and meeting the clear blue gaze of a widow lady—requesting lavender monogram paper. A large widow lady with a sweet infantile face encircled by tiny reddish-gold ringlets and carrying on her arm a tiny reddish-gold Pekingese. A lady possessed of the three B's—and most generously upholstered. Even as he had moved at her

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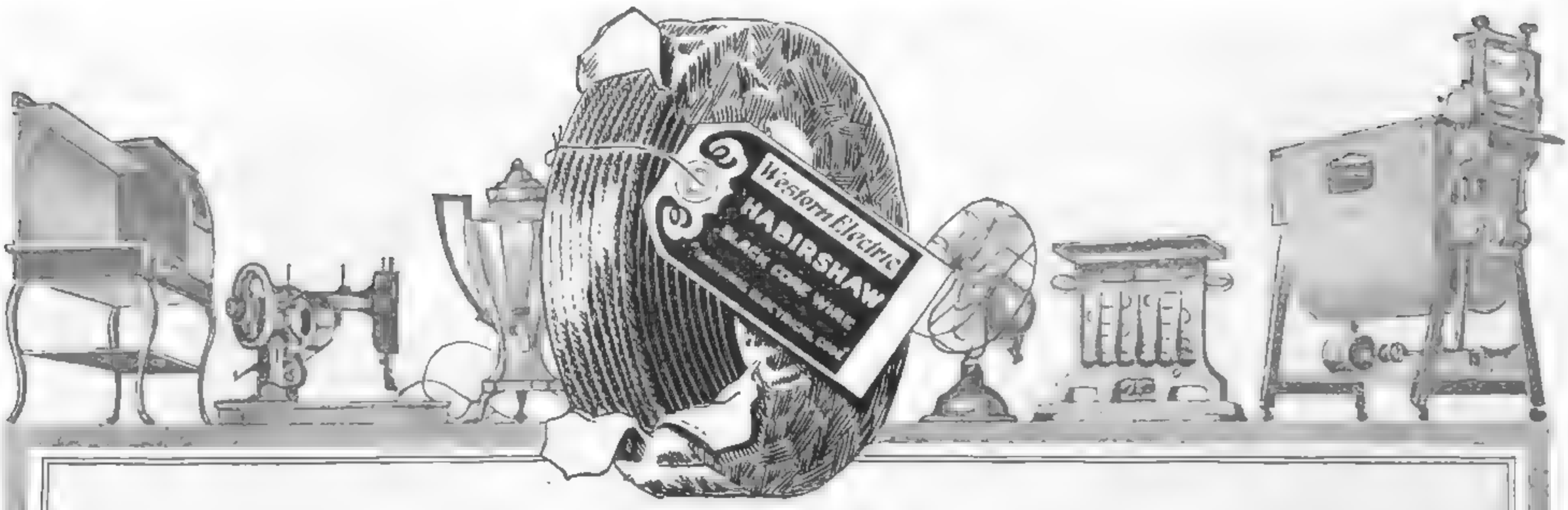

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At Southington, this week, the town is making holiday. Men who have spent most or all of their working years in the Pexto shops, working, in many cases, beside their fathers and their sons, are participating in this centennial celebration. The American spirit and the honest ideals of Southington workmen and executives are built into every Pexto tool you see, wherever you watch skilled workmen or pause at a hardware counter.

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PEXTO

TOOLS FOR USE ABOUT THE HOME AND FARM
FOR THE MECHANIC IN EVERY TRADE

(Continued from Page 124)

bidding, getting out his lavender tints and die cuts, he rendered homage. She was immense! She was handsome in a Gargantuan fashion. A superwoman!

She had been very exacting. She had come into second mourning for a husband referred to as Hon, and wanted the absolute seventh-month tinge. In her choosing she had managed to convey sundry bits about herself. That she and Lovey—the little dog—had come to stay at a private hotel. Did he think she had chosen a good place? Were the people really nice—that is for a woman all alone in the world? She had asked him a number of things in a soft, fluty little voice rather amazing in a person so large. In fact, there was a softness, a gentleness, a feminine pliability about her that, coupled with her laugh—a sad, sweet little curlicue of melody—was rather appealing.

But he had never thought—never dreamed! Not until, mounting a wall ladder to reach a box above him, he had murmured something about being "short in the stretch." The lady had fixed soft, thoughtful eyes upon him.

"Napoleon was a little man," she said gently. "My husband was a little man," she added. "I have always admired small men. 'Precious goods comes in small packages,' I say."

Llewellyn had almost stepped off the ladder—not that this was conclusive.

But she returned—to make other purchases next day with a mutual acquaintance, a local know-it-all, Mrs. Abel Pratt, who introduced them. The newcomer, he learned, was Mrs. Lulu Attleboro, a distant cousin of the Pratts. They had chatted for some time, and whenever Mrs. Lulu's blue eyes rested on him, Llewellyn shivered a little and thought of Bosco and other predatory persons.

She had dropped in after that six times in seven days. She always bought something. Ink, erasers, pencils, notebooks—you can't throw a woman into the street who exerts the privilege of purchase. But there was always a bonus of conversation, and Llewellyn believed that long before she had inventoried his stock he would have been fed to the lions, for she left him no doubt.

She was alone in the world—utterly lonely. The shock of her beloved husband's death had left her as a vine torn from its supporting tree. She knew not where to turn. She was, as she frankly admitted, "like a flower deprived of sun."

"I cannot stand alone, Mr. Case," she had said with an odd little break in her voice. "Even if I am compelled to I shall never be able to bear it."

And Llewellyn knew she meant what she said. Knew she would abet Fate, for it was only on her sixth visit that she said:

"What do you do with yourself in the evening, Mr. Case?"

The conversation had proved a snare, for after he had taken his usual after-supper migraine tablets he had put on his best suit and cravat and gone to call on Mrs. Lulu Attleboro. Just like a hypnotized bird, he thought.

She had been so prettily glad to see him. In a little upstairs flat with a purple-pink lamp. She had told him a great deal about herself—about her girlhood, illustrating with innumerable camera pictures. She had even told his fortune with a pack of cards.

"Change," she had said, "change is coming to you. You are going on a journey—oh, dear, here's a heart card! It's—why, yes, yes, it says—a wedding journey, Mr. Case. How how—interesting!"

He had tried to stop her—to tell her how delicate he was. To no avail. Hon had been a very delicate man, she said. He had, it appeared, suffered unspeakably. Fevers, operations—she went into detail. She had been Mr. Attleboro's mainstay, his rod and staff.

"I took care of him every bit myself," she said solemnly. "I have that to remember. He always said, 'Babe'—he always called me Babe—'it doesn't hurt so much when you are near.'"

Escape was cut off in that quarter. You gathered that she feared no illness on earth. She had continued anent the wedding journey. She had got out a ouija board.

"Let's see what the spirits say," she coaxed him. Llewellyn felt he would never forget that picture. The purple-pink lamp glow on her red-gold hair; her plump hands on the tripod; her round eyes lifted, expectant—the beautiful big bloominess of her—and his fingers touching hers on the tripod.

"Ask the spirits something," she suggested.

"Send me help," he yearned to say, but only stammered:

"I don't think the spirits would bother with a nobody like me."

"I'll ask for you," she reproved gently. "With whom is Llewellyn going on the wedding journey?"

The little tripod began to waddle round, came to a stop.

"L," she pronounced. "L—U!" Suddenly she jumped up in naïve confusion. "We'll spell it out some other evening, Mr. Case. But I hope it will come true for you. There's no happiness like it." Tears of earnestness sprang to her eyes, but Llewellyn was miserable. The sword of Damocles dangled above him. It was not that he did not appreciate her; that he did not admire her—quite the reverse. But he did not want to appreciate or admire her. He was perfectly comfortable as he was. And when he thought of the contrast he presented to her it was appalling. He was sensitive about a thing of that sort—to go through his life presided over by a woman so much larger than himself. They would look together like Gus Willetts with his ample Amelia, or poor John Hastings and enormous Mrs. J—— Why was the small man so often the large woman's prey?

Small wonder he stood now and enjoyed the doughboys with their picnic-ham faces. Had he been like these he would have had the strength firmly to say to Mrs. Lulu Attleboro: "Go to, I will have no further truck of this sort!"

The shop bell rang sharply and Llewellyn wheeled, his thoughts scattering like a cloud of sparrows. It was the hour for Mrs. Lulu Attleboro's daily expedition. He must face peril afresh.

But it was not Mrs. Lulu. A young lady had entered his shop. A mere trifle of a young lady—indeed the most diminutive he had ever seen. Her tiny waist seemed no bigger than a finger's span; her shoes rivaled the glass slipper. Her cheeks were a clear cold white—not the hue of ill health, but void of color. A few other details he observed—as flyaway dark hair, large blue eyes with sooty lashes, a short nose and a somewhat scornful upper lip. There was something scornful about her whole appearance; a touch of militancy amusing in one so small.

As Llewellyn came forward to serve her he realized he was a larger man than he had supposed. It was a purchase of blank books she made.

"I want them sent up to Professor Figlmasy at the Acorn Hotel. I'm his secretary."

"Professor Figlmasy!" Llewellyn had never heard of him.

"The health expert," she added then as Llewellyn looked blank. "I should think everyone had heard of him. He's been in your newspapers for weeks." She opened her bag and produced some booklets.

"He comes and stays in a place for several months and gives people his health course. Here, you can read for yourself."

The topmost picture showed Figlmasy with his satanic hair and steel chain. Llewellyn dropped it on the counter carelessly.

"Just pure bunk," he said.

"Who told you?" the young lady asked.

"Oh, I don't know a thing about this Figlmasy, but I know all about this physical culture dope, because I've tried it."

"That's prob'ly why it's bunk! You've never stuck to any one thing—to any one person's advice."

"Oh, you're paid to boost!"

"Then I earn my pay." She shook her dark head fiercely.

"I know some it couldn't help."

"If anyone has the faith to stick! It depends on that, you know. There's a right and a wrong way to live and if you don't believe it look at the war! Yet in the face of that people will make fun—just as if a person's body hasn't got fixed laws and rules, and if somebody is wise enough to set them down—but there, you laugh!"

"I'm not laughing," said Llewellyn. Indeed he hadn't laughed at all; grinned a little perhaps, because she was so little and pretty and in earnest and so militant. Indeed, he was rather startled at the connection between her speech and his earlier conclusions—her speaking of the war.

"Well, I've no patience with people making fun. Professor Figlmasy isn't what he once was. He isn't young any more, but he knows what he's doing. And when anybody, some big careless man, begins to make game, it—makes—me—boil!"

"Some big careless man!" Llewellyn's brain reeled. Something—some warm, thrilling, sweet elixir rushed through his veins. She might have been speaking of one of the doughboys outside. Did he—was it possible—that he impressed her thus? He tried to conquer his emotion.

"This—this Figlmasy's a foreigner, isn't he?" He choked a little.

"Austrian, but he was naturalized years and years ago."

"And you're an Austrian too?"

"Heavens, no! I'm mostly French. My name's O'Leary—Lucette O'Leary. My mother's father was French." She turned away, then came back. "If you don't care for the books you might know someone who would. Business," her voice grew a little wistful, "because of the war—well, the professor doesn't get as many pupils as he used to."

"I'm going to keep the books myself," Llewellyn said quickly. "I may look them over."

"Oh, will you? Oh, thank you!"

There was no militancy now. Only a swift, flashing smile, lovely as a gleam of sun out of an April cloud. Then it vanished—along with its creator.

Llewellyn came round and picked up the little books. He didn't give tuppence for Figlmasy. The Figlmasy propaganda read like any other. An invitation to lay bare one's soul, relate one's history in writing and mail to Figlmasy, the health expert, at the Acorn Hotel, thereafter to receive weekly allotments of individual exercises, which practiced "in the privacy of one's room without drugs or medicines"—"the client's name guarded as sacredly as in the confessional"—over a procession of months, weeks, should insure Apolloesque perfection desired.

Claptrap! Llewellyn was scornful and yet—— He remembered the bouncing doughboys and the Circe-baby stare of Mrs. Lulu Attleboro and certain words—"a big careless man," and perhaps most of all a small, piquant face with a scornful lip and a rare and flashing smile. At any rate, the little books went home with Llewellyn that evening—went home to be taken out, perused with cynic amusement; to be forgotten at intervals while their reader stared with absent eye at some mental envisioning, he fancied. In the end he wrote to Professor Figlmasy. I cannot tell what purpose nerved his arm exactly. Faint hope—that nascent excitement that lifts its hydra head in the health fiend on scenting a fresh nostrum; a desire to have a cynic's verdict; or perhaps some urge born of those absent reveries. At any rate, he wrote.

He took pen and paper and wrote himself out for Professor Figlmasy. It was his saga he sang, his life epic. And forgetting that it was all claptrap he put in everything he knew—he put in the medicine bottles and his father and mother and Culpepper and his constitution and not fit to fight, and when he had finished he almost burned it—but he didn't. He mailed it with a sardonic grin to the traveling health expert and two days later called by appointment at the Acorn Hotel.

The Acorn was by no means a pretentious place. The Figlmasy quarters were on the top floor and climbing thither on an asthmatic elevator Llewellyn found himself in a shabby anteroom furnished with a worn carpet, a row of oaken chairs—empty now—and a typewriter at which was seated Miss Lucette O'Leary.

She took her tiny hands from the keyboard, gave Llewellyn her April smile, then became businesslike.

"Good afternoon," said Llewellyn. "I received Professor Figlmasy's card and here I am."

"Your charts are all prepared. You will find all the necessary instructions inside the envelope. Professor Figlmasy has worked it all out carefully from his standard system. Please call in one week for the second set, with a written report of your condition on the inclosed blank. It will be five dollars."

"But I wish to see Figlmasy himself. I want to have a talk——"

"Professor Figlmasy never deals with a client personally. It is not necessary and he never expends his energy uselessly. You have had the most careful attention. It's all in the envelope."

"It's a gold brick!" scoffed Llewellyn.

"Try it!"

"I can sell myself Manila envelopes for a great deal less."

"All right, just as you please."

"Look here," said Llewellyn and he came over and stared down at the top of her fluffy dark head, "do you mean to tell me that you believe in what this chap of yours is teaching?"

"Certainly."

"Then, why," asked Llewellyn, pointing to a plate beside the typewriter, "do I find a disciple

(Continued on Page 130)

"I'll Ask for You," She Reproved Gently. "With Whom is Llewellyn Going on the Wedding Journey?"

MODEL 315

MODEL 644

Norman Rockwell

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MODEL 912

MODEL 163

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BLATO

(Continued from Page 127)

and follower of the Figlmasy hygiene system eating chocolate éclairs and salt pickles together? Does Figlmasy approve of that?"

"I didn't say I was a follower, Mr. Case. I don't need the Figlmasy myself. I'm as healthy as an ox. Besides, the motto in this office is: 'Do as we say, not as we do.'"

"I believe you," said Llewellyn cryptically.

He was referring to her declaration of health. The more he looked at her the more he believed her. He seemed to need a goodly stock of faith. In short, he looked at her so long and so closely, at her cheek's wholesome curve, her Celtic eyes, that Miss O'Leary dropped her glance, and a little silence fell between them.

In the end Llewellyn paid his five dollars and carried away his envelope—and other things as well. I cannot specify too exactly what all of these were, but not the least, strangely, was a heightened morale, a strengthened will power that seemed curiously to have been augmented by the atmosphere of the Figlmasy offices. To be exact, he realized that never in his life could he, would he, be mowed down by the sirenic sickle of Mrs. Lulu Attleboro. Desperate and remorseless his fair pursuer might be—but the situation had altered strangely in the last twenty-four hours. He no longer had the stricken basilisk sensation of the mesmerized bird, and the horrific life pictures he had drawn of himself had faded out. So already Professor Figlmasy had benefited him, and at five o'clock, when the telephone jingled and the voice of Mrs. Lulu Attleboro saluted him on the wire with the expressed desire to speak to Mr. Case, Llewellyn had progressed far enough to be able to say firmly—in a false though confident tone:

"Mr. Case is not here. I am sorry—I do not know where he is."

His thumbs prickled a bit, he perspired a trifle as he hung up—just as of yore—then he remembered the Manila envelope in his breast pocket and relaxed. He thought of Professor Figlmasy and of other things. Indeed, he suddenly realized that that envelope was a sort of a buckler, a talisman or amulet—it was a link between him and what opened for him a new and most interesting vista.

He opened the envelope after supper. After his soft-boiled egg and malted milk and Zwieback and migraine tablets he broke the seal and perused the contents.

No, sir, or madam, I am not going to let you read it with him. You have had your tongue in your cheek all this time. Besides, I have no right to reveal Figlmasy's trade secrets. They were very simple secrets, so simple as to be usurious at five dollars a set. Health, like heaven, should be given away for the asking—is given. But Professor Figlmasy was astute enough to know that we value only what we pay for. Therefore he boxed up the fundamentals of pure common sense in mysterious Manila and got away with it. It was cleanliness, sanitation, ancient Sparta, deep breathing, cold water, joy, temperance and repose and the army setting-up exercises in one—so simple you and I could have written it all ourselves. So simple we have read it a dozen times—and so had Llewellyn—and passed it by.

I shall not even tell you at what point the professor began his instructions. Whether he bade Llewellyn take a cold salt rub every morning or drink a glass of water before each meal; whether he bade him throw his migraine tablets out of the window, cut down on red meat or eat freely of fresh fruits and vegetables; whether he started him off on a set schedule of rest hours or turned him loose on Exercise One: "Advance the right foot six inches and, rising slowly on the balls of both feet, arms outstretched, inhale slowly until the lungs are expanded, counting to ten."

I cannot help it if you say "fudge," as Llewellyn actually did. Neither one of you seems to realize the dynamic power of this Manila envelope or the procreant quality it will possess. For Llewellyn had stumbled on the key to a new existence—a scheme of things that was to rebuild his life, to teach him new faith, new hope, new confidence in himself. All this from a mere series of paper envelopes handed out, if you please, by a small party with a scornful lip and an April smile.

Oh, I know what you are going to say! You are going to say that if Llewellyn Case is metamorphosed it won't be done by Professor Figlmasy at all. It will be the handiwork of the Greatest Doctor in the World—old Doctor Amor, in short. Well, if you insist, let it go at that; let it go at that.

Indeed, you may be right. For when he had finished reading Llewellyn went and stared long and earnestly into his dressing glass. What he saw did not greatly encourage—and yet—— I have been cruel to Llewellyn. I have dwelt upon his worst points and said nothing whatever of a finely shaped head and brow, really beautiful dark gray eyes, a good nose, a rather whimsical mouth, the more characterful and expressive because of the struggles he had endured. He was not a rugged-looking man, but he was by no means an ugly man. With the aura of health upon him he would have given the feminine eye distinct pause in spite of short stature.

Perhaps he realized this. Perhaps after long years hope stirred. He turned away and stood staring out into the night. And he resolved passionately that, sink or swim, survive or perish, he would give this Figlmasy bunk an absolutely fair trial.

IV

NOW Llewellyn took unto himself a new slogan: New bodies for old, and in the interest of the same pursued with passionate fidelity the treatment required. He deep-breathed, he exercised, he relaxed, he ate simply, he consecrated himself, in short, to the Figlmasy ideal. There was never more zealous disciple.

On the third day a point occurred to him that required elucidation, and he went round to the Acorn Hotel to get information from Professor Figlmasy. There were no other callers, but it was impossible for him to see the professor, Miss O'Leary told him. The professor had stepped out. If he would leave his request in writing the professor would send him a line—to which Llewellyn agreed. But it could not have been a very baffling point, for though he sat down and chatted some fifteen or twenty minutes he left without referring to it again. There was no doubt that he was already somewhat better—his frame of mind chiefly. Indeed, Professor Figlmasy had pointed out that this would be one of the earliest points of improvement—that a faithful adherence to a simple, practical routine frees the blood of toxins and the mind of all manner of evil depressions. Certainly Llewellyn felt strangely better, even after three days, the converse of depressed; an elation rather that was both delightful and disarming. It was not that his appetite had improved. In fact, he was scarcely aware of his food. It was not that his sleep had improved—but he no longer objected to lying awake. He no longer played bellwether, escorting his nightly flock of sheep over a stone wall, or listened to the rhythm of his heart. Small events, even the material commonplaces of his environment, took on new and delightful significance. In fact, Llewellyn felt it was rather good just to be alive—just why he could not have told exactly.

Not that victory over his older self, the conquest of firmer powers of mind and body, came smoothly. There were setbacks. Mrs. Lulu Attleboro continued her daily purchases. She called him on the telephone. She still invaded him with a curious terror. When she invited him a second time to call he obeyed her behest.

He climbed to her little bower and sat in the dulcet glow of the purple-pink lamp, torn by mixed emotion and forebodings. He bore with her occult tamperings, her infernal levying of assistance most unsporting—on the merciless powers of her spirit friend, ouija. Between them they played a strong hand. Indeed, they might readily down a man relaxed and unbefriended. And yet there was a new—if vague—strength and power to resist in Llewellyn. When at the close of the evening Mrs. Lulu laid her hand with a pretty, insinuating gesture on his arm and mentioned her loneliness, her passion for harmless entertainment, and—specifically—a wonderful new serial about to unfold—Katrina Van Zandt, the operatic star, in eighteen reels of Her Double Love—he was able to say thickly:

"I'm so sorry. I have already made plans—an old friend—er ——"

"Oh, you've promised someone?" Mrs. Lulu's small mouth dropped. "Is it a—lady friend?"

"A lady friend!" lied Llewellyn.

He escaped, wiping a moist forehead. A lady friend! If he only had one! And how did one go about getting one? Unless he made his evasion a reality he might still be unmasked. He thought of all the candidates he knew for such a position and he realized his plight. There was, he realized, no one.

In his perplexity it was perhaps only natural that he should put his dilemma up to Professor Figlmasy. It occurred at his third visit, on his purchase of the second Manila envelope. Professor Figlmasy was taking a rest, but Miss O'Leary received him. There were—as before—no other clients, and he observed that Miss O'Leary had just touched off a light repast of caramels and pimento sandwiches. Just now she was engaged in sewing some filmy pinky stuff against which her hands showed, he thought, like stars o' Bethlehem.

"You don't seem awfully busy up here," he suggested.

Miss O'Leary sighed.

"No—we haven't got many clients." She struggled a moment, then burst out truthfully: "You're the only one."

"Dear me, that's too bad!"

"I'm so sorry—for the professor. He's disappointed. He's getting old and—and takes things hard. And to have people slight him when he's doing such wonderful work!"

"It is wonderful."

"I knew you'd see it. You look better already, Mr. Case. Sort of—well, lighted up, and if you just keep it up ——"

"I intend to," said Llewellyn passionately.

He took a chair and fell to talking. Among other things he mentioned was himself—once more he narrated his saga. This time as a man does only to a woman—a sympathetic woman.

In exchange he learned a number of things concerning Miss O'Leary. That she had a widowed mother up state and two brothers to whom she sent a part of her pay envelope every week. That she had supported herself since she was eighteen; that she read a great deal out of the public libraries, lived much to herself, economized, yearned toward all normal girlish things and had high ideals—the kind you spell with a capital.

"I suppose," Llewellyn ventured, "your ideals are too high to include the movies."

It would depend, Miss O'Leary told him.

"Katrina Van Zandt?"

Her face lighted.

"There's a fine new serial coming—Her Double Love. Every Thursday—if you care about it."

There was a queer hammering in his ears; he reddened at his own absurdity. But Miss O'Leary curled her lip.

"Love!" she cried. "They always play love stories. And I don't take any stock in it at all. I ought to know. This is my wedding waist."

She lifted the fluff of Georgette she held.

"Your what?" asked Llewellyn in a stricken voice.

"My wedding waist. Oh, I've got the whole outfit! Suit, hat, slippers—even the white gloves." Her voice crisped sardonically.

I cannot describe Llewellyn's condition. All the handiwork of the past week, all the wondrous benefits conferred by Figlmasy dwindled to nothing. There was only a blasted, crumpled residue in his chair as he asked:

"You—you are going to be married?"

"Was going to be married," she corrected.

"I—don't understand."

"He—the other party—sacked me." She had struggled a moment, as though the truth cut its way out. She was, he believed, the most poignantly truthful girl he had ever met. "He got cold feet—that's putting it in French—French as I am ——" She bent her head a moment, dabbed one eye fiercely with the Georgette. Llewellyn sat speechless.

"It was last year—last spring," said Miss O'Leary savagely. "Spring is the very dickens. It served me right. I—I didn't care so much—not so much as I should have—that's the truth. But he seemed so fond of me and I was tired. And spring! And he offered to help a lot with mother and the boys—and so I bought the things. This—and the white gloves. But—well, he thought later I had too many ties. I couldn't kill 'em, could I? Not that I cared so much for him, but there's pride." She bent away from him elaborately.

"And you think all—all men are like that?" choked Llewellyn.

"Oh, I thank heaven now that it happened! It'd been a mess! But at the time—oh, love—a man's love—there's no such thing!"

"Look here," said Llewellyn, breathing rapidly, "you've got to change your ideas. It wouldn't happen that way once in a thousand years. Men—a man can love, you know—some men, that is."

She lifted her eyes and gave him a long, considering look.

"Yes," she said, "perhaps some men might. Perhaps the kind you are."

A little silence fell, then he asked her quite simply to see Katrina Van Zandt with him, and on the following evening they went.

I shall not describe the picture to you. I shall only tell you what happened to Llewellyn in Reel Two. It is the part, if you have seen it, where Katrina, aged thirty-eight, impersonates Lily Swan, eighteen, the simple child of Nature. There are blossoming apple trees and white ducklings, which—in spite of a lifelong acquaintance with poultry—Lily kisses one by one with abandoned fervor. There is a speckled sunbonnet, and a real cow which she inwreathes with loving arms—you can judge of the black villainy to figure in subsequent reels by the idyllic simplicity of these snow-white symbols—and there is a plain-but-honest lover and a sunset and a shy good-night kiss by a rustic gate, while flower petals sift down. It is so good and tender that every *mouchoir* in the house is out. There is a sniffing and ahing and other reactions. Of these last was Llewellyn's. For just as Lily Swan is kissed by her true love—they will be separated for seventeen reels—he found himself strongly clasping a small, warm human hand, holding it very tightly. He was not conscious of having seized it or of its being offered. It had apparently flowed into his, and it brought with it a sense of mingled rapture and peace like nothing he had ever known.

It left him so bemused, in fact, that later, having refreshed and escorted his lady home, he took a circuitous route to his own residence, wandering for some time over dim, dreaming streets, his mind apparently on strange, irrelevant trails. For once, taking off his hat, he remarked to the moon: "I'll do it—I will! I'm going to kiss her! I will!"

A perfect gentleman, he named no names. Yet I can vouch for the fact that he was not referring to Mrs. Lulu Attleboro.

No, the trumpet of Fate had blown the mort for Mrs. Lulu Attleboro. She still beckoned and pursued, but Llewellyn had lost his fears. He served her politely in his shop. He even went and basked a few additional times in her little parlor. But he did it with a daily growing sense of detachment, of almost sardonic analysis of her qualities. He waxed cool, judicial—he even baited ouija with a disrespectful levity. And when one evening Mrs. Lulu would have pressed him close—offered to take even temporary hen on his future—he dispossessed her of all claim once and forever.

"I am sorry—my engagements. I'm kept pretty busy. I'm going out of town for a while and after"—he cleared his throat—"I expect to be married—presently."

"To be married!"

He nodded.

"Do you remember you foretold it for me—you and ouija," he reminded gently. "You even gave me the initial letter—the letter L." He looked at her with gentle approval.

There was a pregnant pause.

"You did not admit it then. You—it must have been a very great secret," she snapped.

"It is—even yet. A—er—very confidential."

It was so confidential indeed that Llewellyn blushed a deep and villainous red, and later, bidding the widow an eternal farewell, he looked into the distant stars with a sick apprehension.

It was a madness, an absurdity for a man of his past, his limitations! Because a young lady smiled on him, devoured his candy and sodas, accompanied him to small festivities—well, yes, once or twice in moments of stress loaned him the use of her little hand—he must needs take these as signs when they probably meant nothing at all. She might be merely sisterly. She liked him certainly, but it might be merely his forlornness, his inadequacy. She might—oh, scorching thought!—merely pity him. She was interested in him, but it might be purely as a Figlmasy protégé.

Thus Llewellyn—in moments of abasement. The little man blew hot and cold in anguish. One moment he was a sort of human scarecrow for whom nothing could

(Concluded on Page 133)

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WRIGLEYS DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM — PEPPERMINT FLAVOR

"After Every Meal"

SEALED TIGHT
KEPT RIGHT

The Flavor Lasts.

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(Concluded from Page 130)

be expected; at others Adam triumphed, remembering Miss O'Leary's tenderness, her sweetness and interest.

Four times he had called for new envelopes at the Figlmasy office, finding Professor Figlmasy as elusive as ever, receiving his charts from Miss O'Leary. He saw much of her at other times. He had long ago realized his condition. He was in love—infernally, shamefully in love. He bore the image of Miss Lucette O'Leary with him at all times now. Oh, no, he had not yet kissed Miss O'Leary! Promises made to the moon are not binding. Yet he had thought about it considerably. And one April Sunday when they had taken a walk into the country together he almost did it.

There were bluebirds about, and they found a patch of hepaticas on a sunny slope and Miss O'Leary took off her hat. And the sun lit the moist redness of her lips, the clear depths of her eyes. They were in a still grove of young oaks and Llewellyn's heart began to miss. He looked at those red lips and advanced a step—two steps.

"I—you ——" he began, and Miss O'Leary smiled at him with frank admiration in her eyes and said innocently, inadvertently:

"Oh, you're looking so well, Mr. Case! You wouldn't believe it! I've noticed all day—you're getting so strong."

But Llewellyn stopped in his track, a deadly hand on him. He had forgotten. All the old inhibitions—Culpepper, his parents, the medicine bottles—rushed upon him. He was only an effigy. He clenched his hands tightly, turning away.

"What's the matter?" Miss O'Leary asked. Her voice sounded hurt. "Have I—did I—did I displease you, Mr. Case?"

Llewellyn swallowed hard.

"Not at all," he said miserably. "I just happened to remember something. What fine hepaticas those are over there. Yes, it's true—quite true, your Figlmasy stuff has helped me." He spoke in a loud, confident voice, then added coldly:

"Though sometimes I don't believe there is a Professor Figlmasy."

"You mustn't say that when he's helping you so much."

He cursed himself for his omission when he got home. Why had he not? And then again why should he? He threshed it all out over again, and I must confess right here that Llewellyn lived for a matter of many weeks the utter prey of alternate hope and doubt.

In the meantime he was growing very much better. The elixir of vague hope, his secret passion, perhaps the Figlmasy charts, had wrought strange alteration. People began to speak of his improved weight and color and carriage. There was a new jauntiness to his heels, brighter color to his cravats. And several times on warm, sunny days he found himself laughing aloud at local witticisms—he who had never been addicted to laughing.

He was well contented with the fruits of his last month's labors—content to go on indefinitely. How could he know that the professor's own ruthless hand would break the alliance? Yet it so befell.

For on opening his seventh envelope he read:

"*My Friend:* We have reached a point where I can do no more for you. The rest lies with yourself. It rests with you to go on and build upon the foundation we have created, the edifice of a vigorous and abiding health. You have had much illness and survived. You have, therefore, a fund of resistance beyond the accomplishment of ordinary man. Live simply, hygienically the rest of your life and fill my concluding prescription. The goal you seek will be yours."

The concluding prescription was a poser: To go into the country and live close to Mother Nature for a season; to work with his hands at menial tasks, helping to conquer the soil! To work until his muscles ached and tugged under new and unwonted strains. To breathe only pure air, eat coarse, simple food. The Adamic again, you see.

Llewellyn had never lived in the country and in perturbation he consulted Miss O'Leary. It was, he found, a quite usual piece of advice from the professor.

"And in my place—you would do it?" asked Llewellyn.

"I would!" said Miss O'Leary firmly.

"And if I did—could you, would you—write to me?"

"I would!" said Miss O'Leary firmly.

"Then," said Llewellyn, "I think I'll do it. Of course if I go it's going to break up Her Double Love and Katrina Van Zandt."

"We will do them when you come back," said Miss O'Leary.

"We will do other things as well—when I come back," he promised fervently, and a strange color sprang to the girl's cheek. But Llewellyn vowed it anew as his train pulled out two days later. It sang itself into his mind with the rhythm of the wheels.

"If I come back a man! If I—come—back—a man!"

V

SHALL we go with Llewellyn while he accomplishes the last stage in his wonderful progression?

To a low white farmstead set in a dimple on a deep curving hillside, where a brook washed its eternal lace over smooth brown stones and gossiped somnolently; where peepers held high carnival on warm evenings; where alder and willow tossed their green tassels; where a silver pie-plate moon came up each evening and stared out one's countenance; where orioles and thrushes nested in bearded elms; where growing greens sent out their heavenly olfactory solace. Shall we roll up our sleeves and don overalls with our little man and tell how he went back to Nature? The words will cover much!

They will screen those first daily hours when his body ached and groaned; when his feet burned holes in the ground; when the odors of browning potatoes and bacon rasher raised a deadly faintness in him. Hours when he gave up frankly, sinking into a coma of dejection, of utter lassitude and distaste; when hope lay moribund and his old depression rose. Perhaps he could not have fought it through but for the picture of a vivid, interested little face he carried with him, the memory of a certain little hand.

"Lord, let me be a man!" prayed the soul of Llewellyn. "Let me come into my inheritance!"

And in the end the Lord heard him. It was on his tenth morning, while wiping his hot face above a stent of late spring plowing. He looked up then and saw the sun shoot out pinky gold through a lavender wash in the east. A lark burst into song from a stone wall near by and something deep in the soul of Llewellyn thrilled in answer. He forgot his aching muscles; warm filaments of energy uncurled in him; a sense of power—the power to do; of well being, of capacity, of peculiar rapport with his surroundings. It streamed from an invisible and warming source. He seized his plow handles valiantly and—*laborare est orare*—gave thanks to his God by sending the steel, deep-cloven, into the rubbled earth.

It is not easy to remake a man, yet Llewellyn set himself doughtily, patiently to it. He cultivated his body in good earnest, as the careful husbandman works a doubtful quarter of land, and in the end it bore fruits. At first it responded only to his minute and painstaking instructions, but after a little Nature took the matter out of his hands.

There were milestones. There was the day he ate his first fried egg for supper; there was the day he ate six. There was the day he took the south brook in three cautious jumps; there was the day he took it easily in one. There was the morning he handed himself, painfully wheezing, over the barn gate; there came a time when he took it clear in a running high jump.

The sun kissed and baked him pottery brown. The winds tickled and teased him into contempt for the ordinary micrococci of life.

One Saturday afternoon he went up on the hillside to think it all over. The end, he felt, was at hand. He had just split his best shirt down the back and his collar was choking him to death. Summer was almost here. The velvet down of spring had waxed and warmed to the fluttering fulfillment of summer foliage. The hush of an agricultural peace was in the land; but stirring purpose rather than peace bloomed in Llewellyn's heart. He was finished. The memory of the split shirt, of his manual prowess, spoke. He must go back—back to Lucette O'Leary.

They had written to each other punctiliously, with an undercurrent of understanding. "Dear friend," they had named each other; but they were tacitly much more than friends and Llewellyn, looking down at his bronzed, health-flushed hands—hands that spoke eloquently of the three B's—smiled suddenly. He had had no letter from Lucette in five days. Well, he would not write. He would go to her; show her what time and patience had accomplished. In the end, together they would come back for a time to this green spot, to simplicity and happiness and a new life.

He got up springily, moving lightly down the hillside, and at the foot, it happened—just where the meadow curved southward under a clump of young buttonwoods—a man lay sleeping with his hat over his face; a derelict knight o' the road in a position of sprawled ease that strangely irritated Llewellyn. There were other ways of passing, but in his irritation he brooked but one.

"Get up!" he said sternly. "What are you lying in my way for?" And he applied the toe of his shoe to the stranger's battered headgear.

The tramp sat up then with a sleepy growl, stared blinking at Llewellyn.

"I wanted you to get out of my way," said Llewellyn jauntily.

There was an incoherent growl, a purplish rush to the other's face.

"'Tain't none o' your dam' business where I lies," he gurgled. "For two cents I'd knock yer block off—I've done it before now ——"

"Knock it off then," urged Llewellyn coldly, "but don't go to sleep in my path."

"You know who I am?" asked the other. He had gotten to his feet, a tattered, powerful scarecrow figure, a grizzled man rising fifty. "I be'n in the prize fights, I have; I be'n in p'fessional boxin', more'n ten year ago—'fore I hit the booze. Many's the dirty little welter I've cleaned up—youse' better quit pickin' on me."

"Prize fights! Why, I was raised in the prize fights," cried Llewellyn hungrily.

I cannot tell you the sensation that surged through him. The realization of his new powers, the memory of long years of fealty to the fistic art. Of those vicarious battles he had waged; of the nice feints and lunges he had practiced, whose memory rose in him. If he was a man here was the chance to prove it.

"Get out of my way," he roared, "or I'll kick you out!"

Oh, it was an uneven battle, a grotesque, ill-matched affair, if you will, in point of age, in point of weight, in point of condition. Barleycorn had wrought deadly havoc in the seedy stranger. Yet there was an instinctive mustering of forces, an automatic response to early training. Llewellyn had not this, only memory, observation; but the lust of battle sang in his veins. It seemed to him that an invisible gallery watched and sustained him; that his old frail self sat looking on, amazed at this incredible metamorphosis. Ghostly counselors strained and yearned over him:

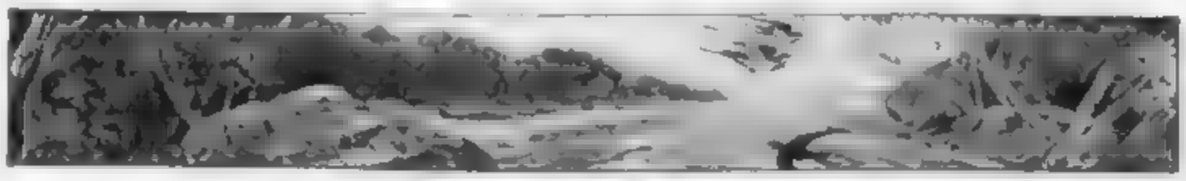
"Wow attaboy!"

"Sock it to him!"

The air reverberated with imaginary heartenings. Blows fell upon his body like winnowed chaff; he bent and strained and gasped. He called upon all the strength he possessed; his arms became like steel pistons, his back was bolted iron; he assumed the dancing agility of a faun.

He was, in effect, the Alabama Chicken and all of those other boxing loves he had served. And in the end he did his deadly deed. What would you? He is my hero.

There was panting and straining of heart and muscle, but invincible purpose armed Llewellyn, and in the end he smote his alcoholic adversary to earth. Down into a patch of flowering wild mustard he toppled him—stood over him counting in breathless, shaken voice. I think he even heard a ghostly gong sound. Perhaps they pressed about him, those heartening, invisible supporters. Certainly a deep content bloomed in his soul. His one eye had closed, a purple welt adorned his jaw; his too-tight collar had burst its moorings; but his adversary lay passive, moaning stertorously.



Without even a backward glance Llewellyn struck out for the farmhouse. He was truly newborn. He had thrashed his man and was on his way to wed his woman. As he went an old doggerel rose to his lips. He sang it with passionate abandon:

"Ham and eggs! Ham and eggs!
Get out o' my way or I'll cut off your legs!"

Late that afternoon Llewellyn approached the Acorn Hotel, and taking the wheezing lift mounted to the Figlmasy offices. The outer office was empty, but a partly open door gave ingress to the inner lair of the elusive Figlmasy.

Llewellyn passed through the doorway. There was a single occupant, a man seated at a disordered desk, a large, flabby, dropsical old man with heavy, pouched eyes and a thinning fringe of silvery hair descending on his shoulders. He was in the act of pouring some brown liquid from a flask into a small glass. Llewellyn noticed the presence of bottles on the desk; his connoisseur's eye appraised old acquaintances: patent nostrums, elixirs, tonics, bitters, compounds. A bottle of soda mints jostled a phial marked migraine; another with dyspepsia tablets vied with a well-known liver pill. The room seemed suddenly filled with a pregnant, accusing silence, and struggling to shake off his horror Llewellyn said faintly:

"Where is Professor Figlmasy?"

But the hideous truth would out. The dropsical man had finished his pouring. He rose heavily, confronting Llewellyn with a failing remnant of dignity:

"I am Professor Figlmasy."

"You!" The shock reverberated through Llewellyn's dizzy brain. "Then," he laughed suddenly, "I was right all the time. You are a fake."

"Have I harmed you?"

Llewellyn started. He remembered the new iron in his veins, his brownness, his vigor, his strange renaissance to health.

"No," he said, "you've played square with me. Your dope is all right. But you—look at yourself."

The old man reseated himself, picked up his little flask, stared at it.

"The motto in this office is, 'Do as we say, not as we do.'" He cleared his throat with a heavy, rumbling sigh. "After all it is never easy to practice what we preach. Had I followed my own teaching I would be a different man. Why, in my youth—— But it is not easy," he sighed again, drumming with tremulous fingers on the desk. "After all it does not matter much. I am an old man and my game is played out. People know how to take care of themselves—the army—prohibition"—he made a vague gesture—"they steal one's thunder. These have been lean months. But it is over. I am finished. I—I have a competence, a little comfort cached away." He turned over the flask again. "I am an old man; an old man must be indulged, must have his dreams. You have come in time, sir, to see the last of Figlmasy, the health expert. To-morrow these rooms will be vacant and I shall be—I shall be ——"

"But Miss O'Leary?" Llewellyn cried. "I came to find her. Where is she?"

The old man made another vague gesture.

"A new place—each generation looks out for itself. A good child, but I do not need her."

There was a sound in the hallway beyond and Llewellyn turned furiously back to the other room. Its bareness frightened him—the shabby, empty chairs, the empty typewriter table. Then the outer door opened and the little secretary came in. She looked so small and tired and white of face that his heart smote him. Her eyes looked pink, her arms were filled with odd volumes, her mouth twisted as she tried to give him a conventional smile.

"Oh," she said obviously, staring at him, "so you came back?"

"Why, yes!" said Llewellyn. "Why, yes!" His voice grew firmer, louder.

Then suddenly he walked over to the girl and took her shoulders in both hands; took her shoulders in his hands and shook her. Shook her savagely, lovingly, dominantly, like the arrogant male brute he was.

"Didn't you know I'd come back? Of course you knew." He gave her another shake. "And what are you going to answer me—yes or no. Tell me, Lucette."

But a wave of decorous pink swept the girl's face and her voice trembled:

"But, you know why, you haven't asked me—anything yet Llewellyn."

"Oh, well," said Llewellyn, "then I will."

And he did.

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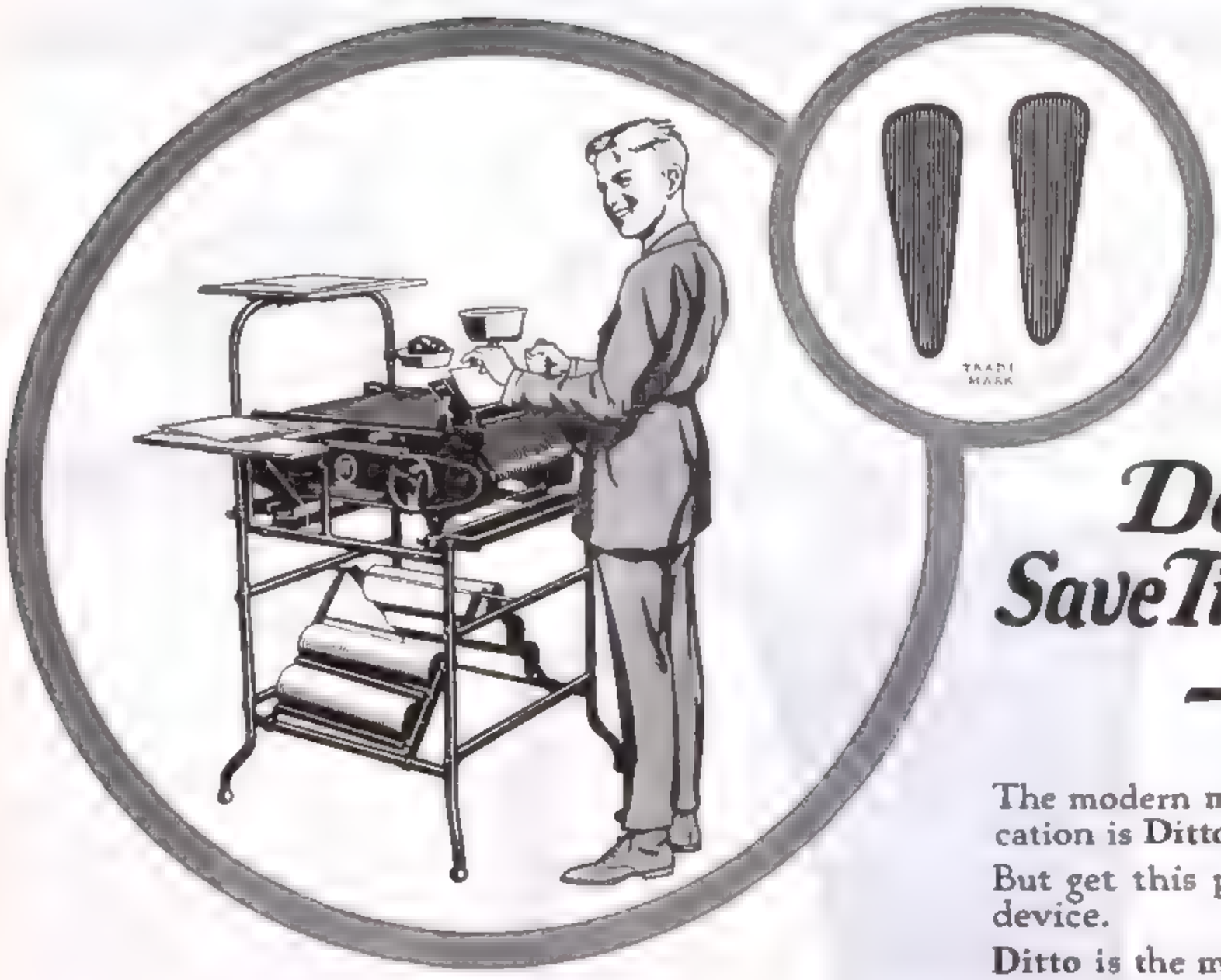

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TRIMMED WITH RED

(Continued from Page 23)

"Servants?" It was as though Carmen had never before heard the word. "What's the matter with them?"

"They seem to have lost their minds. Thompson quit right in the midst of hooking my gown and didn't come back. William is making a frightful noise dumping the baggage into the corridor. The maids seem to be gathered up and down the back stairs just as if the house was on fire."

"Impertinence!" snapped Aunt Carmen. "What's come over them? They seem to have utterly forgotten their places lately."

Aunt Carmen turned to Emily as if for justification. The look she gave made the girl nervous with a fear that the sharp old eyes were boring through her veil, ferreting out her identity.

"Corporal Zinfandel ——"

"El-Zelim," corrected Rosamonde in a hushed voice.

"I'm sorry. Corporal El-Zelim, have you noticed anything?"

"Your America custom is so deefernt from us," Emily prattled on. "In Turkeesh harem ——"

"This isn't any Turkish harem yet," Aunt Carmen cut in impatiently. "But I should like to know what's come over my servants."

It was Owley who loomed into the presence to answer the question.

"Mrs. White asks to see you, madam, if it is perfectly convenient."

"Ah! My housekeeper sends for me! Tell her to come here at once."

"She does not wish to come to you, madam," Owley went on; then as this sacrilege seemed to call for explanation: "She's in the service dining room and in a state of mind, madam."

"Has the world turned upside down?" asked the tyrant of Plainview.

"Quite probably, madam."

"Speak when you're spoken to," she croaked, "and send Mrs. White to me at once."

"Yes, madam. And shall I send in the others also?"

"What others?"

"The other servants, madam."

"Who ever said anything about any other servants?" Mrs. Shallope fairly shrieked, whereupon Owley backed away, as he should before royalty.

"Nev' Mind Undo My Theengs. I Do So for Me"

She had scarce time to mutter an imprecation against all created housemaids, chambermaids, cooks, footmen and chore boys than a severe, stout, elderly female, whose form-fitting costume of black was accentuated by a mourning veil and large jet earrings, came striding in at the head of a mutiny. Two score individuals, male and female, came attired as for a journey, and to further heighten the illusion of travel each carried a hand bag, an umbrella and a package.

"Mrs. White," said Mrs. Shallope to the black-clad spokeslady, "what is the meaning of this?"

"What is the meaning of that all over the house?" suggested Mrs. White, pursing her rather hard lips.

"Whatever you do, please remember your place."

"I do, Mrs. Shallope, and so do we all." There came a choral nod from the crew of mutineers. "All over the house, Mrs. Shallope! I've been in service for twenty-six years, Mrs. Shallope, and I thought I knew every sort of house party there was. And I've seen some stem-winders! But these ladies and gentlemen in your employ have been raised in respectable homes, Mrs. Shallope, and not while I have them under my care shall they be permitted to entertain these—these Anchorists."

Mrs. White had employed her own word, but it was reasonable to guess that she was referring to anarchists. "Whomever I choose to entertain as my guests," decreed the czarina, assuming a hauteur she could not feel, "are not to be questioned by my servants."

"Question 'em!" snorted Mrs. White. "What's the good of that? They'd answer you in Chinese or Eyetalian if you did. But never such a sight have I seen before in our class of society, Mrs. Shallope. I've seen drunken gentlemen come to house parties—yes, and quite right that they should misbehave according to their station in the world. But do you know what these—these Anchorists are doing, doing all at once?"

"I have no intention of spying on my guests."

"William"—this to a blank-faced young footman who had not uttered two words before during his term in this house—"tell Mrs. Shallope what you saw with your own eyes."

"The Russian gentleman," quoth William in the stiff tones of one unaccustomed to speech, "was a-laying on the silk coverlid with his boots on. The dark gentleman with the hair—him with the teeth, madam—was found emptying the contents of his traveling bag in the bathtub. When I sought to remonstrate he drew a weapon."

"What sort of a weapon?" shrilled Aunt Carmen, forgetting her resolution to be calm.

"I did not remain to see."

"And, Mary"—Mrs. White turned to an auburn-haired beauty identified as a chambermaid—"what did you see?"

"Wan of thim—be the clothes it wore it was aither a lady or a gintleman—was a-markin' all the bedroom doors with red chalk.

"And when I told three of thim to come on out o' there they cursed out in Roosian, maybe, an' continued climbin' onto the roof."

"Onto the roof!"

"You can well see, Mrs. Shallope," said Mrs. White, taking up the solo to her choral arrangement, "why we no longer care to remain in your employ. There is a train leaving Plainview at five-forty-six."

"Do you mean to say," growled Aunt Carmen, her eyes staring out of her head, her Ray temper coming to the aid of distraction, "that you will quit me—leave me in the lurch with a house party on my hands?"

"We didn't make the lurch," declared Mrs. White. Emily praised Allah for her veil; she never hoped to see the moment when Aunt Carmen's slaves would turn upon her like this.

"And if you go you'll get no character from me," pursued Mrs. Shallope, dying game.

"Yes, we will," announced Mrs. White, who like everybody else who had suffered long in silence under Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope was inclined to brutality at the hour of reckoning; "because if you don't give us a good one we'll tell it all over that you're turning your house into an Anchorists' nest."

"Go!" cried Aunt Carmen.

"We're a-going fast enough," said Mrs. White, "and we'll have our money now."

"You will not," snapped Aunt Carmen, "unless you finish your month."

"Then," announced Mrs. White, "my lawyer will take action. How about cars to take us to the train?"

"I forbid my chauffeurs to stir an inch."

"We'll walk and good riddance," decided Mrs. White as she carried out her threat, followed by the general strike.

Aunt Carmen rushed after them with such haste as to all but brain poor old Owley, who had been listening at the edge of a portiere.

"Why didn't you tell me of this?" she asked, frenzied for a victim.

"I was under the impression ——"

"There are too many people under an impression nowadays," she cut him short. "How in the world are we going to serve twenty people with no servants?"

"Self-'elp, madam, is the key to communism."

"Faugh! What is a butler supposed to know about communism? Are you going to leave me in the lurch too?"

"Quite to the contrary, madam. I shall stay with the Comrades, if you don't mind."

And Mrs. Shallope hurried away to join her guests who, much to her relief, were now coming down the stairs in comparatively good order.

XIII

IT WAS an hour after midnight, twenty-one minutes after one, to be exact; the time seemed scorched on Emily Ray's memory in the horror of that moment when Aunt Carmen had whispered "Take me away!" and the temporary Turk had collected her wits sufficiently to hustle three frightened women through a small door under the stairs, along the passage lined with faun-head pilasters until they had come face to face with the silly gilt clock ticking merrily in its niche. Emily Ray was

(Continued on Page 141)

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For clothes of character—call on your Kahn dealer. If you do not know him, write for his name—and the Kahn book of styles.

The Kind of Clothes Gentlemen Wear
KAHN MADE TO MEASURE CLOTHES

THE GREAT KAHN TAILORING SHOPS AT INDIANAPOLIS

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(Continued from Page 137)

the only one to keep her head; Rosamonde and Mrs. Finnessey were sobbing comfortably, their arms entwined; Aunt Carmen's elaborate coiffure was coming down, gray locks dangling until she looked like an escaping witch.

Lucky for Emily that she knew every inch of labyrinth in the complicated Shallope house. From past experience she knew that the Italian corridor led into the old wing of the house, and as she conducted her fiery relative, spitting imprecations, she prayed fervently that they might reach a point of safety ere the Sons and Daughters of Progress realized the manner of their flight.

"Did you hear what they were saying?" hissed the old woman, beside herself.

"Try to be still," suggested Emily, forgetting her Turkish accent. "We'd better take the stairway this side."

Her only thought now was to get them to the Fort, that oak-bound garret in the old frame house where revolutionary Shallopes, according to the myth, had once defied the British mercenaries.

Violent scraps of disjointed oratory echoed distantly to the ears of the four escaping women; drunken snatches of the Internationale, sung in a variety of dialects; such words as "general strike," "slaughter," "love," "referendum," "state control," "national economy"; an occasional leonine bellow from the lungs of Comrade Alfonzo—these and other infernal sounds were carried indistinctly from the great hall to the comparative safety of the corridor. Mrs. Finnessey, who had collapsed now and had to be half carried in the arms of Emily—still in the rôle of Corporal El-Zelim and well tired of it—sobbed occasionally and moaned: "You shouldn't have given them vodka." Aunt Carmen and Rosamonde were clinging together, but the unchastened dowager had sufficient strength to snap "Shut up!" as she unlocked a little oak door and dragged the other three of them after her.

"The stairs through the linen room will take you to the Fort," suggested Corporal El-Zelim, again forgetting that she was not Emily Warren.

"How do you know?" asked Aunt Carmen, stopping suspiciously.

"You say so, sweet leddy," protested El-Zelim, hustling back into her broken English.

"Oh, so I did."

She had said nothing of the kind, but in the agitation of the hour she was far from being responsible for her statements.

So it was through the mazes of the linen room that the gentle refugees went scuttling, bumping elbows here and there in the darkness, for they were afraid to turn on the lights. Emily, who was by far the coolest of the little band, thought she could hear the humming of male voices in the rear. It turned out to be wind whistling through a ventilation pipe. A romantic clicking of bolts and creaking of hinges announced that Aunt Carmen had at last found the oaken door to the Fort.

She clicked on a modern electric bulb which, hanging from a rough beam, cast weird shadows over dusty trunks and discarded articles of Shallope furniture. Secondhand garments, hanging from the beams, gave an unpleasant suggestion of Bluebeard's murdered wives neatly gibbeted in a chamber of horrors.

Aunt Carmen kept repeating "In my house!" over and over like a litany.

It was Emily who banged to the heavy door and shot the long oaken bolt. The four white faces stared at one another; even at this distance maniac fragments of oratory floated up to them.

"Who's to prevent their—oh, doing anything now?" whimpered Rosamonde.

"You might," coldly suggested Mrs. Shallope. "It was you who got them here."

"Why, Aunt Carmen!"

"It was the vodka," whimpered Mrs. Finnessey.

"I've seen them go wild on milk," Emily contributed.

"You all insisted upon Russian drinks," snapped Carmen, self-justifying to the last.

"Tea is a Russian drink—they would never have acted like this on tea," Rosamonde added her wail.

How they had acted went through Emily's mind like a shudder; how the Bolshevik dinner had been quiet enough, as Bolshevik dinners go, until Comrade Alfonzo, having taken his second glass of vodka, attempted to stab Comrade Tony with an oyster fork and was only suppressed by the argument that Tony was a commander in the American Red Navy and as such sacred; how the fire water of Muscovy had gone to every head and freedom was never so free as it had been through those chaotic hours; how everybody had set to and tried to cook dinner, strewing Aunt Carmen's blue-tiled and copper-rimmed kitchen with flour, broken eggs and fragments of the priceless Shallope porcelain; how the delegates from Ukrainia had gnawed bones and gesticulated greasily; how, during the momentary lull, Aunt Carmen had suggested that she had an open mind and wished a free debate on the tenure of the land—a phrase continually on the tongue of Professor Syle.

That last had been the fatal error. The soviet had raged like a menagerie at feeding time—squeals, roars, howls, clucks had set Aunt Carmen's crystal chandeliers to jingling. Everybody spoke in his native tongue; Babel was holding a caucus. Comrade Niki had stood on a chair for two consecutive hours, making a speech all by himself. The Ukrainians had clucked together with dark murderous gestures. Epstein, the super-Sinn Feiner, had at last put his hobnailed boots on Aunt Carmen's dining table to announce that Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope was the great Liberator.

"Comrades," he had roared, working himself up into a passion of admiration, "the great estates of this so-called democracy must be seized before anything—hic—definite can be done for the new order of things. Capitalistic property must either be seized or given to the proletariat by th' own free will of progreshive capitalish—and Comrade Carmen is a progreshive capitalish and good fella."

"Who ever said I was going to give you my property?" Aunt Carmen had chirped, paling suddenly.

"Ah-h-h-h-h!" Comrade Alfonzo made this long-drawn noise, showing his dreadful teeth. "You see how they talk when they afraid to lose some-a-thing."

"Leave it to the vote of the soviet!" Miss Drigg had roared in her splendid barytone. "I move that this property be seized and appropriated as headquarters for the American Soviet Republic."

"Are you all crazy? What are you talking about?" had been Aunt Carmen's tactful way of starting a riot.

"Don't you think Comrade Carmen should have something to say about this?" Professor Syle had urged, having kept his head fairly well.

"Certainly. She will have one vote in the soviet," said Comrade Drigg. "I have moved that this property be seized for the American Soviet Republic. Is there any second to the motion?"

Arose then a ferocious chorus of seconds to the motion; whereupon Aunt Carmen had utterly lost her mind.

"I won't have such talk in my house. You leave at once, the whole ragbag pack of you!" she had screamed, "or I'll call the police."

The ensuing scene was horrible to remember. A quarrel in a greenhouse had never been more boisterous with crashing glass. Aunt Carmen's Spanish-lace tablecloth had been pulled to the floor. Somewhere in the scrimmage Oliver Browning had been smothered under the bulky weight of Miss Drigg, assisted by wild, wild women. Had the soviet been possessed of a head, tail or working brain the hostess of the evening would have been slain on the spot, no doubt, but it was the little Turkish militant who had plucked her way to the door under the stairs and had gathered into her refugee band the three quaking faddists who now filled the gloomy shadows of the Fort with their broken sobs.

"Where do such people come from?" asked Aunt Carmen in a hushed voice as she dusted an old trunk with an ancient scrap of newspaper and seated herself. Then, as though dealing with the synchronization of justice with right: "Nobody ever behaved so in my house before. Did you ever see such table manners? I shall tell everything when the police come."

"Has anybody notified the police?" was Emily's practical suggestion through her thick veil.

"Haven't they been telephoned to?" shrilled Aunt Carmen, evidently dazed to find herself in a position where nobody had foreseen her wishes.

"Somebody ought to," wailed Rosamonde.

"Well, why don't you?" suggested her aunt fiercely. "You know where the telephone is. If you can't get the police station you can ring up the garage or the gardener's cottage. Tell them to bring firearms if they have any, or plenty of heavy tools ——"

"Oh, Aunt Carmen!" Rosamonde had sunk down next to Mrs. Shallope and was sobbing feebly.

"Afraid?" scolded her aunt. "I didn't think any Ray would be a coward." And she remained sitting, it never having occurred to her that she might herself do the telephoning.

"I'll go," said Miss El-Zelim. "There's a telephone in the little hall back of the linen room."

"How did you know that?" snapped Aunt Carmen; but Emily had already tiptoed through a space she knew well enough to traverse in the dark.

Making all due allowances for prevailing deficiencies in telephone service the operator was certainly slow to answer. The receiver at Emily's nervous ear was as lifeless as so much clay. Supplicate as she would in her smothered voice, jingle as she might at the hook, there came no response through five, ten, fifteen agonized minutes. Then distantly she heard footsteps growing louder as they approached up the backstairs. Emily was ashamed of the little scream she gave as she dropped the receiver and scuttled back to the fort, banging the door after her.

"Somebody's coming!" she gasped. Whereupon Aunt Carmen, springing like a tigress, shot the long bolt, securing the oaken door.

"How do you know?" she whispered.

"I heard them coming up the backstairs."

"Did you get the police station?"

"I didn't get anybody," panted Emily. "I think the wires must be cut. They were on the roof a long time this afternoon ——"

"Oh."

In the dim light Emily could see Aunt Carmen's fiery eyes a few inches from her veil, gazing fixedly.

"It seems to me," she drawled, "that you've picked up English rather rapidly."

Providentially at that instant there came three distinct raps upon the door. The poor inmates of the fort huddled in silence. Again the fateful tapping.

"Mrs. Shallope, I beg your pardon!" came Owley's polite voice from without.

No response. Glancing round Emily could see in an instant that her relative was beyond words. Therefore she got on her knees before the large old-fashioned keyhole, and speaking with the greatest distinctness said:

"Is that you, Owley?"

"Yes, Miss Ray," was the disconcerting reply.

"I'm Miss El-Zelim."

"I beg your pardon, miss. Could I speak to Mrs. Shallope?"

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, Miss Ray—Miss El-Zelim."

"Do you come as a friend?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Ray. I assure you, Miss ——"

"Let him in," came Aunt Carmen's feeble moan from the background.

Owley's tall, servantly figure was admitted through a crack in the door, and he stood silent before the interned group until the bolt had again been shot. Somehow his correct appearance had a heartening effect. It was a reminder of the domestic order which had once reigned in this disrupted home.

"Isn't it dreadful, Owley!" moaned his mistress from her trunk.

"Quite unusual, if I might say so, ma'am," he agreed in his soothing tone.

"I'm so grateful to see you alive," admitted Aunt Carmen, trembling violently. "But can't you do anything, Owley? Can't you get to the garage or ——"

"I'm in rather a difficult position, madam," he temporized. "There was some debate at first as to whether they should do me in and throw me out of a window. Finally the Noes 'ad it, so they took a vote and decided to make me president of the soviet."

"Make you what?" came at least three voices at once.

"President of the Soviet, madam. Not that I was a-seeking the honor," he added modestly. "I have often gone to their meetings in New York, madam ——"

"Owley!" gasped Mrs. Shallope, outraged. "How dare you do such a thing?"

"Wishing to give no offense, madam, you 'ave often urged me to attend your church and to vote your ticket in general elections. It was but the force of 'ith example. So I 'ave attended their meetings, and very pretty affairs they were too. Nothing rough, so to speak. But to-night—my word! I am fair outdone, madam. All very well in their place, say I, but too apparently these proletariat are quite unused to making revolutions in gentlemen's 'ouses. So I left the meeting, pretending like that I would obtain them more of their filthy drink—vodka—and I came to you by the backstairs."

"It seems to me that Browning boy might have done something," suggested Aunt Carmen, getting round to her old grudge.

"'E might, madam. But in the first rush the short-'aired lady—'er they call Miss Drigg—bashed 'im with a chair. And now 'e's tied with napkins and laid away, two foreign nihilists a-guarding the door."

"What are they debating on now?" asked Carmen, justified in the assumption that the soviet must be debating about something.

"They 'ave just finished the question of state marriages, madam, and 'ave decided to begin them 'ere, this being the American Red Republic, so to speak."

The statement, made in Owley's best manner, managed to convey a threat which sent a chill through the marrow of the four helpless females.

"Isn't this a peculiar time and place to be arranging about state marriages?" whispered Mrs. Finnessey.

"Times and places are never peculiar to the hemancipated, madam. Such of the Comrades as are married are quite dissatisfied—you can tell this by observing the ladies. And Comrade Epstein 'as convinced them that the capitalistic matrimonial laws is all wrong. Quite right, too, I might say, 'aving ventured twice myself. Therefore, they are taking time by the forelock, so to speak, and 'ave drawn lots as to which shall marry which."

"Which what?" asked Aunt Carmen in a thin, hard voice.

"Which of you ladies. They 'ave declared capitalistic marriages null and void. You ladies being unmarried, hemancipatedly speaking, you are therefore to be chosen for the 'oly bonds."

"You say they've drawn lots?" asked Rosamonde hoarsely.

"It 'ad to be decided that way. Professor Syle spoke up early and claimed Miss Emily—this Turkish lady, I should say—but she was very popular ——"

"Oh." That comment came from the parched lips of Rosamonde Vallant.

"And she was finally drawn by Comrade Tony, the Eyetalian person. Mrs. Vallant was next raffled off to Comrade Smole, the small gentleman, who being already married to Miss Drigg must needs divorce that lady, which put 'er in a state of mind. Then came Mrs. Finnessey, one of the Ukrainian foreigners drawing the lucky straw."

"Is there no law in the land?" spluttered Aunt Carmen. Then a wistful expression came over her haggard old face. "Did anybody have the impertinence to—to drag my name into this disgraceful transaction?"

"You were spoke for somewhat late, madam," said Owley consolingly, "by Comrade Alfonzo."

"Well, they can't marry us," remarked Aunt Carmen, as though that settled everything. "There isn't a minister of the gospel within fifteen miles and I have forbidden my cars to leave the garage."

"According to the soviet," decreed Owley in measured tones, "the ceremony 'as already took place."

When Owley had left, slamming the door after him as if in sudden alarm, the refugees again drew the bolt and settled themselves to despair. Rosamonde, apparently a wreck, lay across a box, her face in Mrs. Finnessey's lap. Emily sat beside Aunt Carmen on her trunk, and the old lady, looking a score more years than she was entitled to, suddenly reached out for the young hand.

"It's all Rosamonde's fault," she croaked, "dipping into these dangerous beliefs and bringing them to my house. And what is the world coming to? My servants—some of them I've had for twenty years—betraying me in that insolent manner? And what is Owley doing, associating with Bolsheviks and all sorts of disreputable people?"

"The same thing that you are doing, auntie dear."

"Emily, take off that foolish veil!" Aunt Carmen had reached peevishly up and torn away the slight disguise. "Now tell me, if you don't mind ——"

(Continued on Page 145)

The Electric Ship!

ELECTRIC drive for great ships became a fact with the successful trials of the New Mexico, flagship of the Pacific Fleet, the first battleship to be propelled by electricity.

"This," says Secretary Daniels, "marks an epoch in naval progress." It is another great advance in the mastery of the sea.

Ten years ago electric propulsion for vessels was being discussed by eminent engineers. But it remained for W. L. R. Emmet, consulting engineer of the General Electric Company, in co-operation with the Bureau of Steam Engineering, U. S. Navy, to apply it to large ships.

Five years ago electric drive was installed on the collier Jupiter, while one of her sister ships was equipped with geared steam-turbine drive and another with direct-connected reciprocating engines. The results proved the unquestionable superiority of electric drive.

And so electric drive was adopted for the super-dreadnaught New Mexico, with 32,000 tons displacement and a speed of 21 knots. Steam from her oil-burning boilers drives two Curtis turbo-generators, which generate electric current and feed it through a central control to four 7,000 horsepower motors, each coupled to a propeller. Two thousand additional horsepower is generated for lighting, steering, turret machinery, ventilation, winches, windlasses, cranes, radio, telephony, searchlights, laundry, refrigeration, baking, machine shop—making the New Mexico an electric ship indeed!

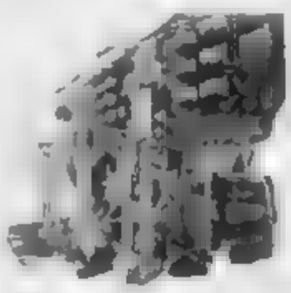
One of the four G-E 7000 horsepower electric motors—each on the end of a propeller shaft. They drive the New Mexico up to 21 knots, and can be reversed to full speed astern in thirty seconds.

The chief advantages of electric drive are:

1. *Economy*—Fuel economy is far more important aboard ship than ashore, for a ship must carry her own fuel, and the longer a ship's fuel will last, the greater her radius of

GENERAL

action. At the varying speeds required in naval maneuver electric drive is more economical than any other type of propulsion. As compared with the Pennsylvania—one of the Navy's finest ships driven by direct-connected main turbines—the New Mexico uses from 20 to 30 per cent less fuel at speeds above 15 knots.



The operator of this control board—in the center of the ship—controls, through a few levers, the speed and power of the turbo-generators and propelling motors, in immediate response to telegraphic orders from the bridge.

2. *Reliability*—Electric propelling machinery has no motion other than simple rotation. In five years, the Jupiter has been held up only once by trouble with her electrical equipment, and then only for a few hours; the repairs were made by her own crew.

3. *Flexibility of Installation*—Electric motors may be placed far aft, making the propeller shafts shorter and therefore less liable to injury. The turbines can be near the boilers, eliminating many feet of steam piping. The power is transmitted the electric way—through small cables. The control can be in any convenient place, even on the bridge.

4. *Protection*—The machinery is the vital part of a fighting ship, and must be protected against attack from torpedoes, mines and gunfire. Electric drive gives vastly greater safety than the old types, because each unit can be isolated in its own watertight compartment. A shell explosion in one place would neither sink nor stop the ship. The throwing of a switch disconnects a damaged motor or shaft and the others go on propelling. One of the two main turbo-generators of the New Mexico could be destroyed, and the compartment flooded; yet the ship could go on at three-fourths of her maximum speed, with the other generator driving all four motors.

Two of these 14,000 horsepower Curtis turbo-generators, singly or together, produce current for any or all of the four motors.

The New Mexico is the first of thirteen new dreadnaughts and six battle cruisers, all to be electrically driven.

And she forecasts the coming of faster, safer, more economical merchant vessels.

Admiral Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, says, "... as soon as the merits of this system become known commercially, electric propulsion will prove its practical value in the merchant marine just as thoroughly as it has to the Navy." He states that he regards "... electricity as the most economical motive power, from every viewpoint, so far developed for large units."

The building of electric propulsion machinery for ships of the Navy and Merchant Marine is but one of the many activities of the General Electric Company in its service to the Government, to transportation, to industries, to science, to cities, and to the home.

* * * *

An illustrated booklet describing the New Mexico, entitled "The Electric Ship," will be sent upon request. Address General Electric Company, Desk 33, Schenectady, New York.

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Owners of such cars first recognized the greater distinctiveness and smartness of these wheels.

Then, in an astonishingly brief time, Hayes Wire Wheels began to be preferred by owners of *all* types and makes of cars.

For Hayes Wire Wheels do give greater car economy, as well as superior style.

Five Hayes Wire Wheels and tires weigh 75 to 125 pounds less than four wood wheels and five demountable rims with tires.

That means economy, of course. But that isn't all.

Hayes Wire Wheels are resilient, not rigid. They add hundreds of miles to a set of tires.

They give better traction. In actual use, they have repeatedly shown increases of 3 to 5 miles per gallon of gasoline.

Of course, they are nearly twice as strong under skidding, or thrust blows; and they are infinitely easier and quicker to change in case of tire trouble.

These are some of the reasons why a large majority of the manufacturers of the better cars specify the Hayes as their standard wire wheel equipment.

The dealer from whom you bought your car can supply Hayes Wire Wheels—or there is probably a Hayes sales and service station near you.

DEALERS: We have an exceptionally attractive proposition for a limited number of dealers for Hayes Wire Wheels. Write at once

Wire Wheel Division

Hayes Wheel Company, Jackson, Mich.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels —Wire, Wood, Steel

(Continued from Page 141)

Again three taps upon the oaken door, loud, commanding taps this time. Emily slunk forward and put her eye to the keyhole. It was Owley again.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said in a queer, strained voice as soon as Emily had opened to him, "but the Comrades 'ave decided to abandon the 'ouse."

"It's time," snapped Carmen.

"But before they go," he assured her, "they intend to burn it."

"Burn it!" three dry throats echoed horrifically.

"After a sizable debate, balancing pro and con, they decided that the estate would be a bit 'ard to keep up, on the one 'and, but on the other it should not be allowed to go back to the capitalistic class from which it came. Therefore burning was decided upon as an hintellectual compromise. The Ukrainian *kommissars* are now in the basement searching for oil while the majority of the soviet are piling furniture in the reception 'all. It is a bitter sight, madam, and offends my sense of order."

"Owley!" Aunt Carmen gave an infernal shriek. "Are you going to stand round and let them ——"

"I should inform the garage," he explained, "but they 'ave shut off every avenue of escape."

It was Emily Ray who shot out of the gloomy room and, after ducking under Owley's elbow, readjusted her veil and went charging through the darkness and down the backstairs.

It was indeed a bitter sight, as Comrade Owley had described it, for as Emily Ray crept along a gallery and looked down into the wide magnificence of the reception hall she was witness to a scene unique—fortunately—on our serene and happy continent.

It was Siegfried, Beowulf and Jabberwocky all combined into a grotesquery of l orror. On Aunt Carmen's proud piano—the piano of solid gilt with carven sea divinities supporting it from beneath such members of the soviet as had not fallen asleep were piling chairs, tables, cabinets. Professor Syle stood at center stage, his arms folded, his attitude Napoleonic. All oratory was stilled, save for that of Comrade Niki, who in a peewee frenzy had mounted an overturned sofa and was spouting shrilly in Japanese.

It was one of those deliriums of heroic action that took Emily Ray along the gallery and down the service stairs which led to the butler's pantry. Although the craven Owley had dramatized the melodrama with the explanation that "they had shut off every avenue of escape" she knew of a desperate way out. She found the butler's pantry in darkness; the Ukrainian *kommissars*, as she had suspected, had abandoned their posts in order to seek fuel for the pyre.

Once inside the narrow glass-shelved room she was easily guided by a faint light from a small window; and that window she knew opened ten feet above a driveway in the rear of the house. It was toward that window she glided and had just clutched the sill and braced her knee against a convenient sink when strong arms reached out of a dark corner and pulled her back, while a rough hand, clapped roughly over her mouth, smothered her cries.

It was a terrible, silent battle in the dark. Finally suffocation overcame her and she found herself weakening, falling when her assailant stumbled to the wall and pressed the electric button, flooding the space with light.

"Well, I'll eat my hat!" she heard a deep voice in her ear.

She opened her eyes and found herself looking into the face of Oliver Browning.

"You fool!" she whispered, "what are you trying to do? Don't you know they're burning down the house?"

"I suspected it," he answered with an agonizing deliberateness. "They had me hog-tied with napkins and I'd just chewed the last one loose when you butted in. I thought you were ——"

"Never mind what I was," she urged. "You can get out of that window. There are chauffeurs and things in the garage——"

But she had no opportunity to finish her explanation, for Oliver was swinging himself through a space which seemed too narrow for his plump body.

When Emily got back to the reception hall she found the soviet suffering from another hitch in its program. Comrade Elsa, her eyes bright with murder lust, was waving a two-gallon can as she danced round and round.

"It's olive oil," she chanted, "but it burns. Lord, what a blaze it will make!"

"Comrades!" Professor Syle, who had come out of his self-contemplating trance, was pounding for order. "Before we take final action it might be well for the soviet to go into executive session and reconsider."

"Bah! A soviet never reconsiders!" This gem of thought was contributed by Comrade Alfonzo, who was sitting on the floor nursing an empty vodka bottle.

"No, no! Reconsideration is the death of revolution!" bellowed Comrade Epstein. Whereupon such members of the soviet as were not asleep set up a barking like a pack of small dogs surrounding a treed cat.

Emily took her station beside Professor Syle, quite unheeded by the soviet. It was probable that they had never noticed her disappearance.

"I do not deny that the destruction of this property is right and just—quite in line with our program of liberation," Professor Syle was chanting against the general clamor. "But should we not husband our strength for the day of the general uprising?"

"What would Trotzky do?" howled one of the Eskimo-faced Russians, who stood leaning against the pyre, his arms round two Ukrainian *kommissars*.

"Trotzky is, like all great liberators, an opportunist. He waited till the time was ripe and then surrendered to the great-hearted people of Germany."

"We can't do that," objected Comrade Smole. "Germany is busy."

"Are you going to stand here shilly-shallying when the hour has come?" roared Miss Drigg, facing Syle contemptuously.

"No serious action should be taken without debate," Syle demurred.

"Bah!" she cried, "you are a man of straw! It's just the way you run the Raw Deal. No policy."

"Well, let's start the fire and argue afterward," suggested Comrade Elsa, beginning to unscrew the oil can as she advanced toward the pyramid of furniture. "We can't take this house away with us, but we can remove it forever from the clutches of capitalism."

Emily Ray decided to do something, anything, immediately. Even though the matches were never struck, there was sufficient oil in the can to spoil several thousand dollars' worth of Aunt Carmen's rugs and upholstery. She darted forward and clutched the wrist which was about to project the greasy essence of Tuscany, regardless of consequences.

"Comrade!" she spoke so decisively that every eye in the room was upon her, "what you do? Do you know how you make traitor of our cause?"

"Traitor?" shrieked Elsa, all but dropping the can.

"Oh, surely is! Would you do something to give money—big, large money—to capitalists?"

"What's the girl talking about?" asked Comrade Elsa—a strange question to ask in the realm of Bolshevikia.

"Because!" Emily had now struck her cinematographic Oriental pose. "As sure you burn this house, so sure you give feefty t'ousand dollar to Mrs. Shallope, so-called owner."

"Please explain yourself," urged Professor Syle, hopeful of avoiding arson.

"Ins'rance!"

"Insurance?" Even Comrade Tony awoke to repeat the dread word.

"Mrs. Shallope tell me that her house would be better burned to ground. Why? Because it has insured itself for feefty t'ousand dollar more than Mrs. Shallope pay for eet."

"Thank you, Comrade, for the suggestion," said Professor Syle, using the same precise voice he would use in addressing a bright pupil in the lecture room.

"Shucks!" said Comrade Elsa, screwing the cover back on the oil can.

"Well, I should like to know," demanded Comrade Smole disgustedly, "what in hell we're here for."

"If we consider this matter some more ——" began Emily, whereupon Professor Syle interrupted:

"It would be more useful, possibly, to put the matter in the form of a dignified debate. Resolved: That the Destruction of Insured Property is of Benefit to the Revolution. Suppose, Comrade Elsa, that you take the affirmative and Comrade El-Zelim the negative. For seconds, I suggest ——"

The point of seconds was never decided. It seemed that a dozen doors opened at once and at each opening there appeared a grinning, muscular, unemancipated specimen of the capitalistic employee. A painful silence fell over the soviet as Oliver Browning, swashbuckling as nearly as a fat boy can swashbuckle, strode into the room and stood, legs far apart, an enormous revolver playing over a broad arc.

"You will put up your hands, please," he said quietly.

"My God!" prayed Comrade Elsa, and sat abruptly on the polished floor.

"What is the meaning of this?" Professor Syle lost both his platform manner and his ruddy complexion at the inquiry.

"The Federal agents are outside," Oliver explained pleasantly, "and I shouldn't wonder if it wouldn't be better to come without making any trouble."

"This is persecution!" came the meek, birdlike tones of Comrade Hattie.

"No doubt," declared Oliver.

"I court imprisonment!" shouted Comrade Epstein. "If jail is good enough for the ——"

"Exactly," said Oliver, "it's good enough for you. The line forms to the left."

Mrs. Shallope's garage and garden force now advanced and drew a circle round such of the Comrades as were still standing. No revolution was ever broken with less to-do. As the defeated Red Army was marching out single file and under guard, Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope appeared on the balcony and reclaimed her property.

"Take them to the garage, Riley," she ordained sharply, addressing her head chauffeur. "Don't permit them in my house another minute. Who in the world ever asked these—these impossible people?"

Oliver could not answer her, for he was busily engaged in dragging the sleeping *kommissars* from the places where they had fallen and depositing them in a neat pile at the center of the rug.

XIV

THE soviet week-end closed officially if prematurely early Sunday morning; possibly it developed a few more sore heads and hearts than the average more formal week-end develops. Possibly not.

At any rate when Oliver Browning, still armed with the damaged Spanish War revolver he had borrowed from the gardener, poked his head into the garage shortly after sunrise, he found Professor Syle sitting isolated on an oil box while his erstwhile comrades still debated in the confusion of tongues. Comrade Niki, being of a practical race, had turned on the hose and squatted under it, anointing his wiry pompadour with a cooling jet. A great depression seemed to have fallen on Bolshevikia; and occupying the position of a deposed kaiser, Professor Syle gloomed lonesomely and seemed to pray for death.

"Tr-r-raitor!" snarled Comrade Alfonzo as he snapped his fingers under Syle's nose and rolled red eyes below the dirty bandanna he had tied round his headache.

"This is merely another capitalistic plot," moaned Miss Drigg from where she sat, holding the head of her husband, Mr. Smole.

"There is an eight-twelve train leaving for New York," said Oliver as he stood in the doorway and struggled to suppress a grin. "Mrs. Shallope is willing to buy your tickets and send you to the station."

"Free?" cried Comrade Walter, undoubling himself rapidly and coming to his feet.

"This is freedom's headquarters," replied Oliver, now giving way to mirth. "Free tickets, free ride to the station."

He had enjoyed a cup of coffee in the kitchen and his spirits leaped accordingly.

"Then we go!" howled the Ukrainian *kommissars*, attempting to rush the door.

"Just a minute." Oliver had leveled the empty revolver and stood ready to bang the door in their faces. The entire soviet had now arisen, faces haggard and crestfallen.

"I shall go to jail," announced Comrade Epstein. "It will be martyrdom."

"Every man to his taste," agreed Oliver. "Who else wants to be turned over to the Department of Justice?"

"Are your automobiles ready?" asked Professor Syle, putting on his hat.

"There are just one or two things to be arranged," went on Oliver. "If you are agreeable to Mrs. Shallope's terms ——"

"Name them," commanded Syle, folding his arms anew.

"Not name them to him!" demanded Comrade Tony with a dangerous shrug. "He no-ting now to us. He verra bad-a man"

"Name them to *me*," suggested little Comrade Hattie in her birdlike voice.

"Well," said Oliver, "Mrs. Shallope is willing to let you go without prosecution if you promise to say nothing about last night's meeting."

"Bah! Dat ees coercion!" hissed Comrade Alfonzo.

"Very well," agreed Oliver, "then we can take care of you until the Department is notified."

"I no said I don't promise," he muttered, and sat down.

"Thank you. Several revolutions have been turned the wrong way by that Russian gin-water," suggested Comrade Niki.

"We are all agreed," responded Mr. Smole, having come out of his trance.

"That's good, and the first time you've ever been that way, I guess. Of course you ought to take some sort of oath ——"

"On our honor as Bolsheviks," suggested Comrade Walter.

"Shut up!" snapped Comrade Epstein. "You are no longer a Bolshevik. However, we promise."

"Very well," proclaimed Oliver, and ten minutes later three automobiles, laden down with a freight of human misery, went slowly out by the great Shallope gate.

By eleven o'clock Emily had managed to get Rosamonde and Mrs. Finnessey out of bed, to dress them and start them downstairs, where the Vallant car was waiting.

"Do—do you think she'll see me?" moaned Rosamonde as she was passing the door of Aunt Carmen's apartment.

"There's nobody but Owley to stop you," observed Emily, her nerves beginning to wear.

Emily led Rosamonde to a prostrate roll of mortality under a silken comforter in a darkened inner room.

"Is that you, Thompson?" asked a little cracked voice under the roll.

"No, auntie. Thompson left yesterday with the other servants."

"Oh, so she did. And have the other beasts gone?"

"Yes, Aunt Carmen. They left by the eight-twelve."

"Good." There was a long silence, then a little moan. "Who's to bring up my coffee?"

"Emily is here," announced Rosamonde ever so cheerfully.

"Oh, yes. Have her make it strong. And tell her to ring up Mrs. van Laerens and the rest—she'll know what to tell them. The names are in my engagement book. She'll know."

"Yes, Aunt Carmen."

Rosamonde still lingered.

"What are you waiting for?" The old head was raised an inch from the pillow.

"I'm—I'm sorry the evening turned out so badly."

Aunt Carmen sat up in bed, a haggard crone with a lacy nightcap on one side of her sparsely forested head.

"Next time you want to save the world," she croaked, "I wish you would hold the affair in your own apartment."

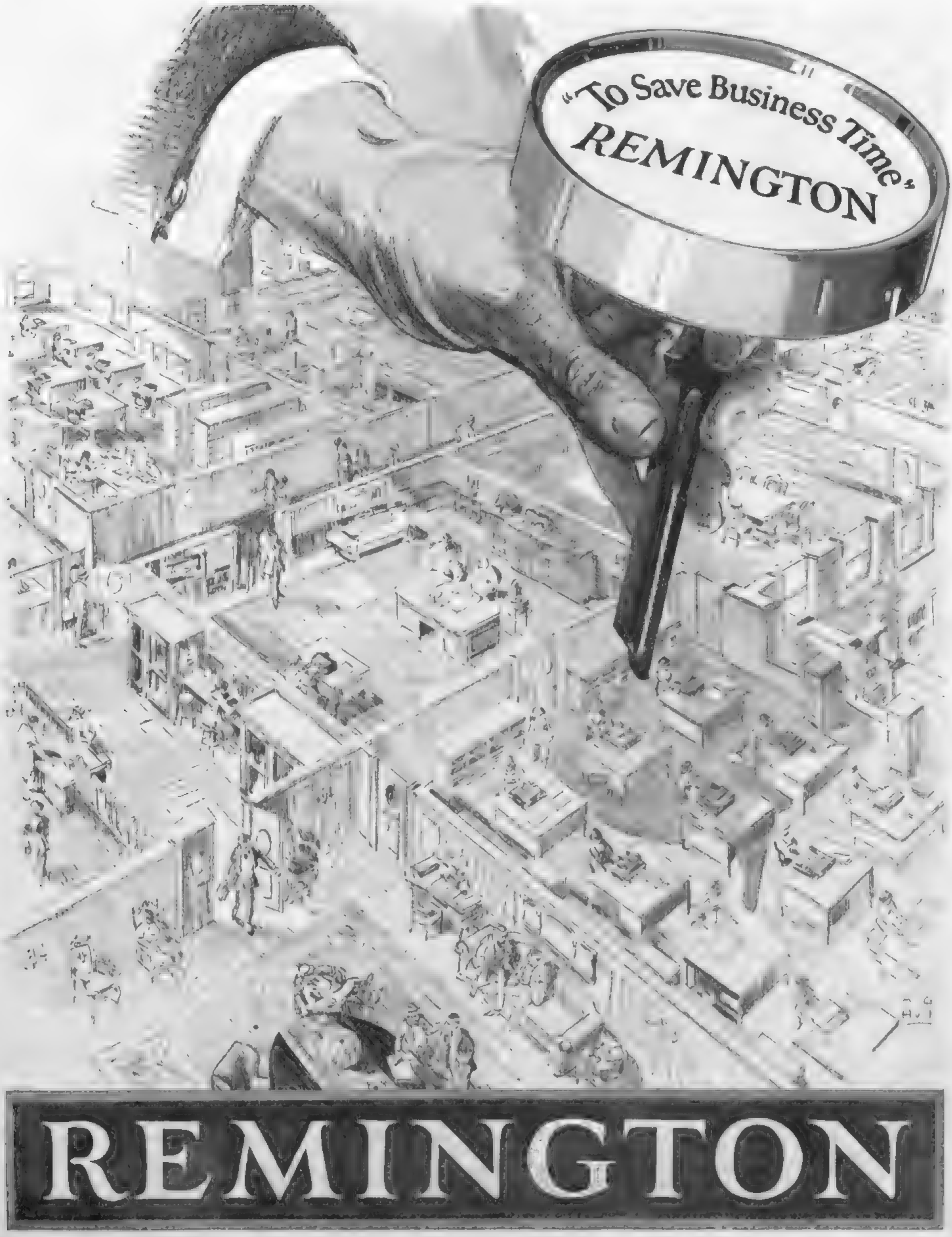
"Yes, Aunt Carmen. And—and I wonder if there is anything I can do."

"You can go home and try to stay there," invited the socially prominent Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope ere she lay down and pulled the covers over her head.

Within the hour Long Island was disappointed by the announcement, telephoned by a ladylike secretary, to the effect that Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope's radical luncheon had been postponed, as Mrs. Shallope was threatened with an attack of Spanish influenza.

"When in doubt blame the flu," said Miss Ray to Mr. Owley as she sat in the sun room and wondered what she was expected to do next.

(TO BE CONTINUED)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And can be fitted to total as many separate columns as desired in any position on the page.

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2 Next—your OFFICE MANAGER. To him the Remington Salesman explains the time-saving secret of the SELF-STARTING REMINGTON. He shows how this Remington enables every stenographer greatly to increase her daily output—with no added labor.

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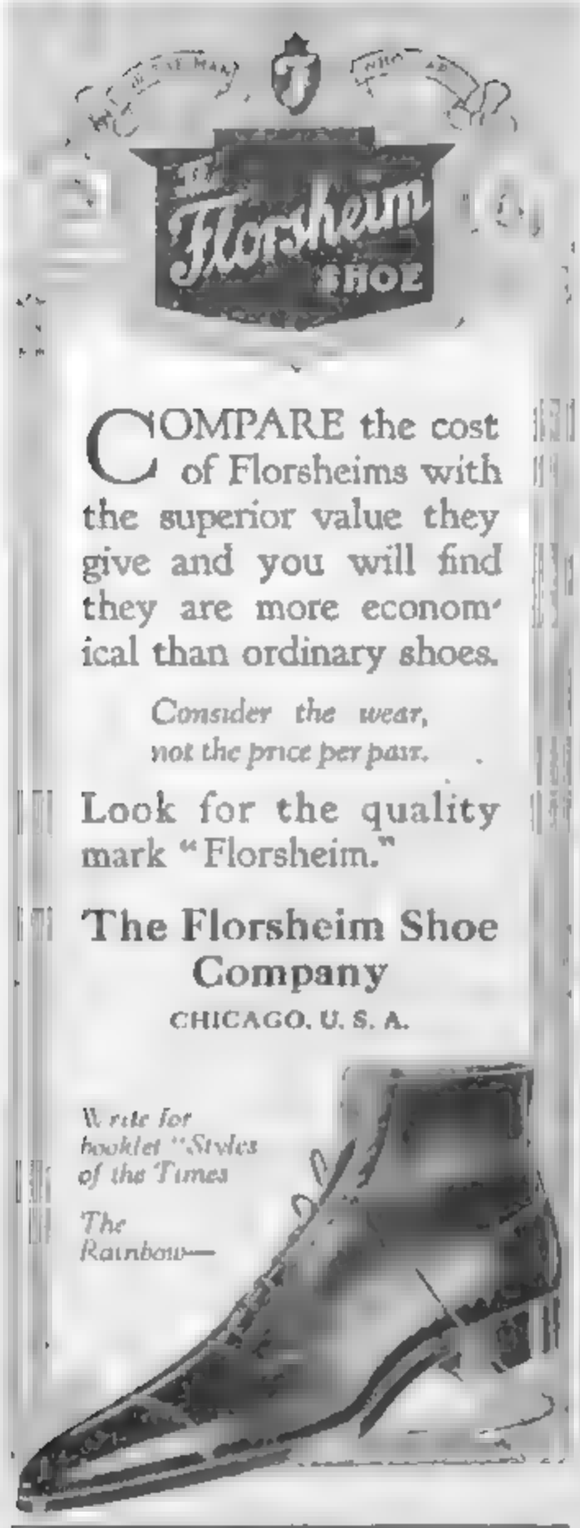

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The Plattsburg Camp Manual [illegible] men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask [illegible] for a package of [illegible]

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 21)

"You can be the meanest crook on earth and never go to jail," agreed Mr. Tutt. "Plain lying is not a crime, but lying under oath is a crime—yet only provided it is done in a legal proceeding and relates to a material matter. Nobody on earth knows what is 'material' and what isn't."

"Yes," added Tutt eagerly. "If you steal four hundred and ninety-nine dollars out of a man's safe in the daytime it is grand larceny in the second degree and you can only get five years for it, but if you pick a handkerchief out of the same man's pocket after sunset it is grand larceny in the first degree and you can get ten years."

"And if," commented his senior partner, "you take twenty-five dollars out of a bureau drawer it is petty larceny and you can only get a year for it."

"While a fellow who bumps into you on the street, if he has a friend with him, and grabs your cane, is guilty of robbery in the first degree—highway robbery—and can get twenty years," growled Tutt.

"But the same fellow can accuse you in print of the foulest depravity and damage your reputation beyond repair and be only guilty of a misdemeanor."

"Who says the law isn't an ass?" demanded Tutt.

"No wonder Shakspere speaks of 'Old Father Antic the Law,'" echoed Mr. Tutt.

"Oh, we could sit here and knock the stuffing out of the law all day," mused Tutt. "But as we get our living by it we'd better leave some of it intact for next year."

Mr. Tutt smiled a little sadly.

"Jest as we may, I sometimes feel that an instrument as clumsy as the law might better be discarded entirely. Apart from the inconsequence of statutes and the absurdity of their distinctions, how can the law even pretend to dissect the delicate and complicated processes of the human brain or detect the subtle nuances that determine moral guilt or innocence? How can a jury possibly decide who is to blame as between a man and a woman, or two men or two women? Yet in a lawsuit one of the two has either to go to jail or give the other money. As if either of those things would heal a broken heart or even a slap in the face."

"And look at the jury," cried Tutt. "Just look at them! Ignorant, stupid, prejudiced ——"

"Sh!" interposed his partner. "Not so loud! Not so loud! Some of 'em might hear you! Still, I allow they are ignorant."

"Why, the ordinary juryman," alleged Tutt, "doesn't know the meaning of words like 'subsequent,' 'simultaneous' or even 'cravat.'"

"To say nothing of adjectives like 'lurid' or 'sporadic' or 'livid,'" assented Mr. Tutt.

"Well, don't ask me what they mean, either," warned his associate. "I'm not betting these days on my general fund of information. But take the ordinary jury, and how much do you suppose they understand of medical testimony? Do you remember that client of ours who had a sore back?"

"And his doctor testified that he was suffering from traumatic sacroiliac disease, traumatic synovitis of the knee and wrist and from traumatic myositis of the muscles of the back? I should say I did," grunted Mr. Tutt.

"Of course you couldn't blame a jury for getting a bit foggy on stuff like that," went on Tutt. "But most of 'em haven't got enough sense to know what they are there for. I recall an accident case I tried once for a whole week before the Supreme Court, where, after the judge had finished charging with regard to the respective rights of the plaintiff and defendant, the foreman held up his hand and asked innocently, 'Well, Your Honor, which is the plaintiff and which is the defendant?'"

"He was no worse than that other one," answered Mr. Tutt, "who wanted to know in the corporation case how many head of cattle the defendant owned when a witness testified that he had improperly 'watered the stock.'"

"They are wonderful!" sighed Tutt. "You wouldn't believe such people existed. But even if they had brains how on earth can they get at the real facts simply by listening to witnesses?"

"They can't!" ejaculated the elder.

"Now you've said something," agreed Tutt. "How can the jury decide anything? That's the whole point, so far as I'm concerned. There's no way of finding out which witnesses are telling the truth ——"

"Even if they're trying to!" grumbled Mr. Tutt. "Which they generally aren't."

"I've discovered more things—after cases were all over!" mourned Tutt. "Honestly, the way some people will perjure themselves ——"

"Or deceive themselves!" supplemented his partner.

"Or both," added Tutt. "Have you noticed how a woman will always testify to what she thinks ought to be so?"

"And how, curiously enough, what ought to be so is always in favor of her side of the case?" commented Mr. Tutt.

"And she is probably trying to be honest at that," opined his junior.

"Which is entirely outside the merely physical limitations of all human testimony. Did you ever stop to consider that every witness is faced with the task of attempting to convey to a heterogeneous bunch of more or less ignorant men, who probably have a very limited vocabulary, his recollection of his impression of what he actually saw or heard at some long-past time? Now in the first place what a man actually sees and what he thinks he sees are two entirely different things. In the second place he can't remember accurately what he thinks he saw; and if he could he never in the world would be able to tell anybody else."

"Quite right, Mr. Tutt," declared Tutt. "A thoroughgoing crook or just a plain damn fool isn't half so dangerous as a well-intentioned witness who is honestly mistaken as to what he thinks he heard or saw."

"Those are the fellows on whose testimony entirely innocent men sometimes go to jail," offered his partner.

"Look here!" said Tutt. "Speaking frankly, how much perfectly accurate testimony do you think is ever given in court?"

"None!" replied Mr. Tutt with conviction.

"I wonder, Mr. Tutt, if you would be willing to take a criminal case where there wouldn't be any prospect of a fee, simply to prevent a possible miscarriage of justice?" asked Miss Wiggin after lunch, stopping her employer on his way through the outer office. Mr. Tutt paused with his hand on the doorknob.

"That's what Tutt & Tutt are for," he answered genially. "But why do you think any injustice is likely to be done?"

"Because," replied Miss Wiggin, "I know the man and, what perhaps is even more important, I know his wife and child. They board in the same house with me."

"What is he charged with?"

"Stealing nine thousand dollars in United States four and a half per cent notes."

"If under those circumstances he still can't pay a fee I should say that he was presumptively innocent!" remarked Mr. Tutt. "Where is he?"

"In the Tombs," answered Miss Wiggin. "He was arrested at four o'clock yesterday afternoon in his own rooms, where he had gone to be with his little girl, who was

(Continued on Page 150)

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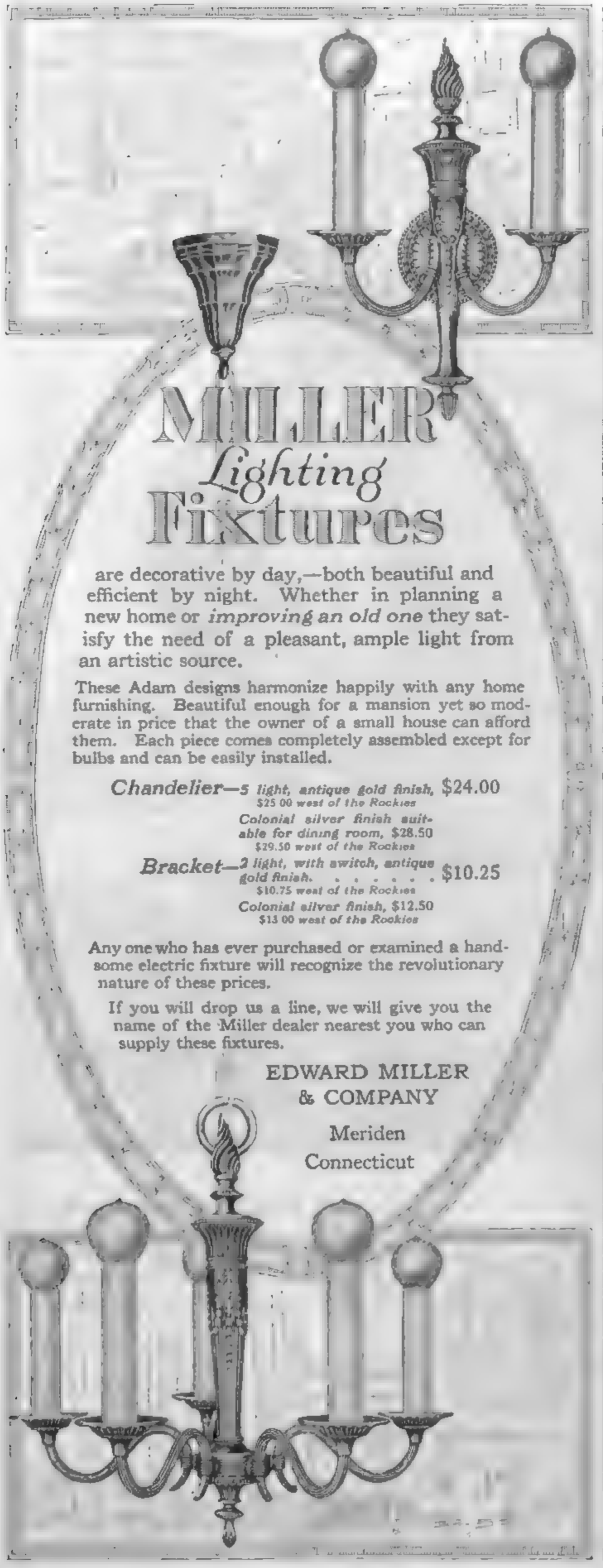
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(Continued from Page 148)

threatened with pneumonia—such a perfectly dear little child, Mr. Tutt."

The old man's face softened instantly.

"Got a little girl, has he? How old is she?"

"Only three—the loveliest head of yellow curls! Won't you defend him, Mr. Tutt?"

"Defend him? Of course I will," he replied. "How is the little girl?"

"Very sick indeed," answered Miss Wiggin. "He nearly went out of his mind when they took him away from her. And his wife is all alone and can't do anything for him."

"When is his case coming up?" inquired her employer.

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Mr. Tutt turned short on his heel.

"Get your bonnet," said he to Miss Wiggin simply, "and come along."

"You don't want me to go to the Tombs, do you?" she demanded. "I've plenty to do here."

"I'll get to the Tombs in time enough," he laughed. "I want you to introduce me to that baby!"

Mr. Tutt did not return to the office until after five o'clock, and when he did he came alone. Under his instructions Miss Wiggin remained with Mrs. Prescott, to "keep her cheered up," as he said. Shortly after he had gone a trained nurse arrived, and later Mr. Tutt's own doctor happened casually in and took charge of things.

But while the feminine side of the office staff of Tutt & Tutt was ministering to the sick and needy the old lawyer himself was very busy along other and different lines. Ten minutes' chat with Prescott had served to convince him of the latter's entire innocence as well as of the strength of the case against him. No element of proof apparently was lacking to demonstrate his guilt. Each link in the evidential chain seemed to be there. In the first place a reputable business man had sworn out a warrant against the defendant charging him with the larceny of $9000 in notes. Cephas McFee could have no motive in the world to make such an accusation against a stranger if it were not true. Mr. Westbury had counted the notes. Jim had counted and receipted for them. He had lied to his employer when he told him that he had delivered the notes at the bank, and when he was arrested, having fled to his home without any explanation to his office associates, $16,000 of the original $25,000 was found still in his pocket. It was a practical confession. As old "Cap" Phelan would have said, "A dead open-and-shut case."

Yet Mr. Tutt knew that Prescott was innocent. He knew it because he had a greater faith in the man himself than in any logic or in any testimony, however damning the inference might appear. He knew it just as a husband knows that his wife is faithful and as a mother knows in her heart whether what others say of her boy is or is not true. He knew it just as the general knows that his troops will win no matter how outnumbered by the enemy divisions. But, like the general, he knew that he could not sit still and let the enemy attack; and, like the general, he set his staff instantly at work preparing for the battle of the morrow. Prescott could be as innocent as a babe unborn, but he would surely go to prison unless Mr. Tutt should be able to demonstrate that innocence.

How could he do so? That was his task, his problem. But experienced as he was he lost no time in taking certain preliminary steps. From a pay station in a saloon on Lafayette Street opposite the Tombs he telephoned to the office and directed Tutt to procure immediately from a financial agency a report upon the financial status and responsibility of Cephas McFee. Bonnie Doon was ordered to cover McFee's office and not once to let that gentleman out of his sight until he retired to rest, and then to report all that said McFee had done, to Mr. Tutt personally in his library on Twenty-third Street, no matter what the hour; and Scraggs was instructed to take a ten-dollar bill and scrape an acquaintance with any one of Westbury & Wheatland's clerks who might be known to have a thirst for social intercourse. Yet with all the definiteness of his preparations Mr. Tutt had not yet evolved any plan of campaign or decided what his line of defense was going to be. The case was coming up in the Police Court at ten o'clock next morning; and it was now five o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Tutt meditatively lit a stogy and crossed the street to the Criminal Courts Building.

"Has Judge O'Hare gone home?" he asked of the defendant standing in the corridor.

"No, counselor," returned the policeman, "he's still inside. He does a lot of work these days. Attends to all them probation cases himself." He held open the door. "He'll be glad to see you."

"Hello, Jo!" said Mr. Tutt a moment later to the white-haired man who sat writing beneath the gas light. "I want to talk to you about a case."

Judge O'Hare continued to write for several seconds and then, looking up, remarked impassively, "Tutt—tutt! And yet again—Tutt!"

"It's on before you to-morrow morning," continued Mr. Tutt. "It's a curious sort of case."

"What is it?" The pen began scratching tentatively again.

"Broker's clerk charged with taking notes belonging to a customer. Evidence all against him, but—Jo, I know the boy's innocent."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Soak him if you think he's guilty, but give me a little leeway in cross-examination."

Judge O'Hare definitely returned to his writing.

"Go as far as you like," he said shortly. "I'll give you every chance to prove his innocence."

Mr. Tutt uttered a snort of mock exasperation: "Heavens! What a commentary on our system of administering criminal justice! You—a judge—sworn to presume the defendant innocent—talk of giving me every chance to prove it!"

Then with an air of righteous indignation Mr. Tutt strode from the room and crossed to the hostelry known as Pontin's, where Signor Fachini, assisted by a locally celebrated Italian chef, keeps both sides of the criminal bar contented by serving the best veal cutlet and sole Marguery to be had south of Fourteenth Street for seventy-five cents.

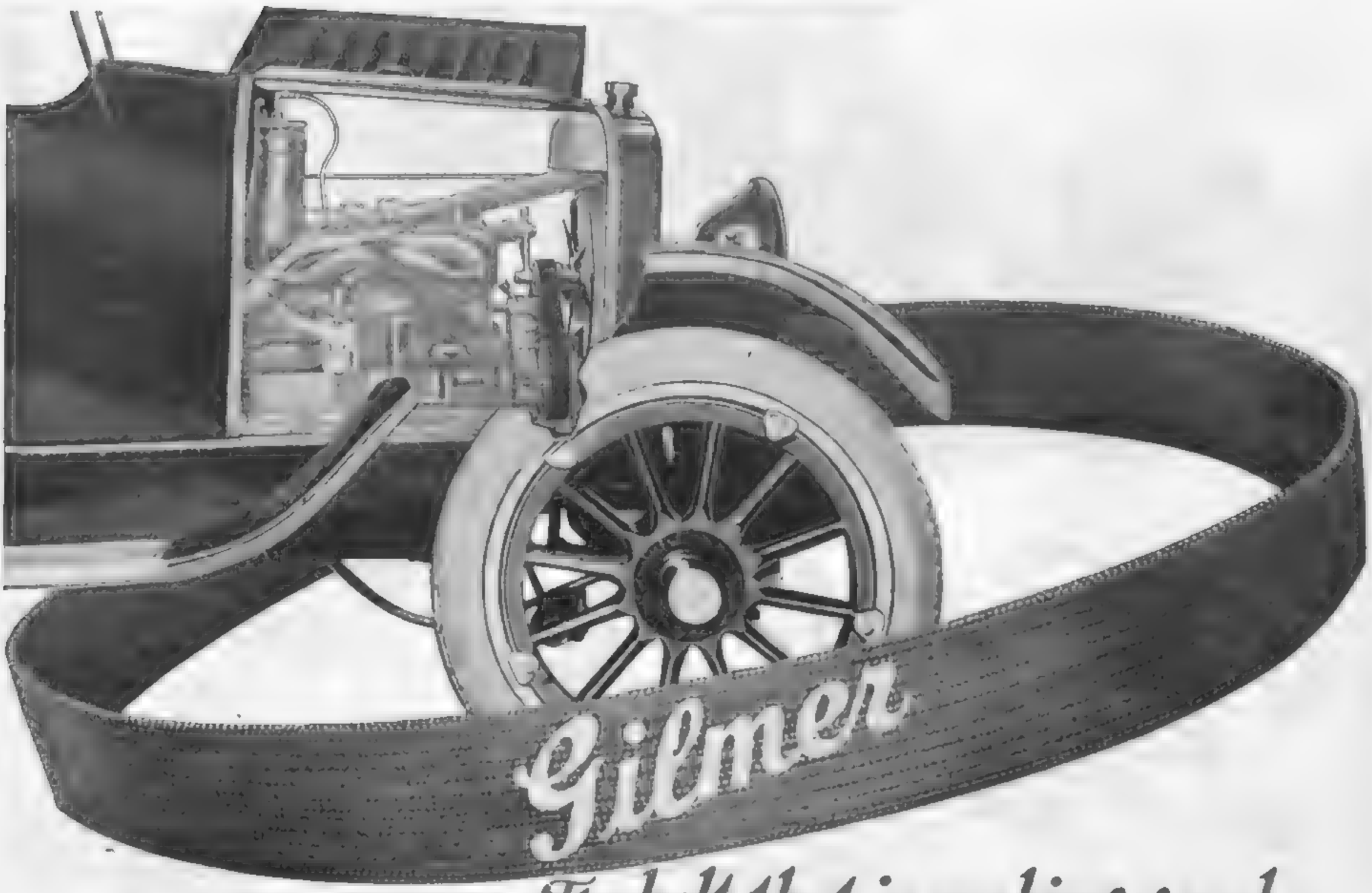
"Signor Fachini," he said in his most impressive tones, "I want you to send over to the Tombs the finest dinner you can get up—for a friend of 'mine—James Prescott—third tier. Don't fail me now!"

Then haling a lost taxi he climbed into it, stopped for a moment at the flower stall of Xenophon Xenophonopolous beneath the Chatham Square elevated and then, embowered in slightly faded carnations and passé American beauties, shot across the Brooklyn Bridge toward Miss Wiggin, the trained nurse, Mrs. Prescott and Jennie, with the smoke of his stogy trailing behind meanwhile and mingling with the exhaust.

It is an undoubted fact—which the older we grow becomes more and more apparent—that the mainsprings of human action are far less complicated than we are prone to think them. We may like to believe that we are actuated by a multitude of interrelated motives, but if we seriously attempt to analyze what has led us to follow any particular course we shall usually discover that it was a single, rather simple, rudimentary desire, characteristic or ambition. We are apt to scoff at the old-fashioned melodramas in which the various dramatis personæ seem little else than animated vices and virtues—some representing lust, jealousy or greed, and others honesty, loyalty and self-sacrifice. Yet the melodrama comes pretty near the truth—nearer than we ordinarily suppose. The very fact that we use the word "characters" to describe the actors has significance. In ordinary life most of us trim our course by the polestar of some predominating trait; and make our haven or crash upon the rocks by virtue of some single saving grace or besetting sin. So when we crudely stigmatize Jones as a drunkard or a thief, a philanderer, a good sport or an honest man, we are really nearer hitting the mark than if we sought to dissect his animus after the fashion of Mr. Henry James.

The mainspring of Mr. Cephas McFee's life was his instinct for acquisition, for getting things and holding on to them. He called it "having his rights." And just as envy or anger will often lead men to do things which in calmer moments they would realize were subversive of their ends and even self-destructive, so McFee's acquisitiveness sometimes blinded him to the

(Continued on Page 153)



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(Continued from Page 150)

ultimate effects of his immediate acts, leading him to do on the impulse what in the long run actually militated against his interests. Thus it had not occurred to him for an instant that it could be otherwise than advantageous for him to have Prescott arrested. He told himself that that was the only right course for a virtuous citizen to pursue. The proper thing to do with thieves was to lock 'em up. He would expect his associates to do likewise in similar circumstances. But his real motive in arresting Prescott was the hope that by doing so he might force him to give back what he had stolen.

It was not enough that he had a perfectly good cause of action against Westbury & Wheatland. He didn't know what defenses their lawyers might not devise. He did know that you were never sure of anything unless you had got your hooks in it and had put it in the bank. Even then the bank might fail. It was better to have it in a mortgage. A mere claim, however good, against a pair of stock brokers—even if they called themselves bankers—wasn't one-two-three with holding the threat of jail over a crook. That would get quick action—if the thief still had the notes. If not, McFee could still proceed against Westbury in the regular way. In a word, the criminal law offered a club to his hand which he eagerly snatched. The fact that he might be mistaken or that he might do an injustice was the merest straw swept down the mad current of his self-interest. He could have given a dozen good reasons why he had Prescott locked up, but there was really only one—his vindictive purpose to make the clerk disgorge what he believed him to have taken.

But as the hours passed and the anticipated word from Prescott to the effect that if only he could get out of the Tombs he would gladly make restitution did not come, Cephas McFee began to feel not only grievously disappointed but also slightly upset, vaguely perceiving that having brought a criminal charge it was up to him to substantiate it. He even went round to his club and lost a dollar at backgammon to Frank Cassibeer, of Cassibeer & Fackenthal, in order to pump him about one's civil liabilities when one had another man arrested. He did it cleverly and Cassibeer did not suspect, but he made McFee uneasy by stating casually that one had to be sure that one had reasonable cause. Cephas wanted to ask what "reasonable cause" might be under varying circumstances, but refrained for fear that the lawyer might smell a rat. Of course he had reasonable cause! If he hadn't, nobody ever had had. He'd counted the notes; so had Westbury; so had Prescott! And yet it certainly was, now that he came to think of it, a hell of a way to steal $9000—give a receipt for $25,000 and then say you'd made a mistake; just after your employer had counted 'em, at that! It worried him. But the cuss had run away! Yet McFee knew that he hadn't run farther than his own home.

He began to wish he had not been quite so precipitate. He knew that he had had $25,000 in notes. He'd counted 'em in the vault. Had he counted 'em? A slight sweat broke out on his back. Could he swear he'd counted 'em? Of course he could! Anyhow he'd seen Westbury count them. A strange and utterly unreasonable anxiety began to take hold of him. He was in the right—absolutely—knew he was in the right—and yet —— Feverishly he called up Westbury at his house just before dinner.

The broker was very peevish. Why had McFee gone and made a mess of everything by arresting their cashier? Publicity like that was likely to damage their credit. If any arresting was to be done it was Westbury & Wheatland's affair. They were responsible.

"But I thought I could make him cough up!" explained McFee, realizing that he had been somewhat inconsiderate in acting as he had without consulting the firm.

"Well, you didn't, did you?" snarled Westbury. "If he took the notes he's jolly well hung on to 'em, hasn't he?"

"'If'!" bellowed Cephas through the telephone. "What d'you mean by 'if he took the notes'?" Already he suspected some collusion between the broker and the clerk by which he would be done out of his money. "You counted the notes, didn't you?"

"Yes, of course I did!" retorted Westbury, to McFee's intense relief. "The fact that we're liable to you for the nine thousand dollars is what makes me so sore about your having our man arrested. It'll be all over Wall Street to-morrow morning."

But still McFee was not satisfied! Down in the depths of his mean, mercenary little soul a horrible suspicion suddenly reared its head like a basilisk and turned him to stone. Suppose they had all been mistaken! There wasn't a chance in the world of it; the mere idea flouted the laws of reason; he had a signed admission of Prescott's guilt. But—if by some hocus-pocus the fellow shouldn't be convicted, he, McFee, would certainly be liable in damages. He'd heard that juries sometimes gave enormous verdicts. Pshaw!—a measly clerk! No need worrying! They'd all counted the notes! Westbury admitted liability. Nothing to worry about.

Yet in the middle of the night he awoke in a cold chill. Had he really had twenty-five thousand in notes? Had he really counted them when he took them out from under the rubber strap in his safe-deposit box? Had he in fact done anything more than glance over them? In the secrecy of his bed chamber he admitted to himself that he had not! Had he counted them when he put them there? He tried to bring his mind back to the day when he had brought the notes to the vault, but he could not conjure up the picture. He was convinced that he had counted them upon that occasion—but had he? The terrible thought came that perhaps he had not really counted them either time—had only taken for granted that there were twenty-five thousand. Frantically he got out of bed and paced the floor in his nightshirt, biting his nails. Well, he'd swear that he'd counted them anyway! Nobody could contradict him. He had been alone in the vault. And of course there had been twenty-five thousand! Westbury had counted them. But suppose Westbury hadn't really counted them either? The idea was preposterous! Yet curiously enough he began to wonder why he had originally assumed the notes to be of that amount. He turned on the electric light and started figuring out what the transactions had been that had left him with the notes in his possession. He was still hysterically at work when the maid knocked on the door and announced breakfast.

But McFee could not eat. He gulped half a cup of coffee and hurried downtown to his office. His books would show exactly how many notes he ought to have had. At a quarter to ten he descended in the elevator, his face gray, and feeling rather sick, and as he stepped out into the corridor of the ground floor a thin young man handed him a subpœna signed by Magistrate O'Hare ordering him forthwith to produce and bring with him to court "all books of account, records, documents and other papers relating in any way to the purchase or sale by you of any bonds, stocks or other securities during the past year."

He ducked back quickly into the elevator, dazed and horrified. Show his books? Disclose to the world his private affairs? Subject himself to hostile cross-examination in regard to all his business transactions? Risk official scrutiny of his Federal income-tax returns for the last five years? Lay himself open to the suspicion of having concealed his true financial status? And, worst of all perhaps, cast doubt upon the actual amount of the notes originally in his possession? Never! It was not to be thought of! Far better to withdraw the charge and let Prescott go! Gradually he got himself in hand and once more descended to the street.

Now just as the motives animating human action are not half so complicated as they are often made out to be, so what are termed "mysteries" are usually solved not by any highly elaborate or ingenious theorizing but by some single pregnant isolated fact, which of itself settles the whole matter as a reagent clears a test tube containing a cloudy mixture of chemicals. Novelists, playwrights and writers of short stories amuse themselves and their readers by the involutions of their inventiveness in devising a myriad of tiny clews which when pieced together into a mosaic present a beautiful picture of guilt or innocence.

In real life, however, a criminal case more likely turns on just one fact, seemingly insignificant, the importance of which in the beginning is quite apt to be overlooked. Was the cellar door left locked or not? Did Maud leave her vanity case in the taxi? Was it raining or not? How many bananas did Harry eat? Those are the mundane issues upon which a human life

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Saves time and eyesight; cuts lighting bills.

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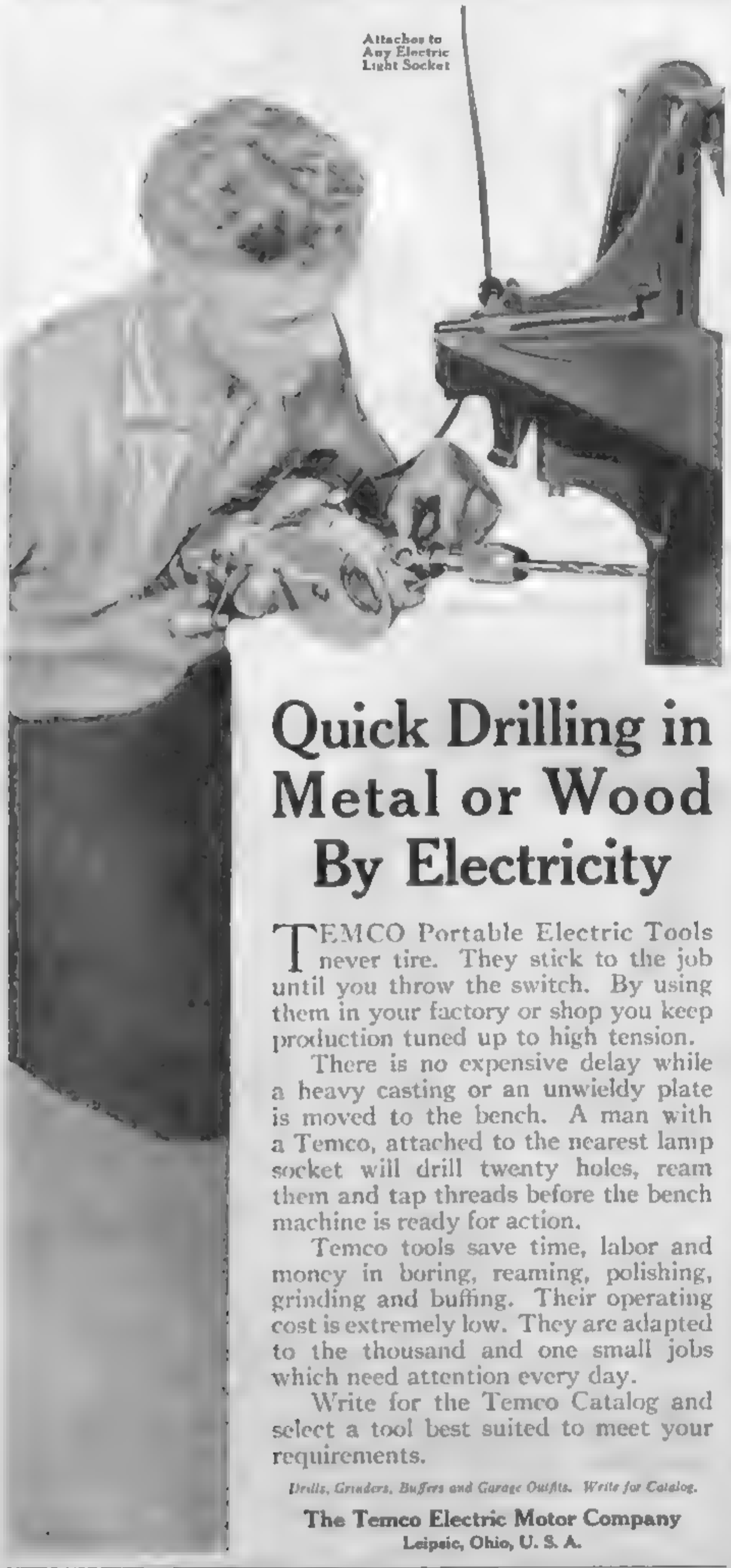

Quick Drilling in Metal or Wood By Electricity

TEMCO Portable Electric Tools never tire. They stick to the job until you throw the switch. By using them in your factory or shop you keep production tuned up to high tension.

There is no expensive delay while a heavy casting or an unwieldy plate is moved to the bench. A man with a Temco, attached to the nearest lamp socket will drill twenty holes, ream them and tap threads before the bench machine is ready for action.

Temco tools save time, labor and money in boring, reaming, polishing, grinding and buffing. Their operating cost is extremely low. They are adapted to the thousand and one small jobs which need attention every day.

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often hangs or by virtue of which a hundred-thousand-dollar verdict quite properly is rendered. Frequently, though they are almost self-evident they are not thought of until the last witness has left the stand, in which event the case has to be reopened and the missing testimony supplied. Many a trial has been won by demonstrating as an afterthought that the chief witness was almost blind or deaf. Far more difficult is it to show that he was mistaken!

This, however, was the position in which Mr. Tutt found himself in order to win his case. He must prove not only that Cephas McFee had been mistaken, but Westbury and Prescott as well. All the evening before he had sat in front of the sea-coal fire in his library, smoking one stogy after another, nursing his chin in his hand and studying the various possibilities presented by the evidence as he knew it. He had derived no encouragement from any of his emissaries. The financial report upon McFee had been of no assistance; Scraggs had succeeded in accomplishing nothing except to get himself hopelessly drunk; and Bonnie Doon had telephoned that McFee had gone home before supper and apparently stayed there. Yet after sitting almost motionless and wreathed in smoke for several hours Mr. Tutt suddenly gave utterance to a sort of cluck, and slapped his knee with his right hand.

"What a fool I was not to have thought of that before!" he muttered. Then he poured out a sup of brandy from the cellaret, poked the fire, turned off the gas and climbed upstairs to bed.

When Cephas McFee reached the police court the next morning he found Westbury already there in a state of fury.

"What d'you s'pose they've done?" demanded the broker angrily. "Subpœnaed all our books! You have made a mess of things! Why, it would take a truck to bring all our stuff over here; and meanwhile our business would simply go all to hell."

"Well, you needn't find fault with me about it. I didn't subpœna them. They've done the same thing to me!"

"That's nothing to what they will do to you!" snapped Westbury.

McFee shivered.

"What do you mean?" he asked faintly.

"Haven't you ever heard of Tutt & Tutt?" inquired the broker.

"Y-e-es!" admitted the miserable McFee.

"Old Tutt will turn you inside out!" warned Westbury. "If you don't take care he'll put you in jail. He don't stop at anything."

McFee looked at him helplessly.

"Well, I'm damned if I'll show him my books!" he ejaculated defiantly.

Westbury laughed heartlessly.

"A lot you'll have to say about it!" he retorted. "You'll show 'em all right or they'll lock you up!"

The room was stuffy, full of queer smells, reminding McFee of a zoo, and the judge looked like an old white-whiskered baboon with a red mouth that he had once seen in the primates' cage at Bronx Park. This effect was heightened for McFee by the way the policemen acted, as if they were keepers of animals. The whole thing was terrible and disgusting. The cops would haul a man to the bar, the old baboon would chatter and roar at him, another smaller baboon would also chatter and roar somewhat less violently, and then the victim would be led away by the keeper behind a cage.

"Sit down there, you!" shouted a court officer, scowling, and the pair crouched upon the bench like two whipped setters.

What shocked McFee was the way people were bullied and ordered round. He had heard that the law was no respecter of persons, but he had never supposed that the law made a business of insulting people. Then there came a hiatus in the wretched procession of defendants, and McFee saw Jim Prescott standing almost in front of the baboon. Beside him was a tall, gaunt, serious-looking old man with a wrinkled face that suggested Lincoln's.

An officer picked up a bundle of papers and called out in a raucous voice: "McFee! Cephas McFee! Take the stand!"

McFee rose and made his way forward through a gate in the bar which another officer held open for him.

"Be sworn!" directed the judge. "Hold up your right hand! No, the right hand! You do solemnly swear that in the matter of the People of the State of New York against James Prescott you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you God? What have you to say?"

Cephas McFee found his throat very dry and his cheeks very hot. Standing on the platform with his hand in the air he felt like the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World.

"Is that your signature?" inquired the judge, who closer at hand seemed rather a kindly person.

McFee nodded.

"Don't nod your head! Speak out. The stenographer has to get what you say."

"Yes," answered McFee.

The judge ran over the complaint with his eye.

"You had twenty-five thousand dollars in U. S. four and one half per cent notes, you delivered them to the defendant, and he gave you a receipt—yes? Have you the receipt—yes? He has not delivered the notes to the bank. You charge him with stealing them. Is that correct?"

McFee started to nod again and then hastily stammered, "Yes. Exactly."

"Well, that seems simple enough," remarked the judge. "Do you wish to cross-examine, Mr. Tutt?"

The tall man who looked like Lincoln stretched his shoulders.

"I certainly do!" he replied significantly, and McFee trembled.

"How do you know that you had twenty-five thousand dollars in notes?" he asked.

"Because I counted them," answered McFee bravely.

"Where?"

"Once when I put them in my box in the vault and again when I took them out to give them to Westbury & Wheatland."

"Do you distinctly recall counting them on both occasions?"

"Yes," replied Cephas brazenly.

"Do you absolutely and unqualifiedly testify that you took each note separately in your hands and counted it?"

The room clouded for a moment, then cleared.

"Yes," agreed McFee.

"You do, eh?" suddenly interjected the judge, bending forward and fixing Cephas with his eye. "You distinctly recall counting the individual notes?"

McFee swallowed.

"Ye-es. Yes, certainly, I do!"

A grim smile played for an instant about Mr. Tutt's mouth.

"You are aware that it is a crime to testify falsely in this or any other legal proceeding?"

"Yes," admitted McFee; and again the room clouded.

Mr. Tutt pursed his thin lips.

"That is all—for the present," he remarked. "If Your Honor will instruct the witness to remain I may wish to question him further later on."

"Can't I get back to my office?" inquired McFee plaintively. "I don't want to be kept dangling round all day. I ——"

"You'll dangle just as long as you are needed!" chattered the judge, looking as much like a baboon as he had in the beginning. "Are there any more witnesses for the complainant?" He looked round vaguely.

"There's Mr. Westbury," answered Cephas, who though wilted was eager to see the matter through. "He counted the notes."

"Call him," ordered the judge.

Mr. Westbury came reluctantly forward while Mr. McFee took his vacant place on the settee.

"Did you count the notes?" asked His Honor.

"I did," affirmed Mr. Westbury with decision.

"How many were there?"

"Twenty-five thousand."

The judge raised his eyebrows and looked meaningly at Mr. Tutt.

"You are this man's employer, aren't you?" he continued.

"Yes, sir."

"Ever have any occasion to find fault with him?"

"No, sir."

"How long has he worked for you?"

"Twelve years this March."

"Has he handled large sums of money?"

"Every day."

"Have you ever missed any?"

"No, sir."

The judge leaned back.

"You may cross-examine, Mr. Tutt."

The old lawyer smiled at Mr. Westbury in a friendly fashion.

(Concluded on Page 157)

Why Fleet Owners Are Standardizing Their Equipment With Kissel Trucks

By George A. Kissel

Because present and future motor truck owners of America want practical and not theoretical facts—I picked at random three Kissel fleet owners among a great number and asked them to tell you their experiences. So in other words this is an owner's story as well as a manufacturer's.

Reduces Repair Expenses

Many years ago, a man started out in Denver with one wagon and a pair of mules. Today this company, the Turner Moving & Storage Co., is one of the largest of its kind in the country. How was this accomplished? By first equipping with motor trucks and then standardizing on one make.

"After several years of experimenting with a fleet of miscellaneous trucks, we decided that the best results would come from standardizing on one make," says Mr. Turner, the President. "After a thorough investigation of all motor trucks, we invested in fourteen Kissels with these results:

"First—Our mechanical men quickly became familiar with the Kissel construction and mechanical features, facilitating adjustments and repairs and saving time in changing equipment.

"Second—After purchasing Kissels we found it hard to get drivers to handle our other makes, because they take pride in the trucks they drive and want the ones which handle and perform the best. Where all trucks are alike there is no choice, thus making it easier to secure good drivers and keep them satisfied.

"Third—In nearly two years of Kissel truck ownership, our purchases of repair parts have averaged $2.35 per month per truck. And if we had not become stalled in a snowdrift in the Cripple Creek district last winter, our average for repairparts would have been about $1.00 per month per truck."

Saves 270 Gallons of Gas Weekly

Several years ago the Universal Cartage Co. started business in Milwaukee, Wis., with one Kissel "Freighter" truck and several trucks of other makes. "Before standardizing our equipment by adding eight more Kissels," says John Vander Heyden, the President, "we had to contend with varied loading and operating conditions—enlarged floor space and extra help to handle the parts from different factories. Our mechanics had many adjustments and repairs; each had to be handled differently on account of different construction.

"Since disposing of the other makes we have reduced our stock of parts over one half, easily taken care of by less than half the help, and have reduced the gasoline consumption from ten gallons to five gallons per truck per ten hour day. Our drivers find it much easier to work for a concern that standardizes on equipment because they are then capable of driving and handling any one of our models.

"Our service mechanics can do more on Kissels because they are not complicated and being thoroughly familiar with every part they can instantly locate any trouble and eliminate a great deal of lost motion in remedying it. As our older trucks wear out, the interchangeability of parts permits our using the unworn parts, such as wheels, frame, bearings, etc. Through a period of years this effects quite a saving."

Saves 25% In Upkeep

Let us hie out to Wyoming where motor trucks haul supplies to distant ranches and oilwells, over roads still in the cowpath and blazed trail stages. At Casper, the Michener Transportation Co. "haul anything any place on Kissel trucks over unkept country roads, steep hills, with plenty of mud and sand in its worst form." As Mr. Michener recently wrote us—

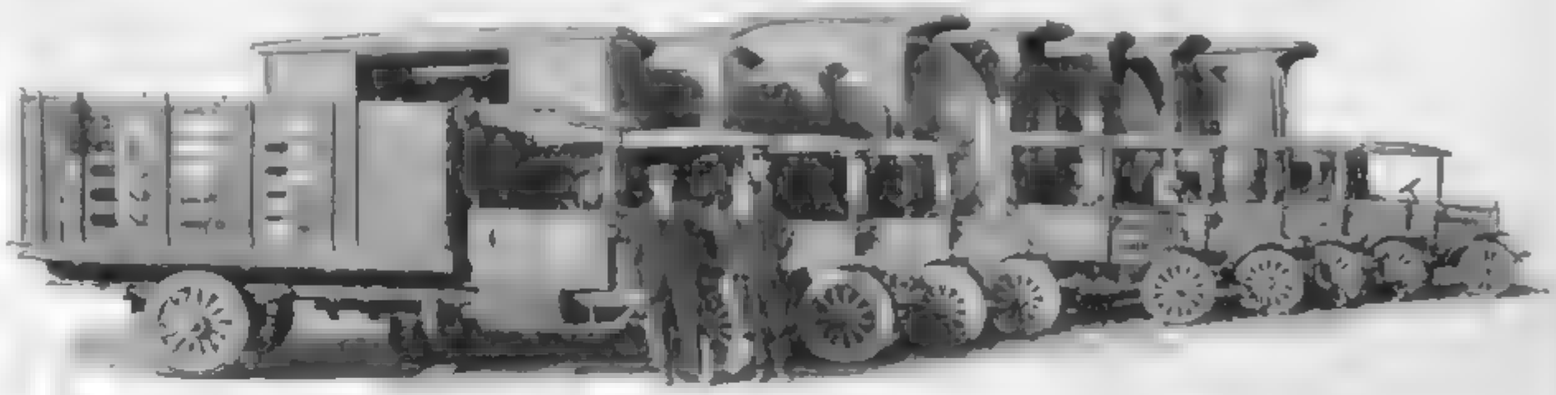
"At first we operated several makes of trucks, but since specializing on nine Kissels, not only has the cost of upkeep been cut considerably, but my trucks are making more trips. I carry a much smaller line of parts owing to the fact that they are interchangeable. My mechanics get out the work much faster as they seem to know instantly where to look for any trouble and just how to go about to get the work done at the earliest possible moment.

"In fact I can honestly say that if the owner who operates two or more trucks will standardize on some one good make, he will find that in the first three years he will make a saving of from ten to twenty-five per cent in cost of upkeep and operating expense."

Results of Standardizing

A summary of results from standardizing equipment with Kissel Trucks proves that—

1—Increases driver's efficiency and creates a desire on his part to handle his truck 100 per cent. Attracts good drivers and keeps them satisfied as they all have the same make of truck.



Part of the Kissel Fleet owned and operated by the Turner Moving & Storage Co., Denver

2—Mechanics and service men can concentrate on one type of construction, quickly becoming familiar with all mechanical features—eliminating delays in adjustments and repairs—saving time in changing equipment. No mechanic can make a record or show his employer that he is efficient and ambitious where he has to make the different kinds of repairs and adjustments common with a fleet of different makes.

3—Through interchangeability of parts, it permits a complete stock at small investment—reducing overhead and labor expense.

4—Enables owners to keep accurate check on gasoline, oil, tires and depreciation. If one driver can make a mileage record, other drivers can do likewise, as trucks are all same make.

5—Lower upkeep and repair expense per truck per week results where entire organization is thoroughly familiar with one make. No scattering of efforts—no doing anything twice because of different design.

6—A yearly labor saving of from 10% to 40% that otherwise would be spent in divided efforts. Time and labor saved through concentrating on one make permits trucks making more trips.

7—Another important advantage is that the Kissel engineers in designing the Kissel-built motor and other units, **standardized** them as far as engineering principles and different sized models permitted, thus making different items **oversize on the smaller models** and **fully equal to all requirements on the larger jobs.**

8—The All-Year Cab, an exclusive Kissel truck feature, insures to Kissel fleet owners **uninterrupted transportation the year around—giving full protection to drivers and increased results to owners.** In winter it is completely closed—snow, rain and cold proof. In summer it is quickly changed to an open cab by removing the winter attachments.

Standardizing on Different Sized Units

As yet we have not touched on another big advantage owners enjoy in standardizing on Kissel trucks—that of choosing from the different sized Kissel models **so each unit of the fleet will fit different requirements.**

In other words, owners have found that it is just as necessary to standardize on the **proper size model** as it is to standardize **on one make. Therefore, to have different sized models of the same make is the height of fleet efficiency and economy.**

As an example—One of the largest dairy concerns south of New York City intends to standardize on Kissel Trucks, first—because the repairs, adjustments, accessories and actual wear and tear on their Kissel trucks for over two years has not exceeded $950, while their other trucks have cost double that amount in half the time, and second—because they can **standardize on models to fit each hauling requirement,** thus eliminating the waste caused by employing trucks that are oversized or undersized for the work.

They use their six Kissel "General Utility" 1½ ton models for rapid door-to-door delivery in the city, as well as auxiliary trucks for their heavier models. Their two Kissel "Freighter" 2 ton models are used to transport heavier loads greater distances, while their Kissel "Heavy Duty" 3½ ton model acts as the "Mother Ship," carrying wholesale loads great distances to where it acts as a supply base for the smaller models.

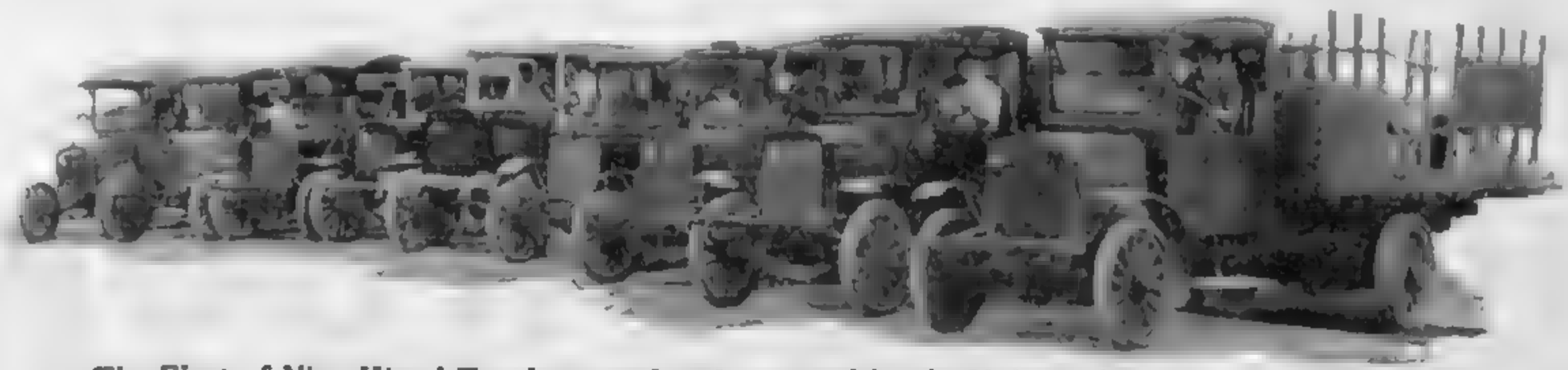
The new ¾ ton General Delivery model is the fleet owner's scout runner—a job built to carry capacity loads at a speedy rate. The biggest Kissel model—the "Goliath" 5 ton model is easily "boss of the road" when unusually heavy loads or brute hill-climbing power for a string of trailers is necessary.

From the Mechanic's and Driver's Standpoint

Kissel Trucks have an enviable reputation among mechanics and service men. The exclusive Kissel design and construction not only minimize repairs and adjustments, but give accessibility that makes service work simplicity itself. This ease of keeping Kissel Trucks in perfect order is responsible for unusually low upkeep and overhead expense in both public and private garages.

Drivers of Kissel Trucks have not only made unusual economy records, but the functioning of the Kissel-built motor and other Kissel features gives them a pride in their work that reacts to the benefit of employer and employee alike. The success of Kissel Trucks among the country's prominent fleet owners warrants your careful investigation. We would like to go into this subject more fully with present and prospective fleet owners, as well as owners of single units, for they are the fleet owners of tomorrow.

Your nearest Kissel dealer is fully prepared to take the witness stand and submit to your cross examination. Or your request directed to the factory will bring latest literature and data. KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.



The Fleet of Nine Kissel Trucks owned and operated by the Universal Cartage Co., Milwaukee

DUPLEX FOUR WHEEL DRIVE TRUCK

SHIP BY TRUCK

Savings That Hold Good Wherever the Duplex Hauls

To business men who have never owned the Duplex 4-wheel Drive, the simple facts must seem almost incredible.

Yet they *are* facts. And they are *conclusive*. They are based on ton-mile costs—the very bedrock of all hauling.

It is in ton-mile costs that Duplex savings average from 20 per cent to as high as 60 per cent.

The figures leave no room for doubt; no room for argument.

They are quoted from the records of firms which operate a single Duplex, and those which operate whole fleets.

Whether these reports come from cities or small towns; from mining or lumber regions; from road-building operations, or wherever, the net result is the same.

The Duplex does make a *decided* and *definite saving* in the cost per ton-mile.

The comparison holds good in every case. Because that is true, the Duplex has repeatedly replaced horses, mules, and other trucks, in all kinds of hauling.

The reason, of course, is obviously sane and simple.

The Duplex drives with all four wheels. It always goes through —even where a team of horses would stall. And it always carries the load.

The Duplex wastes no power in spinning wheels. It saves itself from the damage of unequal strains. It requires only single rear tires instead of dual—a clear saving here of 30 per cent.

Duplex dealers always welcome a comparative demonstration. They are accustomed to regard the sale as good as closed when they are asked to compete in performance.

Business executives who have *any* hauling proposition, on any kind of road, will find it to their interest to inquire thoroughly into the Duplex facts.

DUPLEX TRUCK COMPANY
Lansing, Michigan

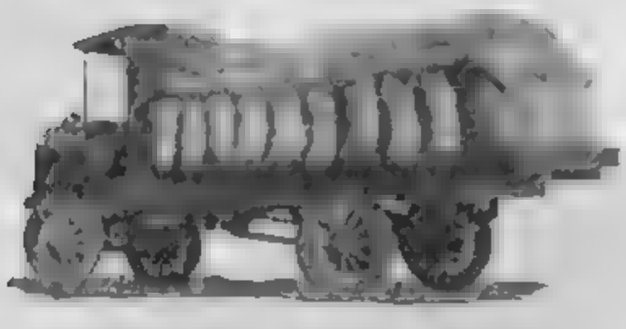
After one year's hard work hauling logs, mining props, and piling, at an expense of something like $40 for repairs, I am placing my order for my second Duplex Truck.

This truck always worked with a two-wheel trailer, and hauled loads on the truck and trailer up to ten tons right out of the woods, through creek-beds, across fields, wherever I wanted to go. I am still running on the original set of tires and they are good for this season.

I am now using this truck hauling logs about a mile, with two trailers. Each load averages 2500 board feet, and am putting into the pond 20,000 board feet every ten hours. Each load runs about ten ton net weight.

In this heavy work I use one pint of cylinder oil every forty miles, and average five miles to a gallon of gasoline.

I. L. SMITH,
The Dalles, Oregon.



DUPLEX TRUCKS
Cost Less Per Ton-mile

(Concluded from Page 154)

"I can see by your very frank answers," said he, "that you bear my client no ill will. I do not doubt your desire to be absolutely sincere. I only wish to ask you two questions. I think your replies will dispose of one side of this unfortunate case. The first is: Was your firm engaged very actively in dealing in four and one-half per cent notes?"

Mr. Westbury was delighted at the cordiality of the treatment accorded him, particularly as contrasted with that extended to McFee.

"Why, no, Mr. Tutt," he replied almost effusively; "we only had two or three transactions in them. In fact this is the only one we have had for several weeks."

"You don't carry them on hand?" went on the lawyer.

"Oh, no," declared the witness. "We have no use for them ourselves. If a customer ——"

"That is all I wanted to know. You had none on hand at this time?"

"Not that I know of."

The lawyer nodded as if satisfied.

"Now," he continued, "you are absolutely positive there were twenty-five thousand dollars in notes."

"Yes, absolutely!"

"Do you remember how many notes there were?" asked Mr. Tutt with solemn emphasis.

"Absolutely yes," answered Mr. Westbury. "There were three. Two ten-thousand-dollar notes and a five."

"You are sure there were three? Just as sure as that they totaled twenty-five thousand dollars?"

"Absolutely positive."

Mr. Tutt straightened up and gave a sigh of relief.

"Then, Your Honor, I move for the defendant's acquittal."

McFee almost stood up in his wrath. He knew they were going to try to put something over on him.

"How so?" queried the judge.

"Kindly let me see the notes that were found on the defendant's person," said Mr. Tutt to the clerk.

The lawyer took the notes which had been pinned together and turned each slowly, holding it up so that the judge could see it. There were three—one for ten thousand dollars, one for five thousand and one for one thousand. Each was creased twice and all folded together neatly.

"These notes were found on the defendant. They amount to sixteen thousand dollars. The complainant, McFee, claims they are what remained after my client had abstracted nine thousand dollars in notes from the original twenty-five thousand. But Mr. Westbury testifies that there were only three notes—two for ten thousand dollars and one for five thousand. Now if Mr. Westbury is correct and is not the victim of an honest but natural mistake, as I claim that he is, my client must have substituted for one of the ten-thousand-dollar notes a one-thousand-dollar note. He could steal the nine thousand dollars in no other way. Where did he get that one-thousand-dollar note? The firm did not have any. Is it to be presumed that Prescott had procured one in anticipation of this very possibility? Moreover, the folds of the one-thousand-dollar note fit precisely the folds of the other notes. These three notes are the only notes that Mr. McFee had. He thought he had twenty-five thousand. He thought he counted them, but he mistook the one-thousand-dollar note, which was under the first ten-thousand-dollar note, for another ten. Turning the edges they look exactly alike. He told Mr. Westbury that there were twenty-five thousand in notes and so impressed Mr. Westbury with that fact that he also made the same mistake.

"Prescott, being assured by both Mr. McFee and Mr. Westbury that the notes amounted to twenty-five thousand, assumed their joint statement to be correct and in his hurry to give the receipt likewise miscounted them."

"It is an extraordinary illustration of self-deception," remarked the judge; "but the fact that there were only three notes would seem to be almost conclusive. As you say, it isn't to be presumed that Prescott had a one-thousand-dollar note all ready to substitute for a ten."

"Now you will understand why I wished to reserve a part of my cross-examination," explained Mr. Tutt. "I have subpœnaed Mr. McFee's books; they will of course show exactly whether he had twenty-five or sixteen thousand in four and one-half per cent notes, just as they would have if he had referred to them before having my client arrested. Mr. McFee, will you please resume the stand?"

For an instant Cephas McFee seriously contemplated flight, but the door of the zoo was guarded by a keeper, and every eye was fastened upon him. Very weak in the legs he climbed again to the altar of sacrifice.

"Kindly let me see the book in which you entered the receipt of the notes that you placed in your vault," said the lawyer sternly.

"I—I haven't it here," choked McFee.

"Why not?" thundered Mr. Tutt.

"Be-cause I didn't propose that you should go prying into my private affairs," glared McFee.

"Oh—not even if that involved sending an innocent man to prison! Your Honor, I ask for the commitment of this witness for contempt of court."

Just beside McFee the white-whiskered baboon suddenly began to gibber ferociously, and all the beasts in the menagerie started to roar in a deafening chorus.

He was lost! He knew it. Those lawyers! Why had he ever had Prescott arrested?

"Your Honor," he chattered, "I would like to withdraw the charge. There are so many possibilities of mistake ——"

"You should have thought of that before!" shrieked the baboon. "Why didn't you look at your books?"

"I thought ——"

"You thought!"

"What did you find," shouted Mr. Tutt, pointing an accusing finger at the wretched McFee, "when you looked at your books this morning? Tell the truth!"

McFee quaked and glanced uneasily this way and that.

"Answer!" roared the baboon, towering above him. "Answer, unless you want to go to jail for contempt."

Cephas McFee tottered and all but fell, while an officer supported him by the shoulder.

"I found that I had had only sixteen thousand," he whispered faintly.

Then all the animals stood up on their hind legs and waved their paws and howled, and amid the pandemonium McFee heard the judge say to one of the policemen: "Hold this man on a short affidavit until I have time to consider his case more fully," and then to the world at large: "The defendant is discharged."

From the crowd upon the benches a young woman rushed forward and flung her arms hysterically about Prescott.

"Oh, Jim!" she cried wildly. "Oh, Jim!"

The defendant strained her to him and patted the heavy coils of her dark hair.

"Excuse her, Your Honor!" he begged shamefacedly. "She's all upset!" He bent over her.

"How's Jennie?" he demanded hoarsely.

She raised a transfigured face.

"Jennie's all right," she cried. "She didn't have the pneumonia after all."

Mr. Tutt leaned over and crossed his arms familiarly upon the judge's dais, while a paternal smile transfigured his gnarled old features.

"Jennie's their little girl," he explained. "And, Jo, she's the greatest kid you ever saw!"

HEALTH *and* MONEY

Mr. Elmore Everett, of New York, is convalescing. He walks an hour or two daily in the open air, and *at the same time makes good money*. At his present rate of earnings his income from his few active hours this year will reach nearly

$1000.00

He writes that his health is coming back, and that he is "in this business permanently." Next year he should easily triple his present profits.

For You, Too!

If *you* have some spare time, we will give you the same opportunity that Mr. Everett enjoys as subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The Country Gentleman*.

No previous experience is necessary, yet almost from the beginning each of your spare hours should bring you an easy dollar. Hundreds of our workers everywhere earn from $5 to $40 a week extra! For details, clip and mail this coupon today.

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THE BEGINNER ON THE STAGE

(Concluded from Page 30)

Be strictly temperate in the use of coffee and tea. In short, keep yourself in the pink of physical condition at all times, with hard muscles and strong, steady nerves.

And doing all that do not applaud yourself or suppose you are entitled to any credit. You are not. It is all for your own advantage and advancement. But you can paste this in your hat: Nowhere do plain clean living, self-denial, self-discipline, self-control, persistent resolute endeavor, pay bigger dividends than they do in the theater.

If elderly persons—especially old-time actors—are foolishly inclined to think these monitions are preachy or superfluous I have simply this to say to them: Look back over the history of the theater, over the cases in your own personal experience, and consider how many broken hearts and ruined careers would have been prevented by observance of them.

A Cork for Enunciation

Get into a resident stock or traveling repertory company if you can, for a single season. If you cannot do that, then go to the best school of acting within your reach. At any of the reputable ones you will find a chance to learn something. Then—seek and seek and seek until you find employment in some company supporting an established star. Learn elocution—but remember that elocution can be made a hindrance instead of a help, unless judiciously employed. Take Hamlet's advice to the Players for your artistic creed. Strive ever against your self-conceit—which is at least considerable or you would not try to be an actor. Take yourself, and still more your profession, seriously at all times, without ever being pompous or absurd about it. Remember, even if you get to be a great actor, the world will go on for several weeks after you are dead! Never in any circumstances guy—that is, fool or frolic upon the stage or make sport of what you are doing, and never condone or permit guying on the part of others, be their professional position what it may.

To guy is to degrade yourself and insult your audience.

Read the dictionary with closest attention ten minutes every day—and never fail to look up and understand every word you hear or see the exact meaning of which is unknown to you. Read ten minutes every day in the standard poets—preferably read aloud. Practice committing to memory—and get the text literally correct. You can and you must learn to memorize exactly and rapidly. Learn to listen. No matter how often you play a part every word you hear and every word you utter on the stage must seem to be heard and uttered for the first time.

Read and analyze at least one play each week—taking in turn every division of the drama. Read and study in particular every word of Shakspere's plays. Learn every stage position, the name of every rope in the fly gallery and of every trap in the stage—or which ought to be in it. If you possess even a tolerable singing voice have it cultivated by a reliable teacher. If you have even the slightest musical ability have it trained. To be able to play any musical instrument acceptably, but especially the piano, is invaluable to an actor. Never shirk work—seek it day and night, and never let anybody do your work for you. Understudy every part in every play in which you appear and be prepared to go on for it without a rehearsal.

In general, avoid society and clubs. Learn to dance—not the insignificant one-step or the intolerable chimmy-chawble and such abominations, but the old-fashioned waltz and especially the minuet. Learn to fence and box. Learn to walk properly, to stand, to sit, to rise. And learn to speak. We all know about Demosthenes and his mouthful of pebbles. That sterling old actor, Herman Vezin, who also was one of the best of teachers, had his pupils utter their speeches holding a large cork between their teeth until they could deliver them fluently and clearly in spite of that troublesome obstruction. It is a better and less dangerous method than the pebbles.

As to walking, it is amazing to me, since that is the general method of locomotion, how very few men and women are able to perform it gracefully. Perhaps the most graceful walker among women of the stage who have come under my observation was Ellen Terry—and in her Memoirs she gives a glimpse of her early training by a method which I had used long before I ever saw her. Miss Terry's words on this subject are well worth quoting:

"Whenever Mr. Oscar Byrn, the dancing master and director of crowds at the Princess Theater [London] was not actually putting me through my paces I was busy watching him teach others. There was the minuet, to which he used to attach great importance, and there was 'walking the plank.' Up and down one of the long planks, extending the length of the stage [said planks being about four inches wide] we had to walk, first slowly and then quicker and quicker until we were able at a considerable pace to walk the whole length of it without deviating an inch from the straight line.

"This exercise Mr. Byrn used to say, and quite truly, I think, taught us uprightness of carriage and certainty of step."

And learn to make up the face. Not one in ten, even among experienced actors, knows how to do it properly—and not one in twenty among actresses. There are doubtless times to ask questions, especially of old actors; but as a rule in the theater keep your mouth shut and your eyes and ears open. Augustin Daly, one of the greatest of managers, had the following admonition printed, framed and hung in various places in his theater. I have it inscribed above the call board in mine. "A sure way to success—mind your business. A sure way to happiness—mind your own business." You can't choose a wiser motto.

Obey the rules of every theater you go into as you do the ten commandments. Never dispute with your stage director. "Obey orders if you ruin owners!" See every dramatic performance you can—and analyze every personation in it. Concentrate on essential characteristics and not on mere surface oddities, traits or defects. And always work—work—work. Study—study—study. Dress, make up and play every part you are ever cast for—even if you have no more to say than "The train leaves in half an hour, madam,"—to the very best of your ability, always preserving a proper sense of proportion. Never forget that even a servant with only a single speech of half a dozen words to deliver can be made a character; that his appearance and utterance can be made a perfect bit in the whole picture of the drama. One of the most appreciative critical tributes I ever read was paid to a little girl who played the part of the boy who washes Mario's paint brushes in La Tosca.

And from first to last bear this in mind: However dear and kind are the friends you make in the theater—and they can be very, very wonderful—whoever enters at the stage door must bear his own troubles. If you cannot act when your duty calls you to do so—stay at home, unseen. But you will never be a true actor if you cannot act, and act well, with your body wracked with pain, your heart bleeding and your spirit in anguish.

The Audience a Hard Master

Prize fighting is a degrading and despicable thing—but an actor can learn a lesson even from the prize ring. The brutal men who sit about it do not gather there to sympathize with the fighter who is cut and beaten and finally struck insensible by his opponent. They gather there to see just how gamely a beaten man can take his beating—how long his courage, his will can force his body to stand up and fight after he is all in. It is, to an extent, the same in acting. The audience does not pay to sympathize with you in your sickness, your affliction, your grief or misery. The audience may be indulgent—but if you set foot on the stage you have no right to ask or expect its indulgence. Your brothers and sisters of the stage, behind the curtain with you, may give you a wealth of sympathy and affection and encouragement in trouble; generally they do. But it is up to you to play your part, whether or no. The public pays when it comes into the theater. You are in honor bound to deliver the goods.

In the Reminiscences of that fine old English actor, the late John L. Toole, there is an anecdote which admirably illustrates the right attitude in this vitally important matter, with which I may well close these few fragmentary monitions to beginners on the stage. Toole once very sharply rebuked a young player in his company for inefficiency, who years afterward said to him: "Mr. Toole, if you had known the truth I think you would have been less severe; I had just received news of my mother's death."

"My boy," said the old actor, "I should have been sorry for you, and I should have spoken more gently; but you must remember that a theatrical audience is not concerned with the death of your mother or with the state of your health or feelings. The spectators have paid and come to see you act, and if you go on you must act!"

That, all you beginners, is all there is to the matter. Never forget it!

Mary Anderson, at Sixteen, as Juliet

Wherever there is an Electric Light Socket

THE great labor saving convenience and the growing satisfaction in ownership of the Maytag Electric Washer, so generally enjoyed in the electrically appointed laundries of city homes, is available for every rural home equipped with any standard farm lighting system. This makes Maytag Electric Washer service as universal in application as the electric current itself.

IN villages and on farms where electricity is not available, the Maytag Multi-Motor Washer, operated by a small gasoline engine installed under the tub, furnishes equally constant and dependable power.

These two washers are identical in construction and operation except as to the source of power. Both are furnished with the Maytag Swinging Reversible Wringer, with safety release lever.

Through these two machines, Maytag relief from heavy wash day work is extended to every household in America.

The Maytag Household Manual, a book of helpful suggestions, will be mailed gratis on request.

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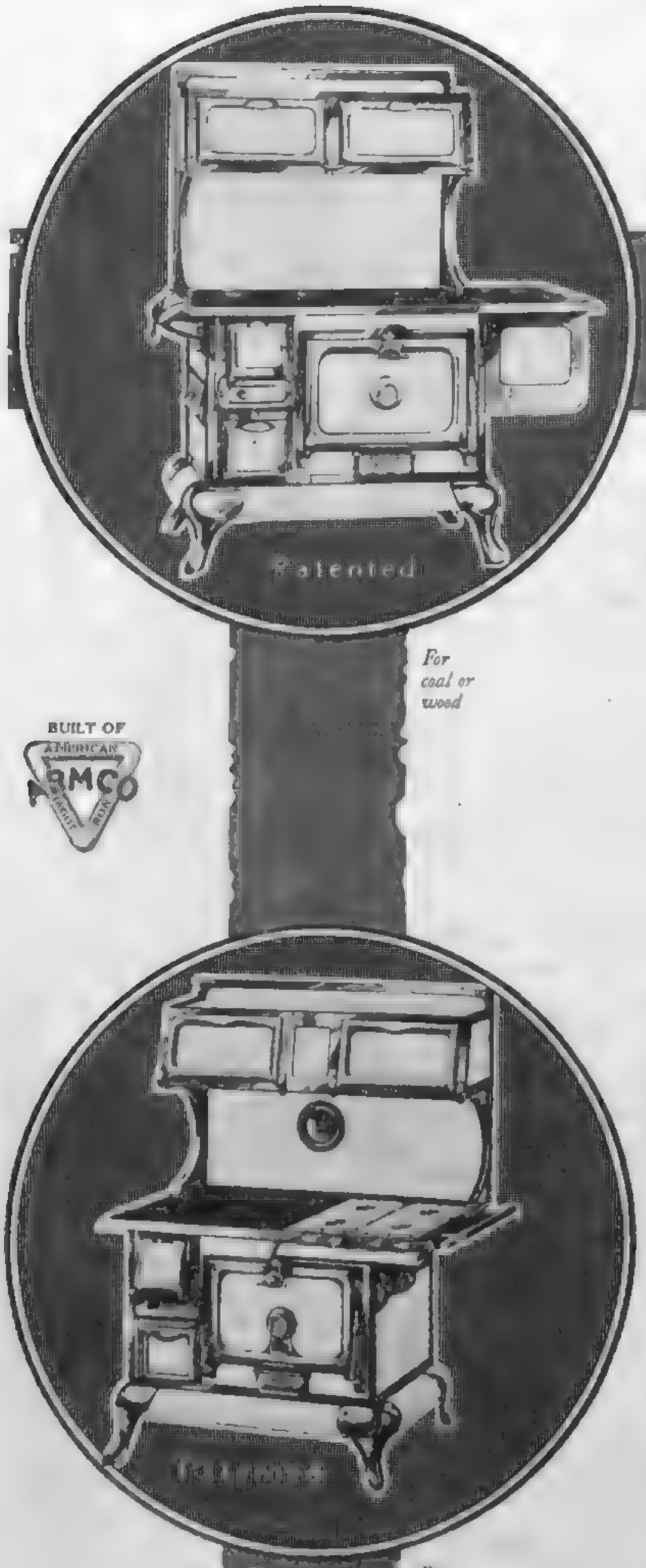

25 YEAR GUARANTEE

SANICO The RUST-PROOF PORCELAIN RANGE

BUILT for a life-time of satisfactory service. Constructed of Armco rust-resisting iron, coated inside and out with everlasting porcelain.

Four Beautiful Sanitary Porcelain Finishes

Azure Blue, *Snow* White, Dark Blue, Black and White. Handsome, plain nickeled trimmings. Distinctively ornamental to any kitchen. Its graceful lines—its atmosphere of quality—appeal to the pride of its owner. As easily cleaned as a china dish. No blacking required—no polishing. Merely wipe it clean with a damp cloth and it looks new.

As Rust-Proof as a Mirror

Eliminate rust and the long life of a range is assured. The SANICO is coated thruout with the best six-metal porcelain. Ovens, flues, back walls, every inch, covered inside and out—with this rust-resisting material. It is amply protected. The porcelain linings are elastic. They expand and contract with the heat. No chipping—no cracking—no discoloration.

Full Size Range --- Roomy Oven

It is a full size range, not skimped to cut the price. Plenty of room for "big bakings" and for roasting the Holiday turkey.

Plenty of space on top. Its perfect distribution of heat—no matter what fuel is used—assures perfection in baking. The Sanico has every convenience. The many special features of this most modern range, together with its staunch construction, insure permanent satisfaction.

Write for catalog and sample of this wonderful porcelain. Put it to any heat test. See how far it will bend without cracking or chipping. The Sanico catalog will accompany the sample. It shows every model in its actual color. Please mention your dealer's name. Dealers everywhere are rapidly putting in this wonderful range. If your dealer's stock has not arrived we will see that you are supplied.

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Utah

Huey & Philps Hdwe. Co., Dallas, Texas
Texas and Oklahoma

Dealers:
Write for our exclusive sales proposition and our profit-sharing plan

FRIENDS OF FORTUNE

(Continued from Page 27)

be described! It's in the way you dress and the way you talk. Why, it's even in the way you brush your hair. That sounds foolish, don't it? But I don't know how else to say it. Why, you look as if it wouldn't faze you to interview a Rockefeller or a Morgan or a John Bourne."

Jig started.

"John Bourne! What good would that do, Frank?"

"What good would it do? Why, we need advertising, Jig, to get on. I've got enough money to run the paper as it is, but we need more to grow, to branch out, to reach all the young fellows that need a little extra encouragement, a pat on the back once in a while. And I haven't got the confidence, the appearance, to get out and interview the men who can give us the advertising that will enable us to grow.

"We're not a big paper, Jig. We don't offer these advertisers much inducement to come in, but what we've got is honest and worth what we charge for it. But they overlook us; they never hear about us. So we need somebody like you to go out and tell them what we are and what we're aiming at. You can do that, Jig. Ever since I met you I've had an idea that some day I could get hold of you for just this job. I never said anything about it because—well, when we were in the army it was no time to think of our own business, was it? But always I couldn't help thinking that mebbe some day I could get you to come in and help me run the business, you on your end and me on mine."

"But look here, Frank, you won't expect me to ask for advertising from my friends, will you? You won't want me to solicit the business on friendship? You'll let me sell on the merits of the paper, nothing else, and to the best of my own ability, nothing more?"

"Of course I mean that, Jig! This isn't a charity affair. I don't want any business out of charity."

Jig stood for a moment with his head sunk in thought. Then he dropped heavily into a chair.

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

"What's the matter?"

Jig's answer was wholly incomprehensible to Frank Bradford.

"To think," said Jig, "of not only being permitted to learn how to swim but also to be able to use exactly the stroke you wish."

VII

THE day that Jig started to work for Frank Bradford turned a page in the book of his life. There followed weeks of agony for him—agony and delight. They were agonized because he was afraid—tremendously afraid—that he would fail Frank. As he tramped the streets, as he went into office after office without result, he kept repeating to himself: "I must justify Frank's confidence in me." But they were weeks of delight, too, because never before had he given himself so wholesouledly to any one purpose. Purpose filled him. It sent him scurrying along hard and intent. It was the joy the athlete feels, whether he wins or not, in the very exercise of his heartbreaking effort. Perhaps this delight was subconscious with Jig. Perhaps he didn't realize it was there; but, nevertheless, when he wasn't worrying about failing Frank he was very happy and content.

And then came the thrill of his first order. It wasn't much of an order. He procured it in a most simple way. Yet it was thrilling. He had been talking to the advertising manager of a correspondence school.

"But what is this paper of yours?" asked the advertising manager, rather pleased with the young man to whom he had at last granted an interview; and he thought idly that he would be rather an amiable young chap to invite out to his house in Scattleboro for a week-end, to play golf with, to motor round the country with. "I've never heard of your paper. Its name makes it sound like a house organ. It isn't that, is it? What sort of people do you reach?"

Then Jig had a flash. Suddenly he was back in Frank's office and Frank was showing him those letters from aspiring and earnest young men. Jig jumped up.

"What a fool I am!" he exclaimed. "I'll show you what sort of people we reach. May I come back in half an hour?"

The advertising manager hesitated.

"Yes," he said at last.

Jig was back in half an hour with a brief case stuffed with letters from the files of the Bradford Publishing Company.

"Good heavens! Why didn't you show me these before?" asked the advertising manager—and he eyed Jig, twinkling, amused. "You're new at this game, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, let me show you how I'd sell advertising in your paper if I were in your place."

He talked for half an hour. He talked well and eloquently—and he sold himself in talking.

Jig got an order. It was a small order. But it was the first one. Never before in his life had Jig had exactly that feeling that his first order gave him. It seemed absurd to him when he stopped to consider it seriously and in a coldly detached way—which he did, but not for long—that one could get that sort of feeling from a small order for advertising space in an insignificant publication. But get it he did.

That night he invited his father to have dinner with him. He felt he had to celebrate in some way.

Geoffry Whyte was swept away by Jig's enthusiasm.

"Does this mean that you've already succeeded in your position?" he asked.

"No, you can't count on it yet, dad."

"It sounds very reassuring. Shall—shall we ask Sylvia to come to dinner with us?"

"No," said Jig.

"You and Sylvia don't seem to be getting along awfully well these days," said Geoffry Whyte regretfully.

"No," said Jig shortly.

Though that cast a shadow over the beginning of the evening's celebration, the shadow did not last. They had dinner at Geoffry Whyte's favorite restaurant and Jig commanded his father to use his most expert knowledge as to what that dinner should be; and after dinner they saw a ripping musical comedy—at least it seemed ripping to Jig. He had, he thought, never seen such a musical comedy.

It was also beguiling for Jig to see his father's expression when he—Jig—insisted rather ostentatiously upon paying for everything with his own money—money he had earned. Altogether a most delectable evening!

The correspondence school order, too, seemed to start other orders. Jig remembered almost word for word the talk the advertising manager had given him, and everywhere he went he carried his brief case stuffed with letters from the files of the Bradford Publishing Company. All the orders were small. But Jig at least was bringing some advertising revenue into Courage!

One afternoon as Jig was hurrying along Fifth Avenue—this was in April—he ran into Cordelia Bourne and the yellow-haired playwright whom he vaguely remembered meeting at Marcia De Witt's party.

Cordelia Bourne stepped directly in front of Jig.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" she demanded. "I haven't seen you for ages."

"Working."

"Working so hard that you can't even spare any time for your oldest friends? Shame on you, Jig! But now that I've got hold of you again I'm not going to let you go. Take me to tea!"

"Rather!" said Jig blithely. He found it exhilarating to see Cordelia again.

Cordelia turned to the yellow-haired playwright.

"Run along, Carlo," she said. "Jig and I have a great deal to talk about."

The youth obediently tipped his hat and moved away.

"Where did you dig up Carlo Bennett?" asked Jig. "I didn't know he was your sort."

"Oh, he's useful," said Cordelia carelessly.

They walked a block or two north to a famous restaurant and were received by a head waiter with the unction due a Bourne and a Whyte, a combination of two families to whom he owed, he felt, the utmost respect and veneration. He led them to a room on the side where, after four dark years of war, couples swayed again to the accompaniment of music gone mad; but Cordelia frowned and said: "No, not there, François. We want to sit in that quiet corner over near the window."

Get out into the open, without that "bundled up" feeling

Enjoy the autumn days when nature is all aglow—that's the best time for all outings. The frosty tang in the air creates an appetite you didn't know existed.

Wear a

Town & Country Leather Coat

A real outing companion. Comfortable and close fitting, yet you don't have that "bundled up" feeling. You have the easy feel of a "gym" suit with the warmth of an overcoat.

Town and Country leather coats break the wind, keep out the cold, wear and look good allways. Get one and be comfortably well dressed.

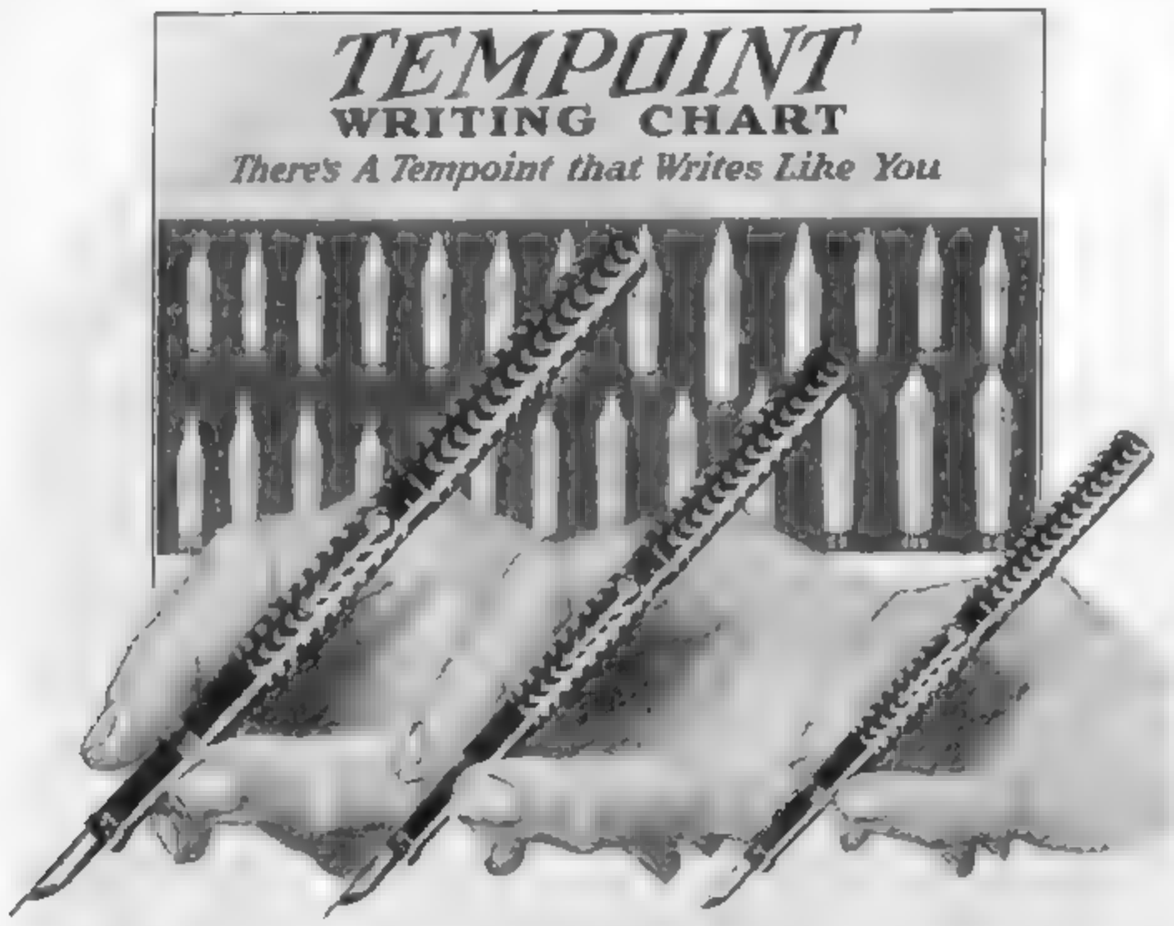
The Universal Garment for out o' doors

The three-quarter length Town and Country coat illustrated, was adopted by the U. S. Government Aircraft Division.

The leading stores sell them.—Write for booklet, C-32, showing styles.

GUITERMAN BROS.
SAINT PAUL, U. S. A

Originators and manufacturers of wind-proof and cold-resisting clothing.



There's a Tempoint that Writes Like You

However you write, light or heavy, fast or slow; whatever your age, juvenile, youthful, or three-score-ten, your handwriting is charted on the Tempoint Chart, for the quick, sure finding of the Tempoint Pen that writes like you. Every Tempoint dealer has this Chart.

Rule-of-thumb selection is thus supplanted by the Tempoint method which enables you to select *your* pen without resort to guesswork. It is a case of "love at first sight" and pen satisfaction forever after.

In addition, the Tempoint Pen brings you ten distinctive features all its own. "Tempoint" means "tempered point," the gold nib being hand-hammered so that it cannot become "sprung" by hard, continuous writing. *Your* Tempoint *always* writes like *you*.

"Why No Two People Write Alike"

That is the title of an interesting booklet by C. L. Ricketts, the well-known handwriting authority. May we send it with our compliments? It will give you a good half-hour. It also describes the scientific Tempoint Chart by which you can so readily and so surely select the very Tempoint that writes like you.

A Tempoint costs you no more than pens that do not have its distinctive features. $2.50 and up, in both Self-Filling and Screw-Joint styles. It's the right-hand mate to the famous Eversharp Pencil—and that says everything.

THE WAHL COMPANY
1800 Roscoe Street Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

EASTERN OFFICE: Astor Trust Bldg., 501 5th Ave., New York
BERT M. MORRIS COMPANY, 444 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
Western Representatives for Tempoint Fountain Pens and Eversharp Pencils
CANADIAN REPRESENTATIVES: Rowland & Campbell Ltd., Winnipeg, Manitoba

DEALERS: Write for Tempoint catalog and interesting data on this new idea of selling by the Handwriting Chart.

TEMPOINT
THE PEN WITH THE TEMPERED POINT
Right-Hand Mate to the famous Eversharp Pencil

"Now tell me all about it," said Cordelia after they were comfortably settled.

Jig told her all about it, and Cordelia realized that Jig had never talked so well in his life before. She saw that he had indeed found something; something that held him in thrall as she had never known him to be held. Though her cynical eyes softened, a little stifled wave of jealousy swept her. This was something he had found which she with all her wealth and influence could never have given him. She held her hand so that he could not see her eyes.

"But tell me now, Jig," she said at last, "just how you get this business. I'm so awfully dense about these things."

Jig gazed at her admiringly. He knew perfectly well that Cordelia was not in the least dense. She was, he told himself, as shrewd as they make 'em. Beneath that elaborately coiffed and very blond hair, beneath that little black hat which dipped provocatively over one eye was a brain as clever as that of any man he knew—more clever than those of a great many men he knew. This ignorance of Cordelia's was a sham, a pretense. He knew—and she knew too—that if Cordelia were called upon to make her own living she would succeed in her own way as brilliantly as had her father.

Jig, however, humored Cordelia's pose. He wanted to humor her. In the mood he was in he wanted to do anything she asked. So he explained to her simply and painstakingly just how business was procured for Courage.

After his explanation they sat silent while Cordelia sipped her tea, her eyes reflective.

Presently she asked: "Do you know Mrs. Randolph Beverage?"

"No."

"Mrs. Randolph Beverage, Jig, is the wife of Mr. Randolph Beverage."

"Well?"

"Mr. Randolph Beverage is the president of the Pearl Soap Company. The Pearl Soap Company, as you know—as everybody with eyes knows—spends millions in advertising. Mrs. Randolph Beverage—as you don't know but I do—has social ambitions."

So that was it! Jig began to see dimly Cordelia's scheme.

"You haven't had a dinner party in some time, Jig," Cordelia continued. "Your dad may have lost all his money. I don't know. You still seem to be living as usual down there in Thirty-sixth Street, and surely, money or no money, you can afford one more dinner party on a grand scale. All the smartest people in town will be glad to come—Sylvia, Marcia, Perry Wright, all of them! If they refuse, if they have other engagements I'll drag them there, anyway. And as for Mrs. Randolph Beverage—well, I don't know what she wouldn't give to be invited to that dinner party! Certainly she wouldn't hesitate about ordering her husband—I believe she's the sort who orders her husband about—to give a nice advertising order to Courage."

Jig smiled and shook his head. Cordelia had asked more than he was able to grant.

"No, Cordelia," he said.

"More ideals?" she scoffed.

"The same ideals, Cordelia. I know I sound awfully tiresome and moral, but—but I'm going through with this without pulling any strings."

Cordelia again did not meet his eyes. She gazed out the window and—veiled by the curtains—watched the throng of people who crowded the Avenue. When her gaze returned to Jig her lips were smiling but they were also trembling.

"Jig, sometimes I hate you," she said quietly. "Shall we go?"

VIII

TWO days later, early in the morning while Jig was in his own private office which Frank Bradford had assigned him, his telephone bell tinkled. He recognized Cordelia's cool voice:

"Jig, I'm having a little dinner party of my own next Tuesday night. Will you come?"

"Who's to be there?" Jig was still suspicious of Cordelia.

"Just a crowd of people you know—a small crowd. Marcia, Sylvia, several others. You'll come, won't you?"

"No," said Jig—and thought of Sylvia.

"Why not?"

"I—I'll be busy, Cordelia."

"Busy be—be hanged! Have you any other engagement?"

"No!"

"Then you've got to come as a favor to me. I'm begging. It isn't often I beg, Jig."

"All right! I'll come."

Cordelia at times really was too much for him.

He arrived that Tuesday night at Cordelia's a little late and a little breathless.

"Hello, everybody!" he said apologetically. And indeed he found as Cordelia had promised that he did know everybody—everybody except the very large and very handsome woman to whom Cordelia herself was talking with much animation.

"Oh, Jig! Come here!" she cried. "I want you to meet Mrs. Randolph Beverage. And over there hidden behind those plants you'll find Mr. Randolph Beverage talking to Marcia. Go and rescue him. Marcia's trying to gouge him for her Alley Playhouse."

"I'm sure he'll be glad to be gouged by anyone as charming as Miss De Witt," murmured the large and handsome Mrs. Beverage.

A gong sounded; cocktail glasses and little plates on which had reposed morsels of cracker and anchovy were whisked away; there was a general drift toward the dining room.

Cordelia swept Jig along with her and said in a low but triumphant voice: "You see, there's more than one way of reaching a goal, Jig. You'll be seated next to Mrs. Beverage at dinner. Now, my dear, don't be an idealistic fool! Make the most of your opportunity. I'll be on the other side of you to give first aid and comfort if they're needed."

But even if Jig had wished to talk to Mrs. Beverage about his business he would have had scant opportunity. It was Marcia who dominated the table and who seized all the attention available of both Mr. and Mrs. Beverage.

"Marcia's gone mad about that new toy of hers," whispered Cordelia savagely. "I thought it would be broken by now."

Jig did not answer. Sylvia sat opposite him and had smiled at him—or had she? He had caught a flash of her white teeth, her eyes were soft and kind. But he wasn't sure. He couldn't be sure. He gazed at her intently. She was talking to her neighbor now with an air of great demureness; her eyes—how darkly her lashes curled against the bloom of her cheek—were lowered.

Jig was glad that he could sit gazing silently at Sylvia. He was thankful to Marcia for her torrent of chatter about the Alley Playhouse, the genius of Vivian Wellcome—Vivian, Marcia intimated, had an offer from the greatest of managers—and the marvelous atmosphere of Carlo Bennett's Spanish play. Jig found that he could get along by exchanging the sketchiest of remarks with Mrs. Beverage.

After dinner, however, when the coffee and liqueurs were served in the large front room, he escaped altogether from Mrs. Beverage and made his way despite himself to Sylvia's side. She sat on the couch in a corner partly hidden from the rest by the barricade of plants.

He sat deliberately beside her and then for a minute or two neither of them spoke, but at last Sylvia placed her little cup on the tiny glass-topped table before her and turned to him.

"Have you forgiven me, Jig?" she asked.

"Forgiven you for what?" he asked in turn, though they both knew and each knew the other knew exactly what she meant.

"For the way I spoke that night two months ago—the last time I saw you?"

"Then you didn't mean what you said, Sylvia?"

"Yes, I meant it," she answered.

He did not know how to reply to that. He could feel the barricade between them—and the tension. He wanted to tear the barrier away. He wanted to say to Sylvia, "My dear, what has come between us? Ah, I know you too well, Sylvia, to believe utterly that whether or not I had money would make any difference to you! But what is this thing that does make a difference? What is it that seems to be driving us farther and farther apart despite ourselves?"

But he could not say these words that from somewhere within him begged to be said. He could only steel himself, hold himself hard against Sylvia, pride running through his veins, stiffening him as if they were filled with cold metal instead of the warm blood of youth.

It was Sylvia who spoke finally.

"I'm getting to be so proud of you," she said.

"What do you mean?"

(Continued on Page 165)

Northern

TRADE MARK

FIBRE FOLDED **TOWELS**

SANITATION, America's watchword, is embodied in its fullest sense in this new and "different" product.

Made from the heart of the long-fibred spruce tree, Northern Fibre Folded Towels carry with them those elements of cleanliness and sanitation which will appeal irresistibly to every member of your organization—from office boy to the president.

A dainty, clean, individual towel for every pair of hands.

Let us impress upon you that the moisture-absorbing qualities and cloth-like consistency of these towels are the result of years of experiment from which you can reap the benefit.

Try Them at Our Expense

If you will write us on your business stationery we will gladly send you, gratis, a neat package containing twenty-five Northern Fibre Folded Towels and tell you where you can obtain a supply.

A trial will convince you that you cannot afford to do without this wonderful and convenient aid to cleanliness. Why not let us send you your sample at once?

NORTHERN PAPER MILLS

GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN.

"Horse Sense"

Wise merchants and farmers know if they can afford an automobile for pleasure they can better afford a Traffic Truck for business—business before pleasure, gentlemen.

The Traffic Truck is making the highway the low way to slup.

Very soon it will be just as lucky to find a license tag dropped by a motor car as it used to be to pick up a horseshoe.

Nearly one-third of the horses used for commercial hauling in New York City were replaced by motor trucks in the last two years.

Traffic Trucks don't get sore necks, collar boils or galled shoulders. They are always harnessed and ready to go.

The money which could have been made from fruits and produce wasted in the past two years on farms for the lack of fast motor truck delivery would have entirely bought and paid for a half a million Traffic Trucks.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; ***Covert*** transmission; multiple disc clutch; ***Bosch magneto;*** 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with ***Timken*** roller bearings; ***Russel rear axle,*** internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; ***Standard Fisk tires,*** 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395
f. o. b. St. Louis

The Traffic is the lowest priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world.

Dealers, Attention: There is going to be a Traffic dealer in your territory who will make thousands of dollars selling Traffic Trucks.

This clean, untouched business will be yours if you can secure the Traffic contract.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

Wire for the territory you want and, if open, come to the factory and see the Traffic produced and perform.

Traffic Truck

4000 LBS. CAPACITY

$1395

-evidence

J. P. McCOWN & SON
DEALERS IN
HARDWARE, FURNITURE, UNDERTAKER SUPPLIES, FARM IMPLEMENTS WAGONS, BUGGIES, BINDER TWINE AND BARB WIRE
COTTON BUYERS

J P McCOWN

COPPERAS COVE TEXAS July 1st. 1919.

Temple Truck Company
Temple, Texas

Gentlemen In reply to your inquiry relative to the truck which you sold to Mr Weaver for hauling oil well machinery, timbers, casing, etc , I will state that the truck has been on the job constantly since delivery, operating on the worst possible roads upon which it has rained daily for the past 20 days We are hauling from 3500 to 5500 pounds on the truck and semi-trailer, while teams on the same jor over the same roads are pulling 1800 pounds, and we are making three trips to the teams' one

It is amusing to witness the consternation of the "mule advocates" who predicted that no truck could take a load over this road" Every one pronounces the work of this Traffic truck phenomenal.

The mud and ruts are hub deep and could not be traveled with a truck providing less road clearance In fact we are dragging the road with the axle a great part of the time

Thanking your company for the excellent service that you have rendered us in connection with our traffic problems.

I am,

Yours very truly

Truck master

TMC

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 162)

He turned his hard and suffering eyes upon her.

"Proud of you because of the way you have plunged into this new work of yours; devoting yourself to it as you have never devoted yourself to anything."

"What do you know about it?" he asked harshly.

Sylvia started to speak and stopped.

"I know," she said.

Again a silence. Her hand lay so close to his on the couch that by moving his own the merest fraction of an inch he could have seized her hand and crushed it. That was what he wanted to do. Crush it! Hurt her as she had hurt him. But he couldn't move his hand toward hers—not even that merest fraction of an inch.

Sylvia, tense, seemed to be waiting. But then with a quick movement of her shoulders she drew apart from him. She turned and looked over her shoulder through the green screen of leaves at the others in the room.

"Isn't it odious the way Marcia is trying to work Mrs. Beverage for a subscription?" she said in another, a more aloof, voice. "I suppose Cordelia arranged this dinner for just that purpose."

"No, for another purpose," said Jig abruptly.

She looked at him with enormous surprise.

"Another purpose! What purpose?"

"To help me."

"Help you? How?"

Jig told her.

"Oh!" said Sylvia. "And—and you're going to do this?"

"No," said Jig. "No! I knew nothing about it."

"Then it is Cordelia, not Marcia, who is odious," said Sylvia.

"No!" cried Jig a little more vehemently than the occasion seemed to demand.

"But it is disgusting of her, Jig. You know it is. It's cheap! Mean! It's not playing the game square."

"You don't understand, Sylvia!" Jig exclaimed. "Cordelia's a brick! She's not doing this for herself. You're too hard!"

"Too hard, Jig!"

There was a vibrant broken note in Sylvia's voice.

"Yes! Too hard! Too inflexible in your opinions and—and your judgments!"

Again they sat there silent—apart, bitterly wounded—until Jig rose and walked away. He walked blindly, stumbling a little.

IX

THE very morning after the dinner party Jig was summoned to the telephone by Cordelia once more. She plunged into her grievances without any preliminary conventionalities.

"You didn't say a word to Mrs. Beverage last night, Jig! I know, because I asked her. Then when I looked for you you were gone. What happened to you? You slunk away without even saying good night."

"I know. I'm sorry, Cordelia."

"You had no right to do that. I've fixed it up with him, however—I mean Mr. Beverage. I stumbled upon a new fact. He wants to stand in with dad for business reasons. All you have to do is go down and call on the Pearl Soap Company and everything will be all right."

"No, I can't do that."

"Oh, Jig!" It is impossible to express all that Cordelia put into that "Oh, Jig!" There was disgust, entreaty, impatience, a certain gentle tolerance—there were many subtleties and shades of expression in it. A long wait followed it.

"Have you anything else to say, Cordelia?" asked Jig meekly.

"Yes! Wait a minute!" There was a silence marred only by the slight buzz of the wires.

"Are you still there?" asked Jig after a pause.

"Yes, I am. I've been thinking. Will you come to see me this afternoon at tea time, Jig? I want to have a last talk with you."

"A last talk! What do you mean?"

"We're going to Southampton for the summer at the end of the week. I don't suppose"—she faltered, caught herself, went on with bravado—"I don't suppose I'll see anything of you down there. And in the fall I'm to be married."

"Married!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, married."

"To whom?"

"I'll tell you all about it this afternoon. Come at five."

There was the click of the receiver announcing that Cordelia had shut off.

It was rather a subdued Cordelia who greeted Jig at five. It was rather a pale Cordelia. She led him to that same divan on which he and Sylvia had sat and quarreled the previous night and for a little while her slim fingers moved gracefully among the tea things.

Presently after they had pushed the silver and china to one side Cordelia leaned back and smiled. It was a thin smile, a little satiric, a little wan.

"How shall I begin?" she asked.

"Begin what?"

"My lecture."

"Then it's to be a lecture?"

"Yes! Oh, a horrible lecture, old Jig!"

She gazed at her hands, which lay limp in her lap, but suddenly she seemed to gather her nervous energy into one compact mass which she hurled at him.

"Don't you value friendship at all, Jig?" she asked. "Don't you see that if it weren't for one's friends no one would get anywhere—in business or elsewhere? Don't you know that it would be rather a cold, pitiless world without friendship? And yet you take this ridiculous attitude. You won't let me help you. You won't let anyone help you. You've hurt me, Jig. You've hurt me deeply, but that doesn't matter; that never occurs to you as long as you can sail your own course, hold your own head high in pride at the things you could accomplish alone, without aid, without friendship. You're too hard, Jig!"

Jig started. He remembered that was what he had said to Sylvia. "You're too hard!" he had said to Sylvia, but now it was Cordelia who was saying it to him. Was it true? Could it be true?

"I didn't realize I was hurting you, Cordelia," he said at last. "I didn't know I was discounting friendship. But I didn't want to accept any favors from friends."

"And why? Because of your own pride." Intent, she gazed at him with narrow, scrutinizing eyes. "Listen to me, Jig. When you told me of the loss of your money you were testing me, weren't you? I didn't like to think that but I couldn't help thinking it. You were testing me and my friendship. You wanted to know how I would take it. You wanted to see if—if I would fail you. Well, I haven't failed you, have I? I've tried not to fail you, Jig. But I wonder how you have taken this test. Sometimes I think it is you who have failed, my dear."

Jig did not answer; he could not answer.

Cordelia let her hand rest on his for a moment, let the warm contact of her hand do what it could to break the chill of her next words.

"Oh, Jig, there is so much that is big in you and so much that is small. I—I don't want to see the small triumph. Be more human, Jig. Be more charitable toward the ways of the world. Remember, my dear, that the only way to help the world along is by letting the world help you along."

With that Cordelia jumped to her feet briskly with: "The lecture's over, old darling. Aren't you relieved?"

Jig too arose, still dazed from this unexpected attack upon what he had always considered his chief virtues. Together they sauntered over to the window and for a while watched the black stream of motors in Park Avenue ten stories below them.

"But you haven't told me of yourself, Cordelia," Jig finally said.

"You mean about my marriage?"

"Yes. Whom are you going to marry?"

"Carlo Bennett."

"Carlo Bennett! But why?"

At this question Cordelia flushed and he hastily plunged into a stammering apology.

"Oh, of course I didn't mean to put it that way, Cordelia."

"That's all right, Jig. How else could you put it? I'm going to marry Carlo because he's willing to meet my terms. You remember my terms, don't you?"

"Yes."

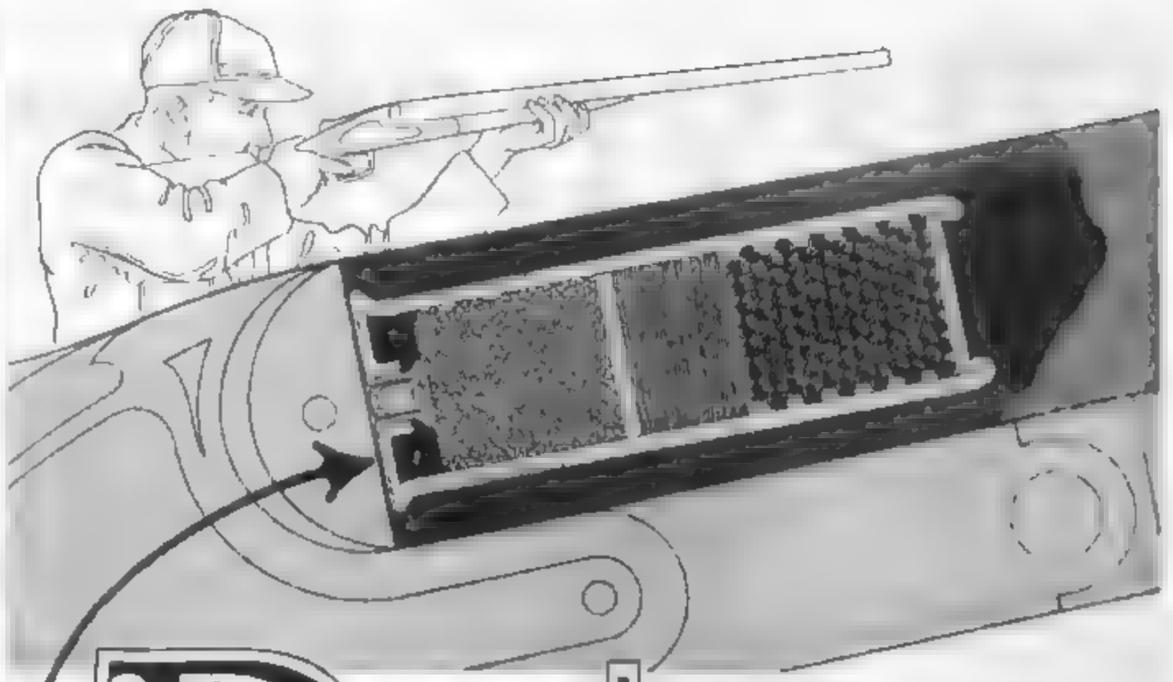
"Well, I shall be married, yet free! And Carlo isn't a bad sort. Not at all. He has talent—if not genius. Have you seen his Spanish play? It's rather good. It was the night I saw it that I determined to marry him. It will be fun encouraging him—helping him to make a real success."

"You enjoy helping a fellow in that way, don't you?"

She did not answer that. Instead after a perceptible pause she asked, "When are you going to marry Sylvia?"

"Marry Sylvia!"

"Yes."



Peters
Shot Shells
made with
"steel where steel belongs"

SAFETY is a dominant feature of all modern activities. No article of commerce can long survive if it is not SAFE to use.

LOADED Shot Shells are no exception to the rule. The hunter or trap-shooter, in his search for an efficient load, finds in PETERS "steel where steel belongs" Shells, this feature of safety fully developed.

The steel reënforcing in the head of Peters Smokeless Shells supplies strength where strength is needed; and the method of construction forms the brass, steel, shell paper and paper base into one solid piece—affording protection and a sense of security which brings added satisfaction to the user.

The Ⓟ brand Shells have many other superior features—clean, elastic wadding, made in the PETERS factory exclusively for this purpose, shot made in the PETERS tower, a water-proof shell as well as a water-proof crimp, sure-fire primer these and other qualities mean better shooting, more game, more enjoyment.

Peters "Referee" Shell, loaded with the famous Semi-smokeless powder, meets the want of those seeking an inexpensive load for field use; it costs the same as ordinary black powder shells—but is as effective as smokeless.

Rifle and Revolver shooters enthuse over the wonderful accuracy, velocity and uniformity of Peters Semi-smokeless and Smokeless Metallic Cartridges. Semi-smokeless powder is used instead of ordinary black powder, but at no advance in price. Peters Smokeless Cartridges also excel in every quality essential to successful shooting.

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CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.
BRANCHES: New York, San Francisco

Try the Ⓟ brand Ammunition this fall. All up-to-date dealers sell it.

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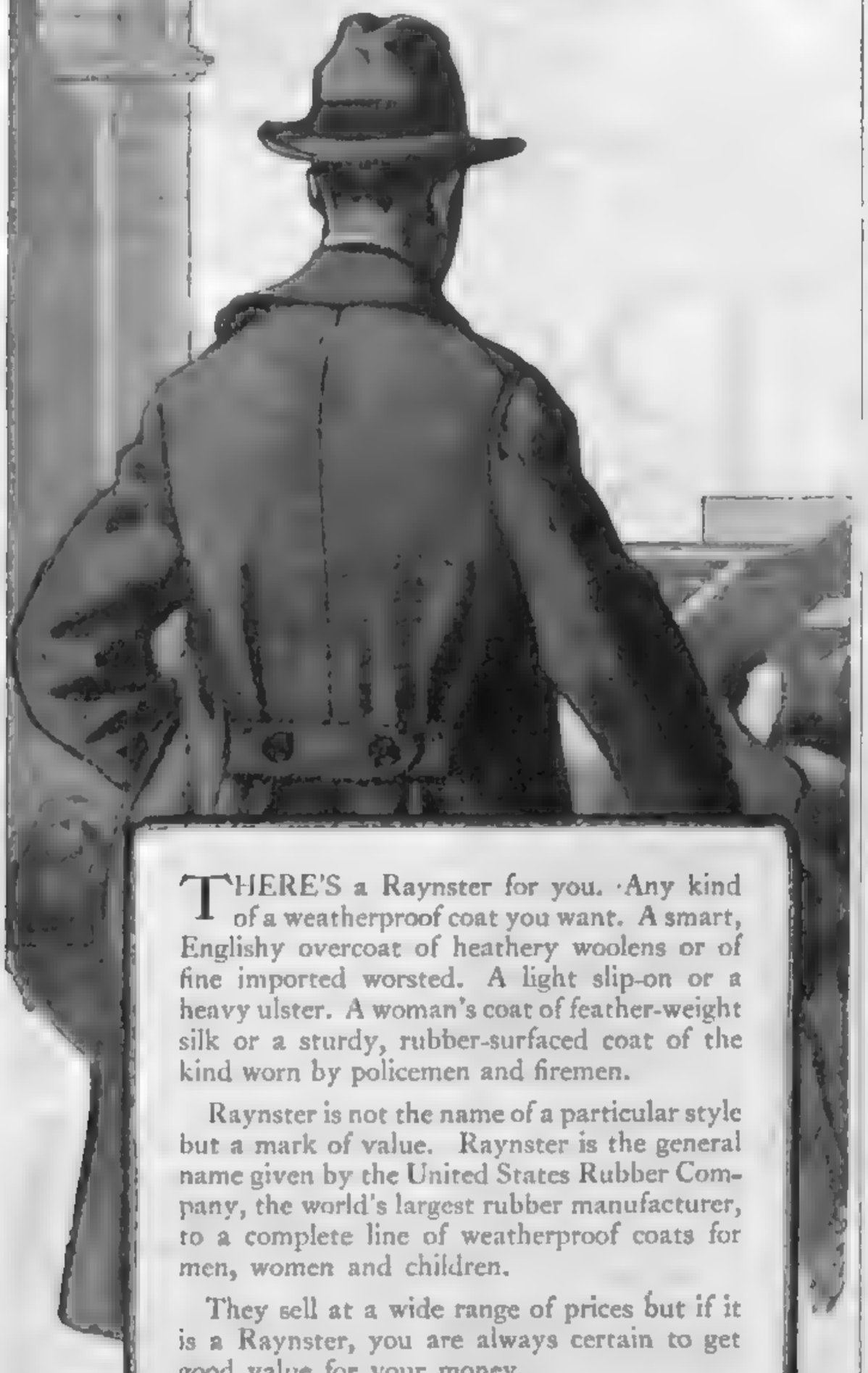


THERE'S a Raynster for you. Any kind of a weatherproof coat you want. A smart, Englishy overcoat of heathery woolens or of fine imported worsted. A light slip-on or a heavy ulster. A woman's coat of feather-weight silk or a sturdy, rubber-surfaced coat of the kind worn by policemen and firemen.

Raynster is not the name of a particular style but a mark of value. Raynster is the general name given by the United States Rubber Company, the world's largest rubber manufacturer, to a complete line of weatherproof coats for men, women and children.

They sell at a wide range of prices but if it is a Raynster, you are always certain to get good value for your money.

That's the big thing to make sure of—that you are getting a genuine Raynster. Always look for the Raynster label. It is your assurance of value.

We shall be very glad to mail you a Raynster Style Book free if you will write for it. You should be able to buy your Raynster in any good clothing store.

United States Rubber Company

New York

"Why do you ask that?"

"I've always known you loved Sylvia, Jig. If I had never known it before I should have learned it last night at the dinner table in the way you looked at her."

"That may be true, but what about Sylvia? Would Sylvia marry me?"

"Have you asked her?"

"No, but Sylvia and I don't get along. Not in the least," he said unhappily. "We always quarrel—always!"

"You always have quarreled ever since you were children."

"Yes, I know, but we're no longer children."

"You always will quarrel, Jig, after marriage as well as before. That—that will be part of the fun. Carlo and I shall never quarrel. We shall never, I suppose, care enough to quarrel."

Jig snatched her hand but she let it remain limp within his impulsive grasp.

"Cordelia, aren't you making a mistake?" he cried.

She gave him her old cynical, amused smile.

"No! I know what I'm about. I have my philosophy adjusted to it. If you can't snatch the nicest piece of cake before the other fellow snatches it you've got to be content with the next nicest piece you can get. That's all, Jig. It's simple—when you once know."

They moved toward the door.

"Before you go," said Cordelia, "let me explain that I simply told Mr. Beverage about your paper. He told me to tell you to call on his advertising manager. He said he'd instruct him to receive you but that you have to sell him the paper on its own merits. Does that fit in with your ideals, Jig?"

"Yes."

"You'll call then?"

"Yes."

"And will you call on my father and the trust company on the same terms?"

"Yes."

"You've taken the lecture well, Jig. It's nice of you. I can think now that—that perhaps you've let me help you a little. I wanted so much to think that. And now good-by."

"Good-by, Cordelia."

But still they stood, awkward, a little palpitant before each other.

Presently Cordelia put forth her hands and gave him an ever so slight push away from her.

"Oh, go, Jig!" she said, and her voice was no longer steady. "Go! Please go!" And turning quickly, she left him.

■

"WHY don't you let me meet this Frank Bradford, of whom you speak so much?" asked Geoffry Whyte.

"I'd like you to meet him, dad, but there are difficulties."

"Difficulties?"

"Yes. You see, he doesn't know who I am."

"You're cryptic, Derrik."

"It's a bit hard to explain, governor. He knows me perhaps better than most men I've known all my life know me. But he doesn't realize—well, that I'm your son; that everybody whom we used to think anybody knows the family. Oh, it's awfully hard to explain without sounding like a snob and I don't want it to sound that way at all."

"Rubbish, Derrik!"

"It's not rubbish!" said Jig indignantly. "The best part of our friendship is that we've simply taken each other on our individual merits without any thought of anything else. Now if he comes up here he'll see—well, he'll see too much suddenly. He'll feel that I've been putting something over on him."

"Have you been friends for a long time?"

"Ever since Plattsburg—almost three years ago."

"Then he did give you a job because he's a friend of yours?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I thought you wouldn't go to a friend for a job, Derrik?"

"Yes, I know I did have that idea." Jig paused for a moment and added: "It shows how inconsistent my attitude was. My ideas have changed, dad. I'm past that now. I see now the value of friendship in business and everywhere else. I'm not such a prig as I was."

"I do want to talk with Bradford, Derrik. I have a special reason for wishing to have a talk with him. Bring him up to dinner. Bring him to-night."

"All right," agreed Jig reluctantly. "I'll bring him if he can come. It's rather short notice."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, then. You're on Twenty-third Street, aren't you? You and Bradford meet me at the restaurant at one for luncheon. How does that suit you?"

"Fine!" said Jig.

All morning Jig worried a little about the meeting of Frank Bradford and Geoffry Whyte. He was so anxious that these two of whom he was so fond should like each other, and yet he was afraid that they would not understand each other—Frank with his brusque amiability, his rough-and-ready way of expressing that amiability, and Geoffry Whyte, so precise, with such an old-fashioned flavor to his courtesy. But Jig need not have worried. He saw after the three of them were seated at the luncheon table that Frank and his father were getting along famously; so famously that he—Jig—seemed almost to be left out of the conversation.

"They're certainly hitting it off beautifully!" said Jig to himself as he sat apart watching them, and it amused him to think that it was he who appeared the interloper at the party.

Indeed, when they were sitting over their coffee and cigars Geoffry Whyte turned to Jig and said: "Derrik, I wish you'd run along now and let Bradford and me have a little talk."

"What's the idea, dad?" asked Jig. "Are you going to make inquiries about my deportment and conduct?"

"Yes, I am," said his father.

So Jig smiled and left them.

At six that same day Jig plunged out of the cool of his office into the warm confusion of Twenty-third Street. All Madison Square, it seemed, shone green and verdant in the hot sunlight of the May afternoon. Through the paths of the park like black and tumbling brooks swept the workers from shops and factories; and Jig, a little exhilarated, felt that at last he was one of them. After all, it was rather satisfying to be able to feel that way. As they scurried past him—smiling, chatting, linked together in twos and threes—he caught the expressions of content and happiness upon their faces and he knew it was the hour of release that made them happy. But it was the work they had done that day, no matter how arduous the work, that made the hour of release significant. Now he could feel that too.

Jig walked up Madison Avenue, his lips pursed in a soundless whistle, his eyes keen and alert. It was as if for the first time he was fully awakened to a consciousness of his surroundings. He noticed appreciatively the geraniums glowing in the window boxes of a club, the tilt of a saucy hat on a shopgirl's head. He remembered this part of town when each street was one of quiet residences, but now all the residences were swept away. Tall buildings devoted to trade rose round him. Even the hotels, clubs and apartment buildings that were left behind seemed dwarfed, shabby and alien amidst the lofty walls that hedged them in.

It was rather a relief after his brisk walk through crowded streets to get past Thirty-fourth Street and into that small oasis of peace in which his own home was located. Here in the heart of the city were left these few square blocks of private houses with immaculate fronts and discreet and curtained windows. But as he turned the corner of Thirty-sixth Street and approached his own home—the home which had been his father's and his father's father's—he stopped abruptly. There was a strange sick feeling within him. It was as if a hand had gripped his throat.

For against the peculiarly colored gray stone of the house, close to the colonial doorway, was a huge and flamboyant sign of black letters on a light-blue background. The sign said "For Sale." And beneath this announcement was the name of a real-estate firm.

Dazed, his ebullience gone, Jig climbed the steps of the house—so sadly marred, so flagrantly betrayed by that monstrous sign—and inserted his key in the lock.

The butler, with a grave and sorrowful expression, seemed to be hovering in the hall waiting for him.

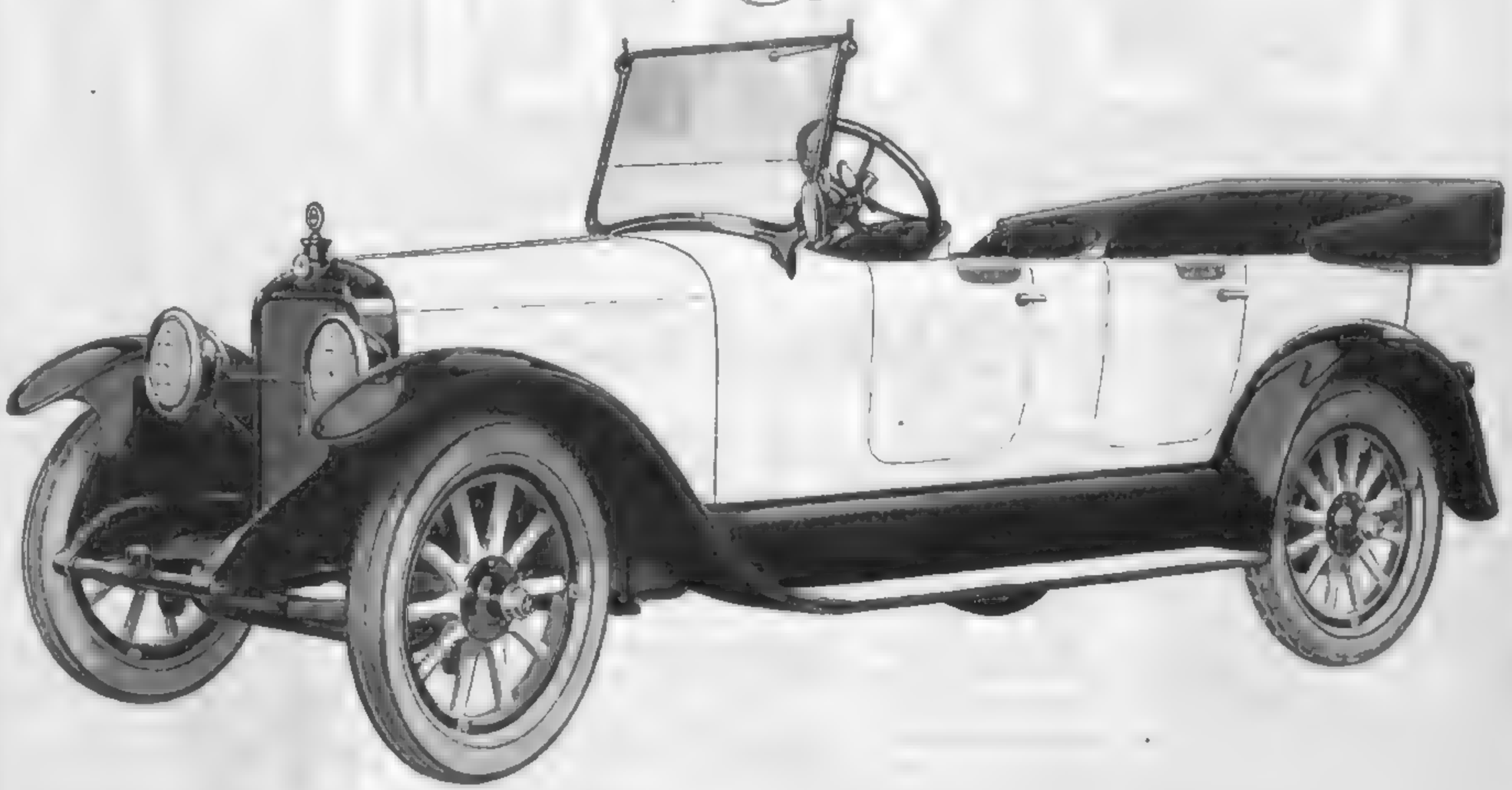
"Your father is in the library, Mr. Derrik," he said. "He asked that you come to see him as soon as you arrived home."

Jig went into the library and found his father seated at his desk. There was a look of pleading in his father's eyes.

(Concluded on Page 169)

Templar

The Superfine Small Car



THE SUCCESS of the Templar is decisive.

It was obvious that many experienced owners desired The Superfine Small Car.

But when it became an accepted fact that the Templar fulfilled this exacting ideal, the demand far exceeded our optimistic expectations.

The car itself fulfills its promise of beauty, performance and durability expected of cars of the first rank.

It also fulfills its promise of low operating cost—you may expect economy that is not even approached by any other car of superfine quality.

Templar Top Valve Motor.

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ABSOLUTELY every feature about the CONKLIN is one hundred percent *right*, every part of it, every last thread and groove. Nothing short of the absolute satisfies our critical inspectors and testers.

The Ink-Feed delivers just the correct amount of ink every writing moment—it never "balks" causing the pen to skip, or "floods" causing it to blot.

The Cap screws on tightly, sealing up the point in an air-tight chamber and making the pen wholly non-leakable, carried in any position.

The "Crescent-Filler" is not only the most efficient filling device but so simple it can't get out of order.

The Gold Pen is ground to wonderful smoothness, and for every *style of writing*.

That's why the CONKLIN is "Right—to the Point." Try it. At stationers, druggists, jewelers and department stores.

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Conklin's
Crescent-Filler
Fountain Pen
"Right to the Point"

No. 52 C
$6.25

(Concluded from Page 166)

"It had to come, Derrik," Geoffry Whyte said.

"You mean, dad, that what you said that night was true?"

"The first night I spoke to you about going to work?"

"Yes."

"Partly true, my son. The Whyte fortune is a wreck, but it's a wreck with some salvage."

"How did it happen, dad?"

Geoffry Whyte rose and paced the floor. Presently he turned and with a vehement gesture said:

"Because I'm a fool, Derrik. If I'd ever had any business training it might not have happened, but I started playing a game of which I knew nothing."

"You mean you went into business?"

"Not exactly. I started speculating, Derrik. I lost. I lost more and more trying to regain what I had first lost."

"The house, too, has to go, dad?"

"Yes, that's the thing that hurts most, isn't it?"

There was a silence. Geoffry Whyte came and stood close to his son. After a while, hesitatingly, almost as if he feared he might be rebuffed, he dropped his hand on Jig's shoulder.

"Can you ever forgive me, Derrik? I tried to keep things going until—until after you had found yourself in some work. That's why I didn't tell you the whole truth right away. That, too, is why I wanted to have that talk with Bradford to-day. He's wildly enthusiastic about your ability. He said that the trust company order and the Pearl Soap Company order were the biggest his paper had ever received. Why didn't you tell me about them?"

"I don't know. Perhaps because they're no evidence of my ability, dad. I owe them to Cordelia."

"Nevertheless, there are other orders, Derrik. Bradford has every confidence in the world in you. And after the things he told me I thought that probably you would be better able to hear about this smash of mine. We will of course get an amazing price for this property. I telephoned the real-estate people after my talk with Bradford. They didn't lose much time in getting up the sign, did they?"

Jig did not answer; the grip of his father's hand upon his shoulder tightened.

"We'll be able to get along pretty well, you know. We'll take an apartment somewhere. We'll have all our old furniture about us. We'll have two servants instead of eight—that will be the chief difference. There is quite a bit of salvage, you see. Now that you've established yourself in business, I thought it wouldn't matter so enormously to you, Derrik."

There was something in his father's voice that made Jig want to comfort him. He jumped up and seized his hand.

"It's all right, dad. Don't you worry about the way I feel. In some ways I imagine this whole thing has been the best thing in the world that could have happened to me. And it doesn't make any difference to me—the loss of the money—not the least bit of difference, except for one thing."

"And that is?"

"Sylvia."

"Ah, you do care for Sylvia, then?"

"Yes, I do, dad. I always have. Ever since we were children, I suppose, but I haven't realized it."

"You think that the loss of the money may make a difference to Sylvia?"

"She—she said as much."

"Why, my boy!" cried Geoffry Whyte indignantly; "how can you think that of Sylvia? You'll ask her pardon to-night. Sylvia has known all about this from the very first."

"What do you mean?"

"Sylvia was the first person in whom I confided. She's always been like a daughter to me and I've always known how fond she is of you. It was her plan as well as mine that you be persuaded to enter some business before we told you the whole truth of the matter."

Jig started on a run for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Geoffry Whyte.

"To see Sylvia"

"Wait here, then. Her mother and she are coming for dinner. I told Sylvia I was going to tell you this afternoon. You've just fifteen minutes, Derrik, in which to get dressed for dinner."

But it was not until after dinner that Jig had the chance to see Sylvia alone. After the coffee had been served in the library Geoffry Whyte rose and offered Mrs. Tree his arm.

"We two old people are going in the card room for a game of cribbage," he said, with a pointed look at Jig. "We don't want to be disturbed by your chatter."

There was a tense moment after the two who had known so much of life had gone out and the two for whom life was just beginning were left alone.

Sylvia stood at the mantel before the empty fireplace. She wore a dress that was the color of rubies cunningly arranged with gauze thrown over it, gauze shining with patches of dull gold. Jig was afraid of her, she looked so very beautiful standihg there in that gold-and-ruby-colored dress. But her eyes were upon him and her eyes were kind.

"Well, Jig?" she said at last.

"You knew all the time?"

"Yes."

"I know now what you meant when you said you wouldn't marry me if I were penniless. You wanted me to make a success of myself first, Sylvia."

"Oh, Jig, I did mean that!" Her voice was no longer steady. "I wanted that as I've never wanted anything, but—but I think I'd have married you anyway, success or no success, my dear."

Jig was close beside her now. He put his arm round her and drew her close.

Sylvia, with parted lips, was gazing up at Sargent's portrait of Jig's mother. "How lovely your mother was!" she said. "It helps one to understand how your father has always been devoted to just the one woman, doesn't it?"

"Yes, I'm beginning to understand."

In the card room the two who had known so much of life played silently and sedately at cribbage; in the library the two for whom life was just beginning realized dimly how miraculous that life could be; outside the flamboyant blue sign caught the light of the street lamp—but it didn't matter. Not now.

(THE END)

BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Intelligent Eating

A CHEESE sandwich, a cold piece of pie, and a cup of coffee, all swallowed whole, represents the diet and the method of eating of thousands of American business men during the lunch-hour.

This "swallowing things whole" is contrary to the method of mastication of food which nature requires. It eliminates the use of the teeth and the proper flow of the salivary juices, so that the food goes on the way to the digestive organs improperly prepared.

The routine use of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal will go a long way toward correcting the faulty mastication at a meal, and do much toward the proper digestion of food.

Without properly digesting the food, a man is certain to suffer from at least some slight form of indigestion, and just in proportion to the extent to which this may be carried is his physical and nervous strength diminished.

D. C. Beeman

CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY
New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

"Say! Isn't it great to use a towel that *dries*, instead of harsh scratchy ones?"
"You bet—that's why I put *Scottissue* in *all* our washrooms."
Look for that name on your washroom towel-
That Towel Dries
"Scottissue" stamped on a towel means that it is *softer* and *more absorbent*. A towel without these properties will not dry your hands and face.
Scottissue Towels are white, cleanly and comfortable—not harsh, discolored and scratchy. Scottissue Towels are gratifying to the user—*they dry*.
Wherever washroom towels are used, Scottissue builds goodwill. Goodwill has money-value. Besides, Scottissue Towels are economical. They go farther! One is sufficient for the hands; one for the face.
Towel Users: *Depend on Scottisue*. You are entitled to a good towel—and the Scottissue mark is your safeguard against imitations that are *never* satisfactory.
Write us about a test installation
Scott Paper Company
Chester, Pennsylvania
New York Chicago San Francisco
Scottissue Products for Personal Hygiene
Scottissue Towels
for use once by one user
They Dry

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Concluded from Page 17)

chairmanship of the board of visitors to the Academy this coming June?'

"'What do you want of me?' I asked.

"'It is the Academy's centenary, which we propose to celebrate, and we want an orator.

"'General Corbin,' said I, 'you are coming at me in a most enticing way. I know all about West Point. Here at Washington I grew up with it. I have been fighting legislative battles for the Army all my life. That you Yankees should come to a ragged old rebel like me for such a service is a distinction indeed, and I feel immensely honored. But which page of the court calendar made you a plural? Whom do you mean by "we"?'

"'Why,' he replied in serio-comic vein, 'the President, the Secretary of War and Me, myself.'

"I promised him to think it over and give him an answer. Next day I received a letter from the President, making the formal official tender and expressing the hope that I would not decline it. Yet how could I accept it with the work ahead of me? It was certain that if I became a part of the presidential junket and passed a week in the delightful company promised me I would be unfit for the loyal duty I owed my constituency and my party, and so reluctantly—more reluctantly than I can tell you—I declined, obliging them to bring Gen. Horace Porter over from across the seas, where he was ably serving as Ambassador to France. I need not add how well that gifted and versatile gentleman discharged the distinguished and pleasing duty."

III

THE last time I met Theodore Roosevelt was but a little while before his death. A small party of us, Editor Moore, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. Riggs, of the New York Central, at his invitation had a jolly midday breakfast, extending far into the afternoon. I never knew him happier or heartier. His jocund spirit rarely failed him. He enjoyed life and wasted no time on trivial worries, hit-or-miss, the keynote to his thought.

The Dutch blood of Holland and the cavalier blood of England mingled in his veins to fair proportion. He was especially proud of the uncle, his mother's brother, the Southern Admiral, head of the Confederate naval organization in Europe, who had fitted out the rebel cruisers and sent them to sea. And well he might be, for a nobler American never lived. At the close of the War of Sections Admiral Bullock had in his possession some half million dollars of Confederate money. Instead of appropriating this to his own use, as without remark or hindrance he might have done, he turned it over to the Government of the United States, and died a poor man.

The inconsistencies and quarrels in which Theodore Roosevelt was now and again involved were largely temperamental. His mind was of that order which is prone to believe what it wants to believe. He did not take much time to think. He leaped at conclusions, shot out as it were from the shoulder, and never doubted them. His tastes were domestic, his pastime, when not at his books, field sports.

He was not what might be called convivial—though fond of good company—very little wine affecting him—so that a certain self-control at table became a habit rarely broken.

To be sure, he had no conscientious or theoretical scruples about a third term. He had found the White House a congenial abode, had accepted the literal theory that his election in 1908 would not imply a third but a second term, and he wanted to remain. In point of fact I have an impression that, barring Jackson and Polk, most of those who have got there were loath to give it up. We know that Grant was, and I am sure that Cleveland was. We owe a great debt to Washington, because if a third why not a fourth term? And then life tenure after the manner of the Cæsars and Cromwells of history, and especially the Latin-Americans—Bolivar, Rosas and Diaz?

IV

AWAY back in 1873, after a dinner, Mr. Blaine took me into his den and told me that it was no longer a surmise but a fact that the group about General Grant, who had just been reëlected by an overwhelming majority, was maneuvering for a third term. To me this was startling, incredible. Returning to my hotel I saw a light still burning in the room of Senator Morton, of Indiana, and rapping at the door I was bidden to enter. Without mentioning how it had reached me, I put the proposition to him. "Certainly," he said, "it is true."

The next day, in a letter to the Courier-Journal, I reduced what I had heard to writing. Reading this over it seemed so sensational that I added a closing paragraph, meant to qualify what I had written and to imply that I had not gone quite daft.

"These things," I wrote, "may sound queer to the ear of the country. They may have visited me in my dreams; they may, indeed, have come to me betwixt the sherry and the champagne, but nevertheless I do aver that they are buzzing about here in the minds of many very serious and not unimportant persons."

Never was a well-intentioned scribe so berated and ridiculed as I, never a simple news gatherer so discredited. Democratic and Republican newspapers vied with one another which could say crossest things and laugh loudest. One sentence especially caught the newspaper risibilities of the time, and it was many a year before the phrase "between the sherry and the champagne" ceased to pursue me. That any patriotic American, twice elevated to the presidency, could want a third term, could have the hardihood to seek one, was inconceivable. My letter was an insult to General Grant and proof of my own lack of intelligence and restraint. They lammed me, laughed at me, good and strong. On each successive occasion of recurrence I have encountered the same criticism. Yet it has come to pass that third-term talk no longer arouses surprise or feeling in the popular mind. Is it that Democracy grows degenerate?

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-third of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

SHOES

(Continued from Page 19)

sakes, never! Of course the real excitement begun when the ten-fifty-five drew into the station and we could hear the bells and whistles. Then the church bells and the schoolhouse bells and the fire bells all commenced at once, so's you could scarcely hear yourself think, much less get more'n a bar or two of the band playing Hail to the Chief. But by the time it swung into Main Street, they was playing Over There and you could hear that in spite of the noise

First come Colonel Smith on his horse which had went to France with him, followed by that Tomkins boy which was now an officer though only a drug clerk before, and that visiting major, and Ted Anderson with his arm in a sling! Then come the colors, and then the band, Sulter leading it as if he had won the entire war single-handed, and then come Smith's auto and Roynton's auto, each with one-third dozen wounded but smiling boys, and then the rest, four abreast and about as much discipline as school let out, and why not, with all the folks on either side the street yelling at them? And there was Edgar, very serious and about the only disciplined one. There was Edgar—still a corporal.

At first I knew him and then I thought I must of been mistaken and then I knew him again, but with a pang, he was so thin and stern looking. As a matter of fact, so was all the boys different looking. Kind of molded instead of just soft and fresh and boyish, like when they had gone away. But Edgar especially so. I watched him out of sight and then got his mother and fell in with the crowd that followed the parade up behind the hose company, which finished it, until it went under the arch and broke up on the green.

And I never see the like of what happened then. People sort of went crazy, as

(Continued on Page 173)

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the genuine

PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

every time
you buy

35¢ *and up*

Imitations-at any price-
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See that the kneeling figure
and oval trade mark is on the
box and back of garter shield

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CHILDREN'S HICKORY GARTERS

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Every Bump is a Little Collision in Itself

COMBINE the bumps your Ford is compelled to withstand in a year, or even six months, and you would have a collision that would tear it to pieces.

Just because you can't notice the injury day by day is no sign it is not taking place.

Prevent the effects of the bumps from reaching the vital parts of your Ford Car or Ford One Ton Truck and you will find a saving of more than one-third in the up-keep and tire expense. You also will find that at least fifty per cent has been added to its life and resale value.

Hassler Shock Absorbers afford this protection for every Ford. They absorb the "little collisions" before they get a chance to do their damage.

Hasslers are proving their worth on more than a million Ford Cars today. Look and you will see that one in every three Fords is now equipped with the Patented Hassler Shock Absorber. And while the saving is remarkable, yet a large percentage of Hassler owners purchased them because of their easy-riding qualities. Any Hassler owner will tell you that the additional comfort alone is worth more than the cost of Hasslers.

We might also mention that gasoline mileage is increased; that steering is made easier, adding to the safety of the car; and that greater speed is made possible, giving more practical value to the car.

Hassler Shock Absorbers can be applied in a few minutes. They do not require marring of the Ford. There are two types; one for the Ford Passenger Car and another for the Ford One-Ton Truck.

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Find out for yourself what Hasslers mean. We do not ask you to risk your money. The Hassler dealer in your vicinity will put them on—let you use them for ten days—and if you are not pleased they will be taken off and your money refunded in full. Write for descriptive folder—name of the nearest dealer and trial order blank.

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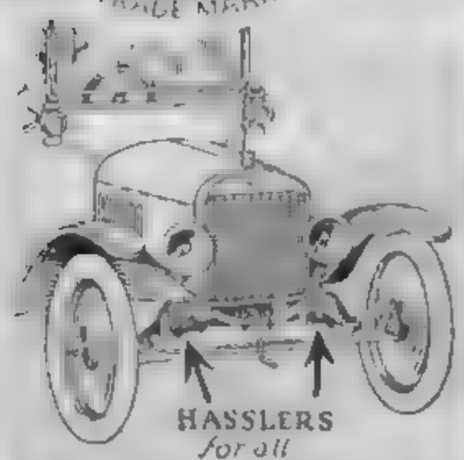

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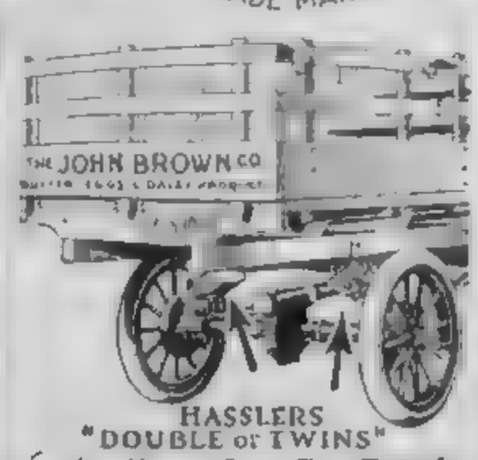

HASSLERS "DOUBLE or TWINS" *for the* Ford One Ton Truck

(Continued from Page 170)

they found their own boys, and each was so taken up with their own feelings I guess they forgot to think there was anybody watching, and that's something they don't often do north of the New York state line. First thing I knew Mis' Durham's arms was round Edgar and she was crying and laughing all at once. Then he turned to me and shook my hand.

"Molly!" he says. "Just the same—even the hat!"

"Glad to welcome you, Edgar," I says, wondering how he could remember a thing like that. And then before we could get out another word along comes Malvina Clarke in the blue straw and daisies on her fluffy yellow hair, and a blue dress cut the most outrageous you ever saw. She sailed up to us, all smiles and dimples, and holds out a hand in a new white silk glove that must of cost a dollar-sixty wholesale, and she says:

"Molly, dear, do introduce me," she says. "Introduce me, for though acquainted we have never met!"

"Miss Clarke, meet Corporal Durham!" I says stiffly. But while he took her all in and was completely fooled by her silly get-up, like any man, the name didn't seem to mean anything at first, so she give his memory a jolt.

"Malvina Clarke, that sent the postals," she says, smiling coyly.

"Oh! From Roynton's!" he says. "Pleased to meet you, Miss Clarke."

"I been so anxious to see what you was like!" she giggled. "And now I hope I'll often have the pleasure."

"Thank you," says Edgar.

And just then old man Roynton bustled up and shook hands with Edgar.

"Welcome home, my boy!" says the old walrus. "Welcome home. Glad to see you! Come, Miss Clarke, Major Cummins wants to be presented." And with that he bustled her off and Mis' Durham and Edgar and me started homeward, not saying anything much, except about silly things such as seasickness and New York City and Adkin's mules having died, and old Mr. Carpenter being still alive, and the Live Wire Grocery having changed hands, and such like. At their gate Mis' Durham put her hand on my arm as she said good-by.

"Of course you'll come over to supper, Molly!" she says.

"Oh, will I?" I commenced, thinking to say no, when I caught Edgar's eyes. They startled me, they was so full of a sort of hungry look—almost as if he wanted to depend on me for something. Land sake, but dark-brown eyes can clutch at a person! So I says I'll come, and they went in.

It was a holiday, so I didn't go down to the store, but whiled away the afternoon the best way I could dusting and straightening up a bit, because I don't get much chance to, and anyways I was too nervous to sit down long. And then, along toward six, I tidied myself and went over to Durham's.

Certain sure there was something very, very wrong with Edgar. He hardly spoke except when we asked him a question and then almost as if we was a couple of strangers. About the war—of where he had been and what he had seen—he didn't say a thing. And after a couple of efforts we was completely warned off the subject, and let it alone. Evidently whatever experience had done this to him, whatever had come over him, was locked up tight and would only come out when he got ready to talk, if ever. He was polite and nice and kind to the both of us, but he was a changed man, no doubt about it. His mother's worst forebodings seemed like they had come true. As I helped her wipe the supper dishes we exchanged a sorrowful glance.

"Can it be shell shock?" I whispered for fear he would hear, for he was smoking a cigar just outside on the step.

"No," she says. "I'd of been notified of that or anything like it. It's his spirit's been hurt some way."

My heart ached over the way he looked, but there didn't seem nothing to do. But I will say I was surprised when, after the dishes was done, he asked me to take a little walk with him, just like he always used to. Of course I went, though it seemed a little hard on his mother the very first evening.

We started out in the moonlight with the thick black patches in it from the trees and the sharp outlines of the houses against the sky, and it was so good to be near him again that I couldn't of spoke the whole half hour and he only broke the silence once, which was when that visiting Major Cummins passed with the Smiths, going over to the town hall, and Edgar saluted and they saluted back.

"He was my chief in France," says Edgar.

I hoped he would begin at last and tell of his experiences. But he didn't speak another word until we got home. And I didn't dast to, for fear of breaking the spell of his nearness, though I had Malvina in mind once or twice and wondered a lot about him and her. At my door he bent over silently, and while he didn't touch me it was fiercer than if he actually had.

"Thank you for not talking," he says. "We'll walk again to-morrow. I'll be over at eight."

And then all at once he was gone—seemed as he'd vanished into the shadows as you might say, and I shut myself into my little house, all upset, happiness and despair was so mixed up in me.

Next day it didn't seem's if anything much was left of the celebration except the papers from folks' lunch baskets on the green, and the wilted flowers on the arch. Except that a few uniforms was walking about you would of thought all was over. The town had kind of give a sigh and settled back into its old ways.

Late in the afternoon I seen Edgar walking along the street with Malvina, and she was talking and laughing away fit to make a person sick. They couldn't see me on account of my being behind my window display, but he seemed to be listening very attentive to what she says, though he parted from her at the corner. I made up my mind right on the spot that he'd have to choose between us, and that I would tell him so that very night.

But when the time come I couldn't say the words. Oh, how weak and cowardly I felt—but it was so terribly hard to get up the courage after years of steady going together, and I hadn't a doubt which way he would choose. All the men was crazy over Malvina, and that was the bitter truth of the matter. Yet, the most I could bring myself to speak of was about his going back to Roynton's.

"I'm putting on my old clothes to-morrow," he says, when I mentioned what was he going to do. "I'm putting on the old clothes and going to Roynton's, I guess."

There was such a lot of bitterness in his voice that it startled me, even though I had got over the first shock of seeing him so sad looking all the time. And we didn't speak again until we got back.

"Eight to-morrow!" says Edgar abruptly, and walked away, leaving me feeling cheap and ashamed of myself for not having come right out about Malvina.

And at noontime next day I seen him treat her to ice-cream soda.

That afternoon I shut shop early and went over to see Mis' Durham. I knew Edgar was down to Roynton's, because I seen him walk back there with Malvina, so it was safe enough.

"Has he told you anything?" I asked her.

But she only looked dully at me and says: "I hoped he had told you," she says. "It's about killing him, whatever it is. I've lain awake each night so far, trying to imagine what he sees all the time."

"The horrors of war," I says sadly. "God grant we don't have no more of them!"

"Amen to that!" she says.

Come along about seven-thirty that night it seemed like I could scarcely keep my heart in my bosom, what with my determination to do the right thing, and hating to do it. Edgar and me was going to have it out this time for sure, come what would. I kep' watching the clock, and it just regularly dragged along a-purpose to torment me. And then at last I heard him open their kitchen door and cross the porch. When I opened in answer to his tap I noticed he wore a blue-serge suit.

His face was set so stern I hadn't a word to say.

"Come!" he says, catching me by the elbow. And I minded him, meek's a lamb!

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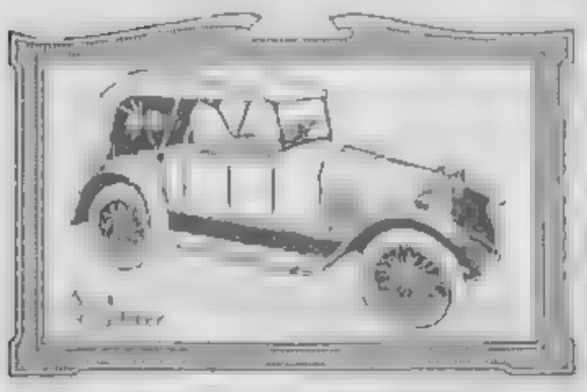

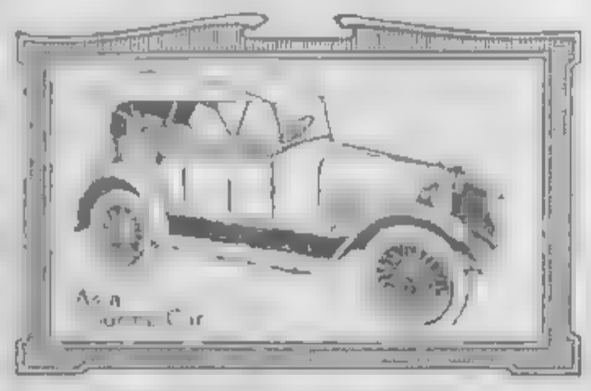

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And when he come to the bend in the road where the rock steps is he stopped and give me a lift up and then made me sit down side of him on the pine needles. If ever a time and place was made for happiness that was it, and here we was, two miserable folks setting wide apart!

I turned and took a look at Edgar. His elbows was on his knees and his face was buried in his hands. I couldn't stand it no longer.

"Edgar, what ails you?" I says. "Won't you speak? Won't you tell me? You can't go on like this—you can't. What is it ails you?"

At that he jumped to his feet and threw his hands high above his head, his fists clenched against the sky.

"Shoes!" he cried. "Shoes! First, last and always—shoes! Good heavens! Did they think I enlisted for that? I went to fight, to fear danger and face it. I went as a Christian soldier to plunge into the glory and honor of battles, to know the tremendousness of offering my very life—my flesh, my blood, my spirit upon the altar of righteousness! All that was young and eager and red-blooded pounded in my heart like a burning fire. I was mad with joy at the release from ten years' drudgery—and now I'm back, and you and mother and the whole village treat me like a hero—you imagine I've done great things, seen great suffering and sacrifice, and you give me honor and a kind of respectful awe—and all the while it's a lie, I tell you, a living lie!"

"A lie?" I says slowly. "Edgar, you don't mean you was a coward?"

"Coward!" he says shortly. "I didn't get a chance to be!"

"What was you then?" I asked breathless.

"I was a shoe clerk!" says Edgar heavily.

"What?" I says, scarcely able to believe my ears.

"Just that," says Edgar. "They found out that I knew about shoes, and I never got further than the commissary headquarters at the port of debarkation. I been fitting shoes at Brest for eighteen months!"

"My land!" I says feebly.

We was both quiet for several minutes and then Edgar burst out again.

"And now," he cries, "I come back home, after going through all the agony of deciding to find some good in it—in my work—trying to realize that somebody had to do that job, and making myself willing to keep on at it here—I go into Roynton's this afternoon, and—and they ain't taking me back!"

"Not taking you back—why, old man Roynton must be crazy!" I exclaimed. "But never you mind, Edgar, there must be lots of other jobs."

"I only know the one thing," says Edgar. "And I been counting on that job all the way over. You see, I want to get married!"

It was as if something inside me had suddenly turned to ice. Of course I had suspected. Now I knew. But I wouldn't let him speak further. I couldn't endure to hear her name on his lips.

"Edgar, I don't feel very good," I says. "I think mebbe we'd better start toward home!"

And so we did, Edgar walking with such a tired droop to his figure, and me all sort of cold and numb and unable to think straight. I wanted so bad to help him, to comfort him and reward him for them terrible eighteen months of sacrifice and disappointment. For I knew he done well at the job Uncle Sam had set him, even if it had been a blow to him. And I knew too that if he was so set on marrying Malvina there was no use trying to turn him from it.

All that night I lay awake trying to figure out what could be done. I wanted to help. I had to help! And even the hurt of doing so was a sort of comfort to me.

By morning I hadn't got much further than my resolve to surely do something, and I will say I hurried past the Durhams' house for fear I would meet one of them, and I was too shaken up to talk calm and sensible to either Edgar or his mother just then. But I got by all safe, and then, just as I reached the green on my way to the store, I got a real daring idea.

Somebody had to advise me, and I seen the very one I wanted out in back of Smiths', smoking a cigarette and talking to G. Welton. Hardly realizing what I was doing I turned in between the handsome cast-iron stags and up the tar walk to the Smith mansion, and rang the bell.

"Can I speak to Major Cummins?" I says to the hired girl. "It's very important."

"Step in," says the girl. "What name will I say?"

"He won't know," I says hurriedly. "Just say it's urgent—and private."

"I'll go call him," she says, and left me into the parlor an enormous room all handsomely upholstered in red plush and used every day, you could see that.

Never have I spent a worser five minutes than I did waiting in that parlor—no, not even when I went for my first confirmation lesson! Then presently there was a heavy step and jingle of spurs in the hall, and that splendid-looking officer come in. He looked at me direct, and politely inquiring, but not at all unfriendly.

"What can I do for you?" he said, "I don't believe I have had the pleasure ——"

"Miss Molly Borland," I helped him out. "You don't know me, but—but—I come on the impulse, and I have something I need to find out, and I feel sure you can tell me."

"Well—I hope I can, I'm sure!" says he. "Won't you sit down, Miss Borland?"

I sat down at that, for Lord knows my knees was about giving way by that time.

"Did you lose anyone?" he asked gently. "And want to hear about it, if I can find out?"

"No, it's not that," I faltered. "Loss by death or wounds ain't the only tragedies of this war, major," I says. "What I want to know is this: Don't the Government ever give no cross of war or anything to men which have worked exceptionally good in the Ordnance Department—or, say, handing out shoes while their hearts was breaking at not getting a chance to fight?"

"Shoes!" says the major slowly. "Why shoes—particularly?" His eyes were awfully kind and blue, and so I burst right out and told him the whole story, leaving out names and places and Malvina of course. He listened very attentively, and when I got through his eyes was sort of moist, though he was smiling.

"What is your friend's name?" he asked.

And I, forgetting not to mention it, answered. "Corporal Edgar Durham," I says.

The major jumped up and snapped his fingers and give a whistle at that.

"Ed Durham!" he cried. "Why, Miss Borland, if medals were handed out for sheer worth and efficient devoted labor in the handling of shoes that young man would be buried in them! And intelligent! We could hardly have got along without him. He simply has an instinct for shoes—an imagination about lasts! I know how he feels about staying at the port, for I was his chief over there, and it is a hard thing to do—this staying in safety. But it's just as important as the fighting, and in his way your friend is as much a hero as any!"

"I wish he knew it," I says.

"Well, he shall!" said the major. "Of course it is not in my power to pin a medal on him, but I can and will show him how valuable his services were. I am staying on here because Mr. Smith has just made me general manager of his chain of shoe factories. I was in that line myself before the war. And I want a good man to head the special-order department. I will be frank with you, Miss Borland—I had Durham in mind for the position long before you spoke!"

Late that afternoon I was dusting up the shop when the bell tinkled and someone come in. I turned round and there was Edgar. His face was flushed and his eyes was sparkling. It was just's if an electric current had been turned into him. He was the old gay Edgar again.

"Molly!" he says. "Major Cummins sent for me, and we had the most gratifying talk—I got such news for you—Molly, we can be married right away!"

"But how about Malvina?" I says soon's I could get loose from his strong arms. "I thought after her sending them postals and all ——"

"Don't ever speak of them postals!" he says, grinning. "They was the torment of my life. Why, they was all about shoes. I could of cussed at the girl!"

Then he rushed off home to tell his mother, and I wandered round the shop for fully five minutes in a kind of pink haze, trying to collect myself and act normal.

All of a sudden I caught up that hat of my own I had never finished—the handsome Milan straw with the black velvet ribbon. I tacked on a cute little bunch of cherries at the back and had quite an original creation. After all, even a milliner ought to be in style, and hats is certainly part of any trousseau!

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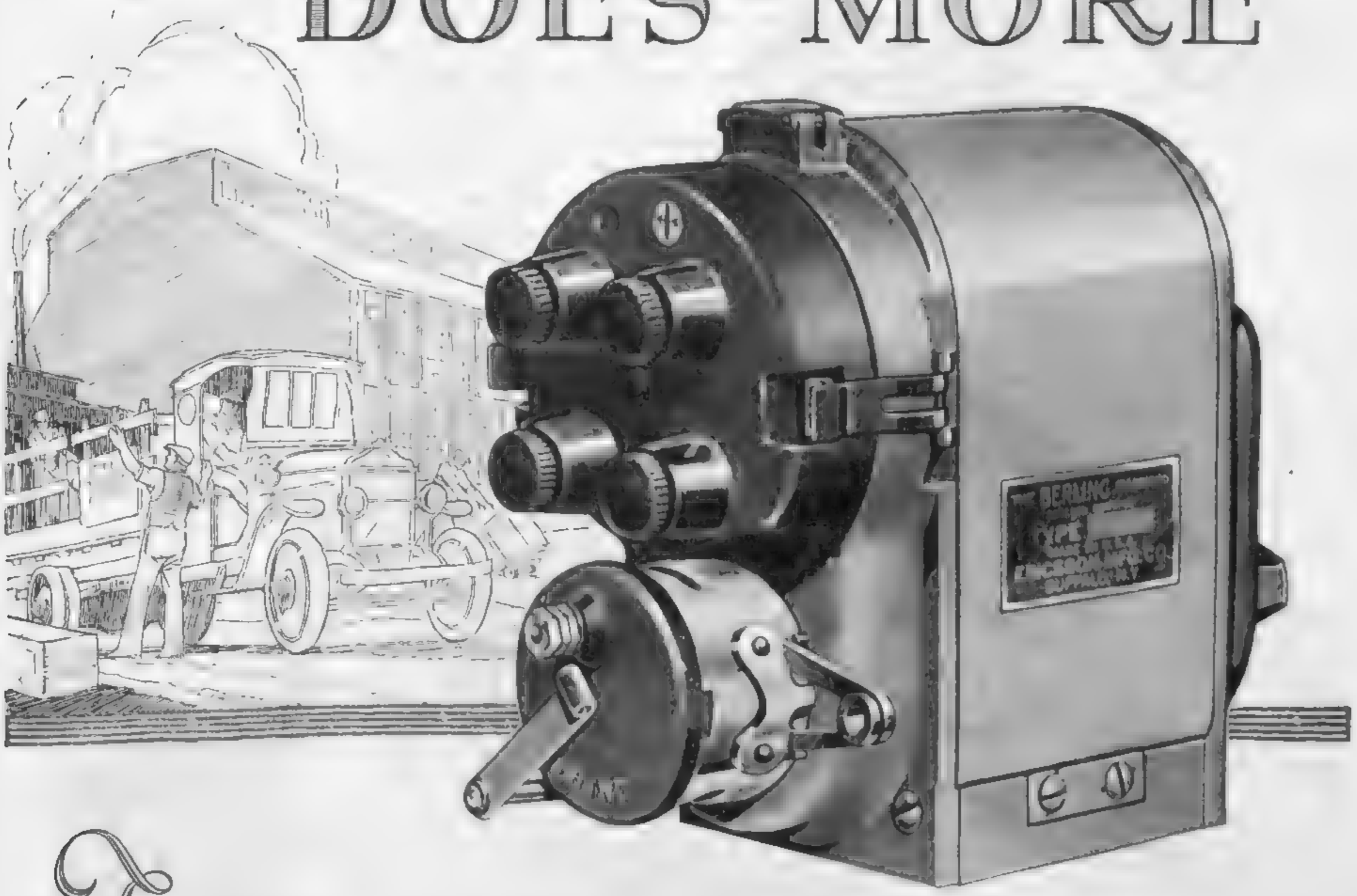

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THE GENERAL TIRE
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I DON'T WANT TO BE CATTY, BUT—

(Continued from Page 40)

"Sure!" I said. "If you leave them in there until the next performance I'll get through them all right."

Just then Duncan rushed up. His cheeks were pink with excitement.

"You ought to hear them talking about you out front!" he said. "They say you're the most beautiful thing ——"

"That's no news to her," said Dixie. Then he took my arm. "You'd better give this third act set the once-over, Gwen. Remember you've got that big emotional to pull off and you'd better come see which chair you can emote on best."

I went with him to the stage. When he got me out of earshot, he said: "Go easy on that poor boy, kid! He's fallen for you hard and he's the serious kind."

I wanted to sing and dance. Instead I pulled him round.

"Do you really think he likes me, Dixie?" I asked.

Stopping right center and holding me off at arm's length he stared at me. "You haven't tumbled, too, have you?" he asked.

Well, the third act was a humdinger. I trouped for all I was worth. Wasn't it Duncan's play and wasn't it up to me to make the most of any part he saw fit to write? I didn't stop to ask myself why I was doing it. I was just waiting until after the show to find out what really ailed me. Somehow I knew talking to him would clear up things in my own mind.

I came off after the final curtain call, Dixie having written down on a piece of paper just how we was to take them or else Benton would have grabbed them all. Mommer was in my dressing room; so was most of the rest of the cast. It looked like something was doing. They all yelled when I came in.

"What's up?" I asked. Mommer smiled at me and my heart turned sick.

"I've just told 'em," she said.

"Told 'em what?"

"Why, that you're engaged to be married to Freddy de Hugh, darling, and they're here to congratulate you."

I was furious.

"What did you do that for?" I hollered, but no one listened to me. They was all speaking at once—asking me how I worked it and if I'd invite them to my country estate for a week-end and how it felt to cop a millionaire anyhow. And above all their kidding I heard a voice from the doorway. I looked up to see Stanley Duncan, white and set, asking: "Is this true?"

Mommer said: "Sure it's true, Mr. Duncan! Come on in and wish her happiness."

But instead he whirled on his heel and was gone. I don't remember what I said or did after that. Somehow I got into my street clothes and out of the theater, with mommer sticking closer than plaster.

"It's just as well to let 'em know," I heard her say. "Then it settles any of the company who might get fresh otherwise."

At the hotel was two telegrams from Freddy and more flowers. The sight of them turned my stomach. I went to bed without speaking to mommer, but I didn't sleep any.

We took a jump next day and I began having trouble with Luella. She'd had a fight with Andrew in Stamford. A raft of his colored friends from South Norwalk had come down to see him act and it seems to have turned his head. She cried all the way to New Haven instead of mending the runs in my stockings like Benton's maid, who slaves for her night and day. Some people can simply grind work out of others. Now her maid not only sews for her all along the route, but the minute she gets to the hotel she washes and irons Benton's clothes and after the show massages her until three A. M. to keep the fat down.

I told Luella if she'd stop bawling I'd give her my new Georgette crêpe waist with which to make a hit with Andrew that night. But when he passed right through the train on the way to the diner, without even looking her way, she started right in whimpering again like a lost child.

I didn't see Duncan anywhere. Once I asked Dixie about him, but he wasn't sure. He said he thought he'd gone to New York for the day and was coming up to New Haven for the evening performance. I went back to the magazine I was reading upside down and wished mommer would sprain her ankle or have the neuralgia just bad enough to keep her in the hotel until after I had had my say.

The show went rotten. Several of the small parts forgot their lines and had to be prompted, and once when I thought I saw Duncan in the wings I began in the middle of a speech and had to start over. It wasn't him though. If he was in that theater he kept clear of me, which made me say, "Oh, all right, Mister Smarty, if you don't want to see me I should worry hunting for you!" and spend all of an intermission prying round back stage for a glimpse of him.

In Providence Duncan had to rewrite some of my lines, but he did it in Dixie's office and I only saw him for a second when he crossed the stage to try a new bit of business for Monty Carlysle. I went back to my dressing room and cried. Pretty soon Luella came in and sulked round. At last I asked her what was on her chest. It seems her room at the hotel was darker than ours and she wanted it changed. Well, I went for her! I had to relieve my feelings somehow and it ended by her saying she'd quit right there and my telling her the sooner the better. But as she was putting on her hat and coat and I was trying to powder my nose, which was red and swelled, Andrew came to the door and whispered something to her which made her beg me almost on her knees to keep her and to forgive the fresh things she had said.

I didn't care whether she stayed or went, I was so sick of everything. Every hour telegrams was arriving from Freddy, saying he couldn't remain away from me another minute, and there was long letters, too, that I gave mommer to read, which told about how he had got his old man to consent by showing him my picture with curls down my back and having his father say, "She couldn't be bad with a face like that."

He also mentioned he had a ring for me that would put all other rings I had ever seen in the shade. That interested me a little—but not much. I wondered most of all why Duncan had to go back to New York each day and why was it I never got a chance to speak to him alone.

But my luck changed. Several nights later in Wilmington station I saw him and will you believe it—mommer wasn't there or any of the rest of the cast to form a bodyguard round me. It all happened through Luella. After we'd gone aboard our sleeper, which was due to pull out round four A.M., and got comfortably settled with our hair down and wrappers on, Luella announced that she had to send a telegram. I told her we'd be in Washington in the morning and she could send it then. She wouldn't listen.

"I can run to the station and be back before you misses me," she said. I knew she couldn't and I had a fair-sized suspicion that it wasn't to send any telegram that she wanted to get away, but to go on a final hope-to-die party with Andrew and his Wilmington friends.

"Is it so very important?" I asked her sternly. I figured if she once got away from me the chances were pretty even that she'd never show up for the next night's performance, which was the one and only occasion when I wanted to put on dog, seeing as C. C. and all the other managers would be there.

"It's to a gentleman friend," she said, "and to-night it must go."

"Very well, Luella," I told her, "I'll see that you send it." And I peeled off my wrapper and pulled on my dress.

Mommer was dead set against my going out, but having got into bed herself with a hot toddy and her hair in curlers it was out of the question for her to accompany me.

"You're a headstrong girl, Luella," she scolded, but Luella was firm.

"Ise sorry," she lied, "but to-night it must go!"

I explained to Dixie, who was smoking on the car steps with Monty Carlysle, that I'd be back in a jiff and that they were not to pull out without me. He wanted to come along, but I said no. I was really glad to get off by myself for a minute and think. I knew it would be about the last chance I'd have, with Freddy arriving next day. Between him and mommer I never again expected to have a free minute. I almost thanked Luella for the chance.

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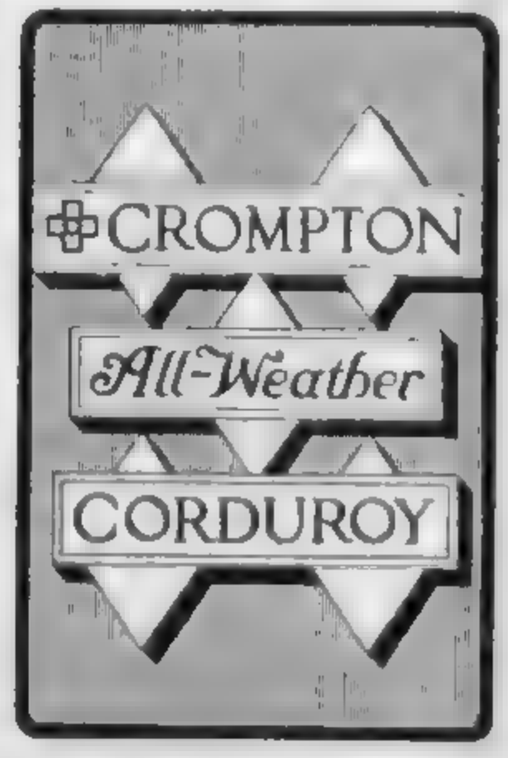

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They Dry in Double Quick Time

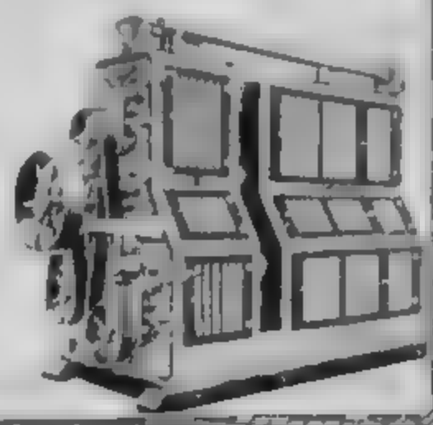
"Flavo" Flour

THIS is a flour of incomparable flavor, milled by a new short, quick process which retains in the flour that sweet, natural, nut-like flavor of the crushed wheat. By this process, the volatile oils, in which reside the flavor, and the health building vitamines of the wheat berry are not in any way destroyed by excessive grinding, bolting and passage through elevators and conveyors.

In other days, the flour made by the old Buhr mill was famous for its natural sweet flavor, but it was dark and so it had to give way to modern roller machinery which increased the whiteness of the flour and the yield per bushel of wheat, but took away most of that greatly desired flavor. Now comes this wonderful flour mill making flour of creamy whiteness and at the same time retaining that old time, rich, full flavor of the Buhr mill.

This new process mill is known as the **American [Midget] Marvel.** There are over 1,700 in operation in the wheat growing communities of the United States.

Everywhere people are demanding this better flavored, more nutritious flour. Why not supply yourself with it direct from the mill, and really enjoy again good bread? If there is not yet one of these mills in your community, write us for the nearest one.



The Anglo-American Mill Company

623-629 Trust Bldg.

Owensboro, Kentucky

It was a long walk back to the station and we took it in silence. Finally I couldn't keep in any longer and I asked Luella something I'd been burning to know:

"Was Mr. Duncan in the house to-night?"

She always knew about everyone.

"Yes, but he left right after the show to go back to New York."

"Oh," I said in a small voice, "did he?" Then for fear she'd see I really cared I added: "I wanted to ask him about a change in my part."

We'd reached the station proper, which was light and filled with hurrying people and porters. Luella led me to a telegraph office.

"You write it for me, Miss Della Rue," she pleaded. "Ise so nervous."

I seized the pencil.

"What shall I say?"

She thought. "Say—say—'Am marrying an actor in Washington, D. C., and ——'"

"Luella!" I cried, "are you really? Did Andrew land you after all?"

She didn't seem to want to be interrupted in her thought, for she looked at me gloomily.

"I think I've brought that cullud man to his knees," she said. "How many words is that?"

"Eight," I said. "You're allowed two more."

"Well, put 'Good-by forever' and sign it Luella Johnson and send it collect."

I did all three. When I turned round from the desk Luella was gone. I didn't mind, for my heart leaped to my throat as I saw before me Stanley Duncan, staring at me as though he'd lost his senses.

"You here!" he gasped. Then: "Where's your mother?"

"In bed," I told him gleefully. Gee, I was glad to be able to say it! I felt like a kid playing hooky. "Come on," I said, "let's sit down!"

He looked so pale and shaky it was the least I could do. We found a bench half empty and he dropped down beside me. It was I who did all the talking.

"I thought you'd gone to New York."

"I tried to," he said anxiously, "but I find I can't make it and be back in Washington in time for all the work ahead of me."

"Is it very important to be in New York every day?" I asked, trying to act as though I didn't much care if he answered or not.

"Very," he said. "At least it is to me."

"Oh," I said, being very up-stage, "so she lives there, does she?"

"She?" he said, puzzled. "Who?"

That was too much for me.

"Why, the Jane you are going with. Isn't that the only reason a fellow beats it a few hundred miles every night?"

"Good Lord!" he said. "I'm not calling on any girl! I'm going to the doctor!"

"Doctor!" My heart skipped a beat. "What's the matter with you?"

"Oh, nothing much!" he laughed. "Only I'm dead—worn to a frazzle, and I've got to hold out for a few days longer, so he gives me treatments that will see me through. Once it goes over big, then for a long rest in my little bungalow on the lake." And he dropped back in his seat with a sigh.

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather. I felt a lump in my throat.

"Stanley—Mr Duncan, I didn't know—I thought all the time—oh, gee, I'm glad it isn't a girl!" I busted out before I knew it.

He sat up at that and opened his eyes.

"Why are you glad? What difference does it make to you? Aren't you—aren't you—engaged?"

"Sure I am—I mean, mommer fixed it—but that don't mean that I'll stay engaged, does it?"

If that wasn't throwing yourself at a man's head, I ask you! And of all places a lighted station with no chance for a quick clinch!

"Gwen," he said, "do I hear you right or am I dreaming this? Do you mean that you—that you ——"

"I don't know what I mean!" I said, happy all over; "but I like you so much that every hour away from you is like—is like ——"

"I know," he said, his eyes on my face. "A wasted day—an empty shell—a road with nothing in it."

"That's a good line, darling," I told him with tears in my eyes. "Better write it down for your next play."

"Gwen," he said, "I have still my fortune to make. This play may do it. It may not. That fellow De Hugh is worth ——"

"Don't say it!" I warned him. "If I think about it I'll get shaky, sure as shooting. Just forget all about him if you can."

"But I heard he was to be there to-morrow night and ——"

"Leave to-morrow night to me," I said. "If you have a neat little taxi at the stage door I'll beat it with you without even taking off my make-up. We'll have to act quick though, Stanley, because mommer wouldn't stop at killing you."

"Gwen," he said, then he leaned over and kissed my hand again. "My dearest," he whispered against my palm.

I went back to the train alone, we having decided that the two of us together could not help but reach mommer's ears, and it wasn't until I got inside that I remembered Luella!

Mommer said, "Where's that girl, Gwen?" I was caught for fair.

"Mommer," I swallowed, "I couldn't do a thing with her. She—she disappeared while I was writing the telegram and I think she and that colored man in the cast have beat it for a sky pilot."

"It's funny," said mommer, looking up at me over her glasses, "that you couldn't find track of her all this time. You were in the station long enough. What were you doing there, anyhow?"

"Hunting," I answered, turning my back on her. "And I found what I was looking for too!" I added under my breath—needless to say.

Well, things started happening the minute we struck Washington. Dixie had called the cast for a rehearsal in the afternoon. C. C. had arrived and so had Freddy. I didn't see him until just before I went on for the second act, and I had only time to say "hello" and "see you later" when Benton pulled her first bit of dirt on me and gave me a clew as to what I could expect.

She didn't mean to do it at rehearsal, I'm sure—or rather, she didn't mean to have Taylor Graves do it, but I guess he forgot. I have a great laugh on one of my exits. I think I remarked that I speak it as Taylor enters the scene. He comes in hollering "Oh, Margaret! Margaret!" which is the name of Benton in the play. His hollering is supposed to begin after my lines are spoken, but instead, just as I was reading them, he started yelling off stage. My laugh was killed dead and I was mad clean through, but when she misplaced a prop which is a letter I'm supposed to find on a table, and when, after finding it, I discovered she had turned it upside down, I walked to the front of the stage, where C. C. was chewing the end of a cigar, and said:

"I'm through! I'm going to quit on you right here! I won't have any tricks like that pulled on me—not if the Queen of England was starring in this piece!" And I walked off. Freddy was waiting in the wings.

"Quick!" I called, "get me away from here!"

And before Dixie or C. C. or the rest could get round back I was off in his car and back to the Hotel Raleigh, where mommer was taking an afternoon nap before the strenuous night ahead of her.

I left Freddy downstairs and woke her up with the news.

"I've quit the show!" I said, locking the door.

"Oh, Gwen!" sighed mommer, "I did hope you'd get through one season without doing that!"

"Not much I won't!" I told her. "I guess Benton is so scared by now that she'll leave me alone to-night."

Even then the telephone was ringing like mad. I let mommer answer it and I sat on the edge of the bed, eating some chocolates Freddy had sent. It was C. C. Mommer talked, her voice choked with tears. She's a pretty good actress, mommer is. I have to hand it to her.

"Thank God, you've called up!" she sobbed. "Oh, C. C., Gwen's here now having hysterics and I can't do a thing with her! She says she won't go on to-night and nothing can make her!"

"That's right, mommer," I whispered. "Keep it up!"

He must have pleaded for a minute, because she turned from the phone to me and said so as he could hear:

"Gwen, pull yourself together, darling, and see if you can come here and talk to this dear man."

After a proper lapse of time I went. C. C. was ready to lie down and die for me. He said he'd seen all of what Benton

(Continued on Page 181)

You'll Have Trouble
With Your Teeth, Unless You End the Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

They Must Always Go Together

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Science Has Found
An Efficient Film-Combatant

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It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and hardens. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it. Your daily brushing leaves much of it intact.

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For Ten Days—Then Decide

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Able authorities have proved the results by convincing clinical tests, as well as by laboratory tests. Its effects are now known beyond question. Now we ask everyone who brushes teeth to prove them for himself.

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten—how they glisten—as the fixed film disappears.

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Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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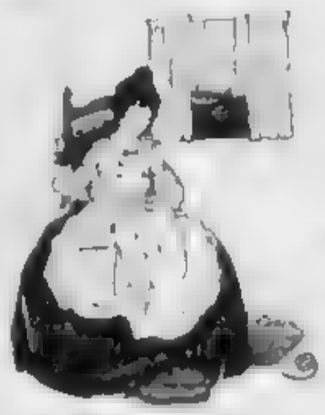

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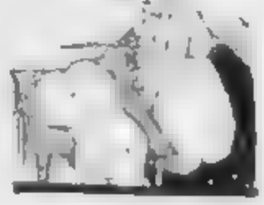

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(Continued from Page 178)

had done and that he was for bouncing her then and there; that my performance was perfect and the one bright spot in the show.

Well, I told him for his sake I'd be there that night all right, but I added I must lie down then as I felt another attack of hysterics coming on, and I hung up and bet mommer a new set of furs that they'd raise my salary, and ate some more chocolates until mommer took away the box, saying it would ruin my complexion.

We was keyed up to Q pitch that night. Mommer found out that not only was C. C. out front, but also Akerman Gray, who owns a string of theaters, and Abey Newhouse, of Newhouse & Schloss, and old R. M. Decker, who takes everything that's good to London and Paris. Some crowd to play to! I felt like a million dollars and I was on edge to find out what sort of a gown Benton had planned for us both to wear. Not a word had I heard about it, but I knew from Luella that a box had come from a shop when we were in Wilmington. No one had looked inside of it, so I just had to wait.

Luella turned up at the theater without a word of explanation as to where she had been and I send her scouting.

"Find out if you can what color it is," I told her.

While mommer was putting powder on my shoulders where I can't reach, Luella came back, her eyes round with excitement.

"I seen it!" she said.

"How, Luella?" I asked her.

"Troo de keyhole!"

That was taking a chance for fair!

"What color is it?"

"It ain't blue and it ain't green, but it ——"

"Electric blue!" I shrieked and flung my arms round mother, upsetting the box of dollar-fifty talc powder all over her. "I win!"

"It sure will look swell on you all right!" said Luella.

I knew it would. If it looked well on Benton with the lines in her face and neck that make-up can't quite hide I knew I would be a knock-out in it! In a burst of gratitude I gave Luella my pink satin mules that she'd been hinting for for a week and asked her if she had any other news.

"Andy, he tole me some," she said mysteriously. "He say Miss Benton she so scared her beau ain't gwine send her flowers she done order some herself."

"Oh, Luella!" I breathed, "you're worth the fourteen a week I pay you—and now get out!"

I saw the dress in the first act. I could picture myself in it and it gave me confidence to troupe like a veteran. In the stage box were Abey Newhouse and Akerman Gray and behind them R. M. Decker and C. C., all of them watching me, and I smiled at them as much as I dared. I felt they had come there to see me—you know you get a hunch like that sometimes.

At the end of the act we took our curtain calls—four of us. First Monty and I, then Benton and Taylor Graves. When she came out there was a commotion in the back of the house and two ushers came up the aisle, carrying big bunches of flowers which they handed to her over the footlights like she was a high-school girl reciting a piece. I could see she was as mad as it's possible for a lady to get and not swear out loud. Under her breath she was letting them rip, though, because nobody gets flowers over the footlights these days and it had all the earmarks of a put-up job.

I saw the four managers in the box grinning and whispering, and when Benton came off, her arms full of flowers, her backer came up to her with a laugh.

"You must have blown in your whole week's salary on them buds," he said.

"What do you mean?" she asked him, trying to bluff it through. And just then the call boy, who had been sent out to get them, I suppose, came up to her, wiping his forehead.

"Gee, I'm sorry, Miss Benton," he burst out, "but I thought you said you wanted them handed to you acrost the foothights."

"Shut up, you little fool!" she yelled at him, but it was too late. I must say I felt sorry for her. She looked like she'd been drawn through a knot hole.

My room was pink with roses—you know Washington. There isn't a place in the world with flowers like that. They just seem to grow larger and prettier there than anywhere else and I must say Freddy showed good taste. You could smell my room a mile off.

I got out of my gingham dress and Luella went after the gown. She came back with it and told me Benton was having her maid hold smelling salts to her nose and rub her wrists. I didn't have time to listen to another word, because I was stepping into that dress which—when once I'd got it on me—made me look like I never expected to in my entire life! Even Luella fell back with a gasp and mommer began to cry and talk about her beautiful child like she thought I was dead and buried. I must say it was a dream! Where Benton looked skinny in it—because, poor thing, she's reached that age that isn't slender any more—I looked like I'd been poured into it with nothing to spare.

It was just the color of my eyes and I held my breath for fear she'd see me before I made my entrance and tear it off my back!

When I came on I could see her give up the ghost and pass out. But the audience with one accord began to clap. For a full minute they wore out their gloves telling me in the language that sounds best to an actress' ears that I was all to the mustard! I nearly cried right then and there and ruined the whole effect, but I knew from that instant the play was mine and I put into it all I had and some to spare, until I could feel them laugh out front before I'd begun to be funny, or cry before I'd begun to act sad. It was a great night!

The four managers came round to my dressing room after that curtain and C. C. talked big like he thought he owned me.

"Kid," he said, "that was great work! We're going to give you a real chance next season. I suppose you know Duncan is writing a play just for you?"

I said I'd heard it.

"There's no doubt but that you're going to make Broadway sit up and take notice," he said.

R. M. Decker was waiting to get in a word.

"I'd like to have you play a season in London," he said.

"Nothing doing!" broke in C. C. "And have a poor fish of an English earl run off with her? Nix! She stays right here in the good old U. S. A. and sticks to her art."

"I guess," said mommer, who was telling Abey how I had stopped the show in Providence, "I guess you haven't heard that my little girl is going to marry one of our wealthiest Americans."

"No!" said Abey. "Vell! Vell! Ain't dot fine now!"

"Fine nothing!" said C. C. "I'd rather see her dead first."

"But he vill put her on as she should be starred," said Abey.

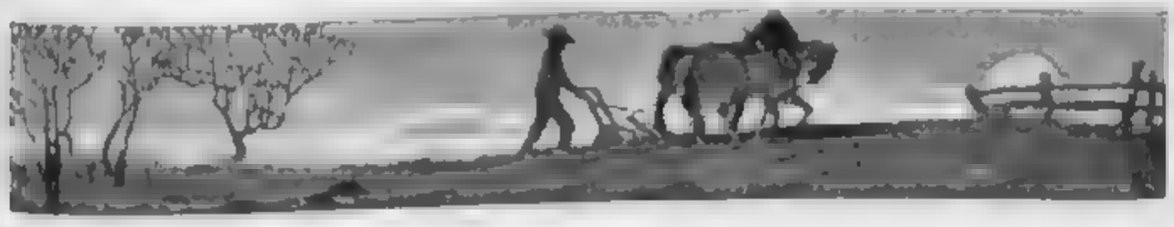
"He'll take her away and lock her up!" yelled C. C. "Just as she's coming into her own."

I saw from that I could count on him in a pinch, but I said nothing. Too many things were happening to me that night. My head was in a whirl.

In the middle of the last act it struck me all of a sudden as queer that I hadn't seen Duncan at all during the performance. There had been so many people to talk to that I hadn't noticed his not being there as I would have at any other time, but I knew he'd be waiting for me all right on my last exit. When I remembered the way he had said "my dearest" just before I left him in the Wilmington station the night before, I almost missed a cue.

The curtain came down at last and we all knew the play was a hit, if a Washington audience is any criterion—which it is. The critics had left for their newspaper offices and we'd taken all the calls that were coming to us. I confess I felt panicky. I knew it would be death to my plans to go back to my dressing room with mommer and Freddy there, so I ran straight from the wings to the stage door where I knew Duncan would be waiting.

The doorkeeper seemed surprised at seeing me in all my make-up and everything.



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but I flew past him and looked out. Nothing was there! No taxi! No Duncan! I felt afraid all at once, as though I was alone in the dark. I knew just as well if I didn't go then and go quick I was done for. Behind me was mommer and Freddy, ready to pounce—but where was Duncan?

I asked the doorkeeper had he seen him. The old man was deaf and didn't understand. Two or three musicians was trickling out, looking at me curiously, and then I heard mommer's voice calling:

"Gwen! Gwen! Where are you?"

I began trembling all over.

"Oh, don't let her find me!" I begged him. "Something must have happened!"

And just then I saw C. C. coming toward me.

"Oh, there you are!" he said. "We were looking all over for you." Then he caught sight of my face. "What's up, kid? You look like a ghost!"

Which was putting it strong, considering my make-up and lip stick.

"C. C.," I said, "you got to help me."

"Sure," he said. "What's on your mind?"

"Duncan," I whispered. "He was to wait for me."

"Duncan!" he exploded. "Why, what about that Freddy-guy your mother's got back there? What about him?"

"Don't talk!" I begged. "Tell me what I must do. Duncan was to come for me. He isn't here. I don't understand ——"

"Haven't you heard?" he said. "The poor feller has broken down and is sick in bed with a couple of nurses and half a dozen doctors at his hotel."

"Sick!" Gee, I felt like the world was mine again! He hadn't thrown me over after all. "Sick! And in a strange hotel? Quick, C. C., a taxi!"

I heard mommer's voice getting nearer—and Freddy's.

"You bet I will!" he says and pulled me through the door. There was a taxi up the street. He bundled me in and jumped in beside me. He told the driver where to go just as mommer and Freddy, with the rest of the company behind them, bounced out onto the curb like they'd been shot out of a gun. The old doorkeeper was pointing to our taxi and I saw mommer and Freddy race for another. I didn't care.

"Will he die, C. C.?" I asked. "Tell me he won't!"

"Sure he won't!" said C. C. "Well! Well! Well! To think of your falling for each other! Nothing could have suited me better!"

"Are we almost there?"

We was. We drew up alongside of the hotel and I followed him inside, not minding the stares of the folks in the lobby or the bell hops or the clerk. C. C. pushed me into the elevator.

"Fourth floor," he said. We got out and crossed to a door that looked like all the others but was different because he was behind it. C. C. shoved it open softly. Duncan was asleep in bed with no two nurses or half a dozen doctors beside him at all and with nothing in sight but some sticky medicine in a glass and a box of pills.

"Poor kid!" said C. C. "He's played out."

I ran to him and fell on my knees beside the bed, and because his lashes lay on his cheek so long and thick and black I leaned over and kissed him, which—as I remarked before—isn't much of a reason, but it will suffice.

He opened his eyes.

"You!" he said—just like they always do in plays.

Then he reached out for my hand and dozed off again, and I stayed there on my knees beside him, stroking his hair and trying not to be scared when I heard mommer and Freddy outside the door.

C. C. stepped up and hushed them.

"Mr. Duncan is very ill," he said, "and he needs quiet and good care."

"And I'm going to give it to him," I said, not looking at them but at my boy's face, which I liked better every time I saw it.

"Are you crazy, Gwen?" said mommer. "Get up off your knees and come home with us at once! You don't know what you're doing!"

"Oh, yes, I do," I answered all at once, not scared a bit. "I'm going to marry Duncan just as soon as he's able to stand a wedding tour and I'm going to star in the play he's writing for me next season."

"But—but," said Freddy, trying to get a hold of what I was saying and make sense out of it, "you're engaged to me."

"Not any more I'm not," I said. "And you'll have to get out now because we must have quiet."

Mommer started in to cry then, but C. C. took her by the shoulders and shoved her toward the door.

"There's nothing you can do," he said to her. "It's a case of real love."

"She'll get over it," said mommer between sniffs, "but Freddy will be gone."

I felt sorry for the both of them. I suppose my conduct had been a little hasty. When the door shut on them I started in to give C. C. orders.

"I'm going to sit up all night and you'd better fetch my dressing gown from the theater and bring it back here. I might as well be comfortable as not."

He nodded and tiptoed out. I took precaution to lock the door after him, knowing mommer would try to get in sooner or later. Then I returned to the bed. Duncan hadn't moved and I knelt down beside him again, and because his lashes lay so long and smooth and dark on his cheek I kissed his eyes and drew his head over to my shoulder. I didn't need any reason for doing it though. C. C. had said it. It was a case of real love. Just that!

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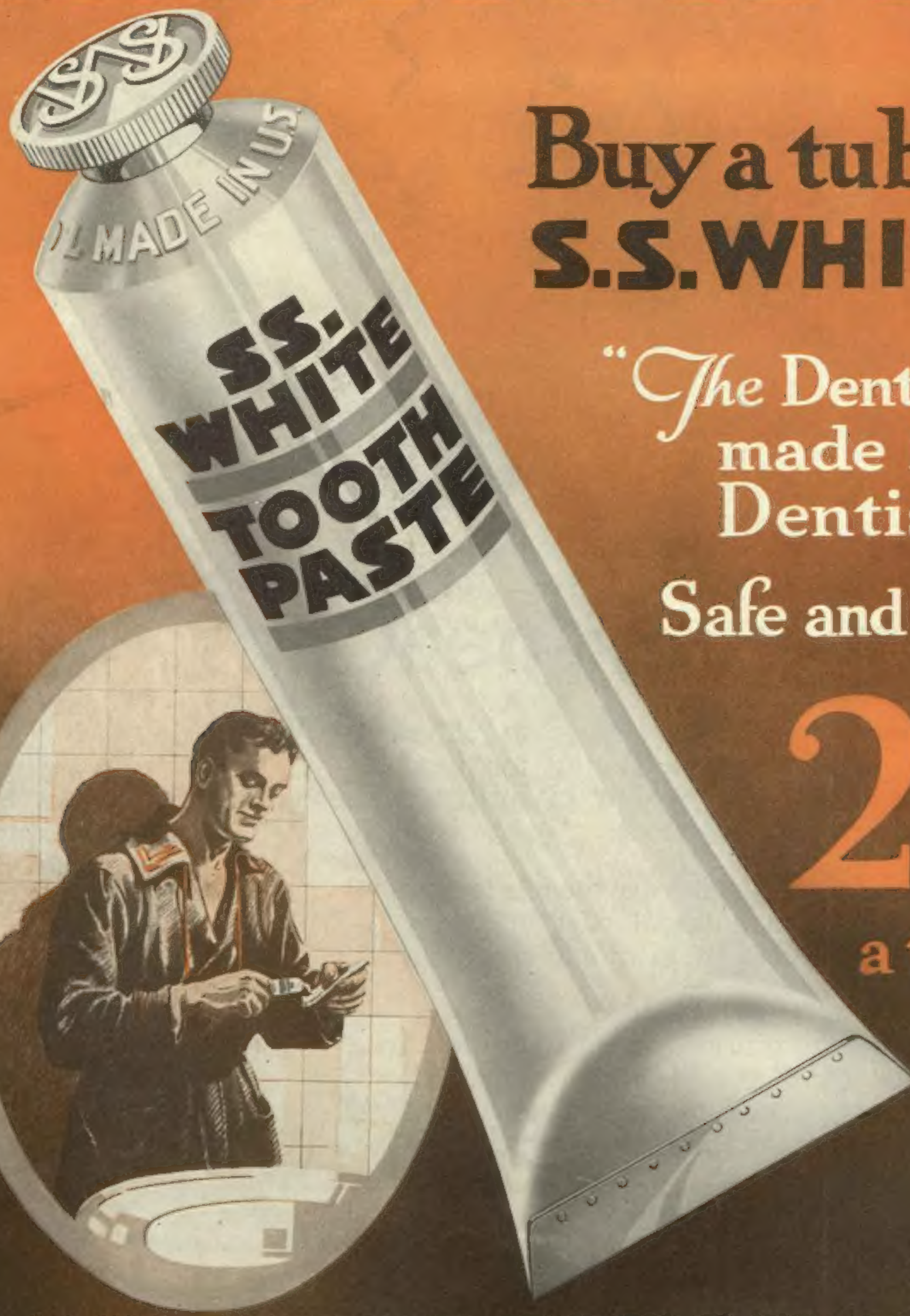

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